

WOBURN JOURNAL.

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in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.
Correspondence should be prepaid, and addressed to
the *Editor*, at Woburn or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

ALL SPEAK OF GOD.

BY MARY W. WELLMAN.

I asked the flower, the sweet wild flower,
Who made its leaves to paint the sod?
It shed its sweet perfume, and said,
"My maker is your maker—God."

I asked the bird—the free wild bird,
Who gave it power to soar abroad?
It swelled its little throat and said,
"My maker is your maker—God."

I asked the tree—the proud old oak,
That on the mountain top did nod;
Who made it thus so firm and strong?
It answered me, "thy maker—God."

I asked the child—the beauteous boy,
Who made it thus a lovely child?
Its little finger pointed up,
It had a soul, "its maker—God."

I asked my soul, my own frail self,
Who gave me strength to kiss the rod?
My spirit struggled for a while,
Then calmly sighed, "my maker—God."

TALES AND SKETCHES.

PROVIDENCE PROSPERS HONESTY

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A poor boy, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of the rich merchant, Samuel Richter, in Dantzig, and asked the book-keeper for alms. "You will get nothing here," grumbled the man, without raising his head from his book "be off."

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided toward the door, at the moment Herr Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning to the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar-boy, was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work."

In the meanwhile, Herr Richter glanced towards the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground. "Ha! my lad, what is that you picked up?" he cried. The weeping boy turned, and showed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer. "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Richter was pleased with the reply, and still more with the boy's innocent handsome face. "But are you not ashamed," he said in a kind though serious tone, "you are so young and hearty to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how, I am too little yet to thresh or fell wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my mother and little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish and asked for alms. But, alas! a single peasant only gave me a piece of bread; since then I have not eaten a morsel."

I is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this, and this hardened man's heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said:—

"There is half a dollar; go the baker's and with half the money buy bread for yourself, and your brothers, but bring back the other half to me."

The boy took the money, and ran joyfully away.

"Well," said the surly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter. And as he spoke he beheld the boy quickly returning with a large loaf of black bread in one hand, and some money in the other.

"There, good sir!" he cried, almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then, being very hungry, he begged at once for a knife to cut off a piece of the bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to bite upon it. But suddenly he beheld himself, laid the bread aside, and folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then he fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narrative that his father had lived in a village four miles distant from Dantzig, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had been burned to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had hired himself out to a rich neighbor, but before three weeks were at an end, he died, broken down by grief and excessive toil. And now his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was, with her four children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had gone at first from village to village, then had struck across the high road, and at last having begged every where in vain, had come to Dantzig.

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852.

VOL. I.

NO. 50.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

MY ARBOR OF PRAYER.

BY MRS MARY W. WELLMAN.

Often have I bowed at the altar in the neat, plain House, the Temple of the Lord,—and sat among the devoted souls who have come up to this temple to worship Him who has kept them from danger the past week, and given them strength to come together on His holy day, to thank Him for His bountiful goodness to their erring ones. Again have I mingled in prayers and responses with the more favored ones, sat in the magnificent temple, whose walls were dazzling to the eye—where wealth was displayed in all its glittering splendor; yet never have I felt so calm, so truly blest with the assurance of being heard and accepted of God; felt the true spirit of devotion, as when bowed, alone, upon the green mound of one who had passed from earth, in my own little temple of nature—my Arbor of Prayer.

A young man, (says Sir R. Kane,) wanting to sell spectacles in London, petitions the corporation to allow him to open a little shop, without paying the fees of freedom, and he is refused. He goes to Glasgow, and the corporation refuse him there. He makes acquaintance with some members of the University, who find him very intelligent, and permit him to open his shop within their walls. He does not sell spectacles and magic lanterns enough to occupy all his time; he occupies himself at in taking asunder and remaking all the machines he can come at. He finds that there are books on mechanics written in foreign languages; he borrows a dictionary, and learns those languages to read these books. The University people wonder at him, and are fond of dropping into his room in the evenings, to tell him what they are doing, and to look at the queer instruments he constructs. A machine in the University wants repairing, and he is employed, makes it a new machine. The steam-engine is constructed; and the giant mind of Watts stand out before the world—the author of the industrial supremacy of this country, the herald of a new force in civilization. But was Watt educated? Where was he educated, at his own workshop, and in the best manner. Watt learned Latin when he wanted it for his business. He learned French and German; but these things were tools, not ends. He used them to promote his engineering plans, as he used lathes and levers.

With all this, his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother, until she died, after having survived two of her brothers. She has passed the last years of her life, not in wealth it is true, but by the aid of the noble Richter and of her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world, except his benefactor. Out of love for him he became an active zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trader in Hamburg quills. When by care and prudence he had gained about one hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax, which was very good, and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well that the third year of his clerkship, Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined made him in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer. This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottlieb, continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill, and fidelity; then he took the place of book-keeper, who died about that time and three years afterwards he was taken by Herr Pichter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest, Gottlieb now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched all night at the old man's bed-side, with his wife grieving, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Herr Richter closed his eyes in death.

Before his disease, he placed the hand of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two and twenty years, in that of his foster-son. He had long looked upon them as his children. They understood him; they loved each other; and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly, they solemnized their betrothal at the bed-side of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzig. It owned three large ships employed in navigating the Baltic and North Seas, and the care of Providence seemed especially to watch over the interests of their worthy owner, for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection, until, in her two and twentieth year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless, he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his

JOB PRINTING

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Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,

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JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE

OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superfine

style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Richardson Rebekah, d. of Thomas and Rebekah, b. Dec. 21st.

Buttler Mary, d. of John and Elizabeth, born Dec. 27th.

Lock Jonathan, s. of James and Sarah, born Jan. 17th.

1717.

Simonds James, s. of James and Mary, born Mar. 10th.

Brooks Benjamin, s. of Jabez and Hepzibah, b. Apr. 14th.

Wyman Samuel, s. of Samuel and Susanna, b. Apr. 4th.

Snow Susanna, d. of Daniel and Susanna, b. May 8th.

Snow Mary, d. of Timothy and Lydia, b. Apr. 13th.

Russell Stephen, s. of Stephen and Ruth, born May 12th.

Kendall Timothy, s. of Samuel and Elizabeth, b. Mar. 23d.

Russell Abigail, d. of Joseph and Jane, born July 1st.

Blogget Katherine, d. of Joshua and Dinah, b. July 31st.

Lathe Robert, s. of Francis and Sarah, b. July 19th.

Wyman David, s. of David and Phebe, b. Aug. 17th.

Carter Sarah, d. of Daniel and Sarah, b. July 23d.

Russell John, d. of John and Joanna, b. July 16th.

Baldwin Samuel, s. of Henry and Abigail, b. Aug. 31st.

Roberts Abigail, d. of Giles and Deborah, b. May 8th.

Knight David, s. of Amos and Sarah, b. Oct. 24th.

Baker Thomas, s. of Samuel and Mary, born Sept. 21st.

Kendall Stephen, s. of Samuel and Prudence, b. Mar. 10th.

Baldwin Elizabeth, d. of Timothy and Hannah, b. Nov. 25th.

Walker Elizabeth, d. of Isaac and Margery, b. Jan. 1st.

Richardson Mary, d. of William and Rebekah, b. Apr. 18th.

Wyman Ross, s. of Seth and Sarah, b. August 16th.

Reed Mary, d. of Thomas and Sarah, b. Jan. 6th.

Never Hannah, d. of Samuel and Deborah, b. Feb. 4th.

Wyman Alice, d. of Timothy and Hannah, b. Nov. 12th.

Knight Timothy, s. of Edward and Joanna, b. Dec. 24th.

Wood Edward, s. of Josiah and Ruth, b. Feb. 11th.

Blogget Hulda, d. of Samuel and Lydia, b. Jan. 28th.

Baldwin Henry, s. of Henry and Mary, born Feb. 27th.

Kendall Jabez, s. of Jabez and Rebecca, born Nov. 26th.

Johnson Elizabeth, d. of Samuel and Mary, b. Dec. 20th.

Thompson Abigail, d. of Joshua and Martha, b. Feb. 2d.

Wright Ruth, d. of Jacob and Elizabeth, born Sept. 3d.

Buck Ebenezer, s. of Ebenezer and Lydia, b. Feb. 22d.

Reed Abigail, d. of Ralph and Mary, b. May 25th.

Wyman Katherine, d. of Benjamin and Elizabeth, b. May 6th.

Kendall Bezzell, s. of Ralph and Abigail, born Apr. 7th.

1718.

Richardson Mary, d. of Phineas and Mary, b. Mar. 7th.

Simonds Sarah, d. of James and Lydia, born Mar. 2d.

Johnson William, s. of William and Hannah, b. Mar. 27th.

Richardson Abigail, d. of John and Abigail, b. May 27th.

Reed Jonathan, s. of Timothy and Persis, b. May 19th.

Richardson Ebenezer, s. of Timothy and Abigail, b. Mar. 31st.

Johnson Giles, s. of Josiah and Deborah, born Apr. 12th.

Hamblett William, s. of Joseph and Susannah, b. Aug. 30th.

Flagg Abigail, d. of Ebenezer and Elizabeth, b. July 20th.

Peirce Joshua, s. of Ebenezer and Mary, born May 2d.

Wyman Martha, d. of John and Rebekah, b. July 20th.

Sawyer James, s. of Joshua and Mary, b. June 22d.

Carter Thomas, s. of Thomas and Susannah, b. Mar. 30th.

Jaquith Lydia, and twins of Abraham and Sarah, b. May 1st.

Walker Hannah, d. of Samuel and Hannah, b. Sept. 22d.

Roberts John, s. of David and Rachell, b. June 2d.

Kendall Thomas, s. of Eleazer and Hannah, b. Oct. 5th.

[Exchange Paper.]

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

A GENTS.

NORTH WOMEN.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO. State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CIVIS.—The complaint you make is a private one, and may, perhaps, have been an unintentional one; the "Woburn Express" is generally very prompt; we must decline publishing it.

"W."—Your answer to "W." being the concluding one on your part, we give it room.

S. S. JR.—This letter is very interesting; the more so, as coming from on board a ship which was reported as lost. The remarks on the management of Mess. E. Train & co., Boston, is not in accordance with the high character of that firm, and we think must be a mistake.

ALBERT.—Your paper is very creditable; we shall have room for it soon.

SCHOOL GIRL.—Your answer to the "Anagrams" are no doubt correct; we shall insert it next week.

"W."—We answer to your question—no.

"L. S."—We decline to publish your question; they do not contain a single sentiment worth reading.

"W."—We take the following from the *Boston Herald*, and recommend it to the attention of our readers. The article is well written and full of good sentiments and advice.

COURTESY AND RESPECT AMONG MECHANICS AND LABORING MEN.

We wish we could induce the classes who live by their manual labor, to cultivate uniformly between themselves courteous and respectful feelings. For want of these, in their habitual demeanor towards each other, they frequently lose the esteem of other classes in society. In this respect we know that they but imitate their wealthy brethren of other professions, among whom strife and discord but too frequently prevail. There is an old maxim that "two of a trade cannot agree." This we see exemplified every day among merchants, lawyers, physicians, &c., &c.

This discord has its root in envy, which, like all malignant qualities of the mind, deteriorates the characters, and generally prevents the success of its possessor. We know that self-interest is a powerful motor in human affairs, but when it disregards the just claims of a fellow being, it is no longer self-interest in its true sense. Those who deride mechanics as a class, and now-a-days there are but few, get half their ammunition from the bickerings among mechanics themselves, and were these to cease, the laborer would soon be elevated to that rank which, by his usefulness, he is fairly entitled.

In this country there is no title of nobility save what labor confers. Here, in proportion as he is useful to his fellows, a man becomes a nobleman. The mechanic who surveys the proud achievements of his art may properly look with complacency upon the result of his labors. The massive and beautiful buildings which ornament our streets, the splendid vessels which grace our harbor, the multifarious articles of use and necessity which everywhere abound, all bespeak the intelligence and skill of the artisan; and the utility of his productions indicate the social scale to which he belongs.

But notwithstanding all these certificates of worth, the mechanic does not hold the position in society to which his efforts entitle him. And why? Simply because he does not sufficiently respect himself and his brother mechanics. The lawyer, the physician, the clergyman, who is envious of the success of a rival, (for envy is confined to no one class,) generally has the sense to conceal his envy from the world. But the mechanic is too apt to indulge openly in envious feelings, and by the disparagement of his brethren he gives occasion to other trades to think meanly of the whole branch.

If our mechanics would uniformly speak well of their brethren, and subdue any envious feelings which they might experience, they would soon rise in the social scale. They profess to be irritated by the distinction which is drawn between other professions and their own, to the disadvantage of the latter; and yet they will draw the same line of distinction between the grades of their own avocations. The master workman too frequently speaks disadvantageously of the position of the journeyman, and treats the latter with too little respect. In like manner the journeyman tramples upon and derogates from the merit of the apprentice; thus among themselves sanctioning the very practices which they condemn in others.

Courtesy and respect are quite as easy to be cultivated as envy and disparagement. And the class which habitually cultivate the two former qualities among themselves and towards others, will be the most respected and esteemed. If a mechanic can execute a better piece of work, in a given branch, than his neighbor, and therefore is more successful, this should not excite envy, but emulation. The latter quality is the certificate of a great mind, the former, of a small one. While envy regards success, emulation makes success not only probable, but certain.

Let us then enjoin upon our friends among the artisans the cultivation of a better spirit between each other. If in any trade a workman executes a superior piece of work let his brother mechanics cheerfully accord to him the praise thereof. Let each be slow to believe any disparaging remarks which are made against others of the same class. When a mechanic is selected for a political office, let his brethren be sure that they manifest no displeasure at the event. If by such means the mechanics become united and friendly to each other, they cannot be injured by any other class—for when it is seen and felt that they respect each other, they will necessarily acquire the respect of the rest of the community. These few suggestions will be useful to our artisan brethren, if they will heed them; and that they may practice upon them till they remove the lingering prejudice which still occupies a few ignoble minds, is our desire. That prejudice can be dispelled in no other modes than that which we prescribe, and we are certain that that mode will be successful.

"W."—We have never seen more strong indications of prosperity, and general improvement in commercial and domestic business, than at present. Boston is rapidly gaining in population and business; there never has been a time when Boston presented such activity and business appearance as at the present time. The wharves and harbor are crowded with goods and shipping.

PHRENOLOGY.—Our citizens are furnished with an excellent opportunity for testing the science of phrenology, by patronizing Mr. Peabody, who is in town, and as we are informed, intends to remain a few days. He has visited our office, and by what we have been able to judge, he seems to understand his business perfectly well; possessed of wit and originality, and a happy gift for illustrating his ideas in a pleasing manner. Would it not be beneficial to the community if he could be persuaded to give a course of lectures on this subject? what say for raising a subscription, and engaging his services? Who will first move in this matter? don't all speak at once. Mr. P. has testified his willingness to address the public, if he were sure of being sustained by full houses.

"W."—The Presidential election this year will take place on Tuesday, the second day of November.

LEAVET'S FARMERS' ALMANAC, for 1853, published by E. Livermore, Cornhill, Boston, has been received; we think this is the oldest Almanac in the country, this being the 57th number, commencing in 1797. It contains much valuable information, and every farmer should have one; it is for sale at Fowle's Book Store.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—By the last arrival of steamer *Canada* from England, we have the announcement of the death of Lord Wellington, he died on the 14th of September. The "Iron Duke," as he has been called, was about 80 years of age, having survived Napoleon, whom he conquered, over thirty years. Few men have seen and acted in as many battles as the Duke of Wellington, but in his last battle with death he has been conquered. The news of his death was unexpected, as we have seen no accounts of his previous illness.

APPOINTMENT.—Obed Brooks, Jr., Esq., of Harwich, has been appointed by the Governor and Council, Commissioner of the Marshalsea Indiads, in place of Charles Marston, Esq., whose term of office has expired. Mr. Marston has held the office since the organization of the District in 1834.

SCARCITY OF HAY AND GRAIN.—The Brattleboro' (Vt.) Eagle says, that in Weston, Andover, and Londonderry the crop of grass and grain is so light that more than 400 head of cattle have been sold and driven away within the last three weeks. Calves have been sold at from 67 cents to \$1, yearlings from \$3 to \$5, and cows from \$6 to \$10. One man sold 18 yearlings, and a pair of six year old oxen, all in good condition, for \$10. In many cases payment has been received in cash, but in pedlar's goods at full prices.

THE MAINE LEGISLATURE.—The Portland *Advertiser* has complete returns of the recent election, and it appears that 66 Whig, 82 Democratic, and 3 Free Soil Representatives are elected; and 14 Whig and 9 Democratic Senators are elected, leaving 8 vacancies.

TREASURE BURIED ON BOSTON COMMON.—Mr. John Griffin petitioned the city government yesterday for permission to dig a hole on Boston common, six feet in diameter, for the purpose of obtaining \$1000 which he asserts his father, John Griffin, who served in the army in the war of the revolution, secreted during the "troubled times," preceding said war. Griffin says he is poor and wants the money bad. The petition was referred to the committee on the common.—*Post*.

TERRIBLE FATALITY.—The *Albany* (N. Y.) papers mention the discovery in that State, of the ruins of an ancient city near Ticonderoga. It is supposed to have contained about 15,000 inhabitants, and it is averred that 200 chimneys in a good state of preservation are still standing on the ancient site.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Autumn with the "harvest home," brings busy times for the farmer. The leaves begin to change to variegated colors, and nature is preparing for her winter garments.—We have cheering news of abundant harvest everywhere.—The potatoe rot has appeared in many towns, and also in the British Provinces.—Agricultural societies are having their annual exhibitions, with evident improvement in all the departments of agriculture.—Our exchanges are mostly filled with political matter, which seem to be the leading interest of the day.—The trials of many liquor cases, the last week, has excited much interest, and in some cases quite a disturbance has resulted.

The services commenced with a voluntary,

and singing by the choir, when the Rev. Mr. Ellis made an eloquent and impressive address

pertinent to the solemn occasion.

He said it was not his purpose to deliver a labored eulogy upon the deceased; he would not praise the dead, as it was but a mockery. Besides, his quiet and dignified modesty, and his unassuming manner, were such as to forbid any labored expression of praise. He was a man who had shrunk from all ostentation and show. Doubtless there were faults in his character, for no man can be perfect, but they were known only to himself and his God. He was possessed of a strong, clear sense, and of practical knowledge, such as is of use to all.

He was well read in the history of his country, and labored to understand the principles upon which it is governed. In the other walks of literature he was no stranger, but eagerly sought to store his mind with the rich treasures of a well selected library. He had, during his useful life, filled many stations of honor and trust, and his general knowledge and practical skill enabled him to succeed in whatever he undertook. As President of the City Lyceum, as President of the Board of Overseers for the Poor, as Selectman, and City Councilman, he had been eminently useful. He has been a Representative of the City in the Legislature, and Senator for the county. In all these stations his conduct was marked with integrity, and he had met with honor and respect. He had frequently declined office, from self-respect, not from that selfish motive which declines that others may urge acceptance. His was not the ambition that delights in office, public honors or display. A quiet life was preferable to the excitement of the forum. His work in Congress was faithfully done—not by speaking upon every question before the House, but by labor in the Committee rooms, and by seeking to understand every question that came before him, that when occasion required he could give an intelligent vote.

The most beautiful and attractive elements

in the character of the deceased are found in his private life.

It is the truly good and noble

who are best loved by those who know

them. It was at home, in the midst of his

family, and surrounded by his relatives and

neighbors, that the unselfishness of his nature

and his desire to please were appreciated.—

These traits cannot be assumed, but appear

in their beauty in consequence of moral culture

and upright principles.

He knew no distinction in the exercise of respect for all sincere

religious principles.

While he put on none of the pretensions of piety, he never put off

the practice of Christianity, or neglected to

show his regard for all things good and pure.

After some allusion to his last duty in

Washington, in visiting the bedside of a sick

colleague, since deceased, and to his short visit

to his family ere he left them forever, the reverend gentleman closed his beautiful address.

Several passages of Scripture were then read

by the Rev. Mr. Balding, when a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, and singing by the choir concluded the services.

A procession of carriages was then formed,

and a large number of persons accompanied

the remains of the deceased to Mount Auburn

where they were deposited in their final resting place.

Funeral of Hon. Benjamin Thompson, of Charlestown.

The church of the Unitarian Society, on Main street Charlestown, was crowded on Monday afternoon, on the occasion of the funeral of late Hon. Benjamin Thompson, member of the Congress for the Fourth Congressional District of this State. Many of the principal stores of the city were closed, as a token of respect for the memory of the deceased.

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A procession of carriages was then formed,

and a large number of persons accompanied

the remains of the deceased to Mount Auburn

where they were deposited in their final resting place.

Written for the *Journal*.

MR. EDITOR:—I intended to have given "W." the advantage of a closing argument, and thought I should not trouble you again, but I cannot consent that *his* very able and generous argument, in the last *Journal*, should pass without notice; such *profound* knowledge, and great calculations, should be marked and remembered. I duly appreciate "W.'s" generous offer to raise the amount of my extra tax for rum paupers, and trust he will not be under the necessity of parting with *that shirt* for his part.

That "drop of comfort" seems to be always in his eye, and I suspect, rules his wishes in the appointment of a Liquor Agent. His calculations, I suppose, are based on "authority," or he could not have figured out the amounts; it has enabled him to come to facts, which show that the traffic in rum *has* made paupers, and that the tax payers have been obliged to pay for the maintenance of the paupers, while the rum sellers have made the profit. This is one point I contend for.

"W." wishes to substitute the Town of Woburn for the rum

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852.

FIREMEN'S MUSTER.

The Firemen's muster, which took place at Concord on Wednesday last, passed off very pleasantly; the weather being clear and cool, all appeared in good spirits, although the number of companies was not so large as was expected; but those that were there looked finely, their ranks being well filled and handsomely uniformed, and accompanied with good music, and we regret that the Woburn boys had not one machine out of three that they would feel proud to have been there with.

The companies that were present were:—

Independence, No. 3, of Concord, accompanied by the Boston Brass Band; Engine built by Howard & Davis. Eureka, No. 1, of West Cambridge, accompanied by Winchester Brass Band; engine built by Howard & Davis. Somerville, No. 1, of Somerville, accompanied by Suffolk Brass Band; engine built by Hunneman & Co. Howard, No. 2, of West Cambridge, accompanied by Brigade Band; engine built by Howard & Davis. Bunker Hill, No. 2, of Charlestown, accompanied by Charles-town Brass Band; engine built by Hunneman & Co. Torrent, No. 2, of Malden; engine built by Hunneman & Co. Salem Brass Band; engine built by Hunneman & Co. Relief, No. 2, of Watertown, accompanied by Waltham Brass Band; engine built by Hunneman & Co. Hydraulic, No. 3, of Feltonville; engine built by Howard & Davis. Okomakamisit, No. 2, of West Malboro; engine built by Howard & Davis.

The playing was good; but Independence, No. 2, having the privilege of draughting, could not supply water enough, therefore there was not much of a trial in the line; after the line was broken up, the Somerville, No. 1, and Eureka, No. 1, played for superiority, the result being much in favor of Eureka; this, it must be expected, was crack playing.

THE HORTICULTURAL DISPLAY.—The annual exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society closed on Friday evening. For a period of four days it had been open to the inspection of visitors, and during that time it was visited by several thousands of the citizens of our Commonwealth. A larger or finer display of the fruit of this climate was never before witnessed in rugged New England, or perhaps on this continent. There was also a beautiful array of flowers, and a grand assortment of noble vegetables—the result of farming industry—which all patiently awaited, under the shadow of the great tent, their meed of admiration and praise. We now believe that our Puritan forefathers, enterprising and industrious as they were, even anticipated a time when the lands which they tilled and the farms which they cleared, would bring forth such generous supplies of all that is best and noblest in the vegetable kingdom. A bright sun, clear sky, and a cool atmosphere, prevailed during the exhibition, and every thing passed off happily. The admission fees received at the entrance amounted to about twelve hundred and fifty dollars, which we are gratified to learn, will be more than sufficient to defray all the expenses incurred.

THE MACHINERY, says an exchange, has reached a great state of perfection. We saw burnt peas put into a hopper of a coffee mill the other day, and in less than two minutes it was occupying a place in a grocery window, labeled "Old Government Java."

A NEW QUINK!—At the camp meeting at Bethel last week, it was noticed that some "New Testaments" which were hawked about near the camp ground, sold rapidly, especially to the unconverted; and it turned out that they were "earthen vessels" in the form of books, filled with liquor. Two persons who were engaged in the business were arrested, and fined \$10 and costs, each—Portland Advertiser.

REVOKE THE LICENSES.—Immediately upon the present anti liquor law going into effect in this State, several of the licensed dealers in alcoholic liquors for medicine in Franklin County closed their trade, because they are informed that if they sold they would be prosecuted as well as those unlicensed. After the decision of Judge Russell of our Police Court, sustaining the validity of the licenses in Boston, they began to feel emboldened to commence selling again. They were very wary about it, because the citizens still resolved to prosecute them if they sold. They were growing more and more confident, however, and the probability is that some of them would have defied public opinion, and opened their bottles again to all comers. Week before last, the Commissioners of Franklin County met at Greenfield and took into consideration the subject of licenses. Like discreet and orderly citizens and servants of the people, consistent in principle and practice they revoked all the existing licenses, some fifty or sixty, and left the poor licensees without occupation and without hope of redress. The Commissioners did right. They had resolved, as the law allowed, the privilege of revoking the licenses at pleasure, and did not view them in the light of a contract in respect to which the other party's interest or wishes were to be consulted.

THE late Judge De Veaux, of Niagara Falls, bequeathed \$150,000, to be expended in the erection and endowment of an institution for the education of indigent and orphan children, to be under the charge of the P. E. Diocese of Western New York.—N. Y. Mirror.

A SINGULAR CASE OF SUFFERING FROM AN ACCIDENT.

In the Supreme Court, last week, in Boston, the case of Miss Ann M. Clark, who sues the city for \$20,000 damages for injuries received from falling into a cellar way in Hawkins street, on the last night of the railroad jubilee, has been on trial.—The testimony of the Massachusetts General Hospital physician, where Miss Clark has remained for nearly the whole time since the accident, discloses the following singular result:—Miss Clark is about 10 years of age; previous to the accident she was employed as a worsted worker at Malden, and enjoyed good health. On the last evening of the Railroad Jubilee, she proceeded with some friends to witness the fireworks in Bowdoin Square. On their return home they passed through Chardon and Hawkins street, where she fell through a cellar way which had been accidentally left open after the grade of the street and side-walk had been altered. After she was taken out she complained of a feeling as if she had been struck in the stomach. The next day she proceeded to her work at Malden, was their seized with vomiting, and violent pains in the stomach; she returned to this city, was conveyed to the Massachusetts General Hospital, where she remained ever since. The physicians say that in her fall she received an injury to her spine, and the result is, that she cannot keep upon her stomach but a very small quantity of food, an amount barely sufficient to sustain life, but not enough to stay the cravings of appetite. Her chief aliment is molasses and water, and if any amount above two ounces is given to her, her stomach soon rejects it. Various expedient have been devised by the physicians to administer nourishment. Among others, blisters have been applied and then Cod Liver Oil rubbed on the scalded surface, and thus absorbed into the system. The unfortunate young woman is literally better than a skeleton, and her sufferings are no doubt very severe. The physicians state that there is recorded in the books but one similar case.

The Jury in the above case, returned a verdict in favor of Miss Clark, and gave eight thousand five hundred dollars damages.

THE AMOUNT OF DAMAGES FOR ASSAULT.—In the Supreme Judicial Court, in Boston, the case of David Morgan vs. Henry D. Gardner was tried. This was an action of tort brought to recover damages sustained by the plaintiff in consequence of an assault and battery committed by the defendant on the plaintiff, at his office in Maverick square, East Boston, on the 26th of December last. The plaintiff is an attorney at law and defendant is a retired ship-master. The assault and battery was of ordinary character. The amount of damages claimed was nine thousand dollars. The jury returned their verdict for plaintiff and assessed his damages in the sum of \$2,250. Willey & Hutchins for plaintiff; Silas B. Hahn for the defendant.

WORSE AND WORSE.—Already this week there have been eight cases of murder, homicide, or deadly assault, in this city, by the knife, the pistol, or brutal violence, and three of the sufferers are already dead! A gentleman was twice shot at in Broadway, yesterday morning, at 4 o'clock, and the bone of his arm was badly shattered.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce, 25th.

A WHOLE FAMILY POISONED.—Anthony Meekins, a jeweler, of St. Louis, together with his whole family, six in number, were poisoned last Sunday morning in consequence of partaking of food into which a quantity of arsenic had been put. Two mulatto girls in his employ are suspected of having committed the crime. One of the daughters is dead—the others are slowly recovering.

DEATH PENALTY COMMUTED.—At a meeting of the Governor and Council this morning, the Committee on Pardons made a report in favor of commuting the punishment of Thomas Davis convicted of the murder of his sister, Mrs. Van Wagner, from death to imprisonment for life, at hard labor in the State Prison. The Council thereupon unanimously adopted the report, and Davis will therefore go to the State Prison.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at WOBURN, Mass., Sept. 30, 1852.

Blaisdell, Enos P.

Brown, Mary E. Miss.

Burke, Orli W.

Burke, E. G.

McDonald, Daniel.

Blood, Catharine Mrs.

Breider, Mary Miss.

Brookings, Samuel R.

Crawford, John.

Coombs, Thomas.

Cahill, Margaret.

Clark, Wells.

Damon, David.

Emerson, Abner P.

Mrs.

Hulin, Abraham.

Hill, Stephen T.

Hartshorn & Darling.

Kimball, Horace P.

Persons calling for letters on the above list, will please say they are advertised.

ALVIN TAYLOR, P. M.

FREE SOIL MEETING.

A meeting of the Free Democracy of Woburn, will be held at the Town Hall on MONDAY evening, Oct. 4th, at 7 o'clock, to choose delegates to the Free Soil Convention, to be held at Lawrence, Thursday, Oct. 7th, and to transact other business that may be deemed expedient. For order of Free Soil Town Committee.

Woburn, Sept. 29, 1852.

BOOTS! BOOTS!!

JUST received, Gents' CALF BOOTS, Gents' Kip de Gents, Thick sole, at the Sheet St. of

sept. 11. 16 AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,

For sale by L. THOMPSON, Jr.

FLAGGS' Dry Goods Store. may 15 16

800 or 900 yds

273 8

POETRY.

THE HARVEST HYMN.

God of the rolling year! to Thee
Our songs shall rise—whose bountiful pours
In many a foolly gift, with free
And liberal hand our autumn stores;
No firstlings of our flock we stay,
No soaring clouds of incense rise—
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay,
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Borne on thy breath, the lap of Spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower;
And smiling Summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower,
And Autumn's rich luxuriance now,
The ripening seed—the bursting shell,
The golden sheep, and laden bough,
The fulness of thy bountiful tell.

No manial thong, in princely dome,
Here wait a titled lord's bethost,
But many a fair and peaceful home
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest;
No groves or palm our fields adorn—
No myrtle shades or orange bowers—
But rustling meads of golden corn—
And fields of waving grain are ours.

Safe in thy care the landscape o'er,
Our flocks and herds securely stray;
No tyrant master claims our store—
No ruthless robber rends away,
No fierce volcano's withering shower—
No fell simoom with pestilential breath—
No burning suns, with baleful power,
Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our song to Thee,
Where lengthened vale and pastures lie,
And streams go singing wild and free,
Beneath a blue and smiling sky.

Where never was reared a mortal thone,
Where crowned oppressors never trod,
Here—at the throne of heaven alone,
Shall man in reverence bow to God.

AGRICULTURE.

'He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive.'

HINTS FOR THE AGRICULTURALIST.

Cold water administered externally, or in the form of a bath, is a certain cure for Prussic acid. Cows and other domestic animals are often lost from the poisonous effects of cherry leaves—particularly the leaves of the black and red cherry which are found growing in a state of nature in fields and pastures, and which contain prussic acid in sufficient quantity to render them fatal when eaten by ruminating animals, either in a green or wilted state. When an animal has been poisoned in this way, it should be plunged into cold water, or have it dashed over its body in buckets from the pump or well.

SHEEP.—These animals should be protected from cold and wet, though they have access to the ground. At all seasons protection of the most efficient kind should be afforded them, as no animal is more injured by the wet, and especially by long storms. Sheds should be erected in pastures, to which they can retire whenever the weather is cold or stormy, and supplied with troughs, containing salt and ashes—one part of the former to three of the latter. When not protected, sheep often take cold, even in summer, which produces coughs and other affection which too often have a fatal result.

HOG MANURE.—There are probably few articles of a fertilizing character which possess greater intrinsic excellence than hog manure. On this point, indeed, their appears to be no discrepancy of opinion whatever, among practical men. By furnishing materials, large quantities could be made annually, and at comparatively little cost. On this subject a judicious farmer observes:—"It appears to us, then, an object of considerable consequence to farmers, that he should avail himself of this resource for fertilizing his soil as far as possible, and that methods should be adopted by him to preserve, and increase the amount at his command, as far as may be, and not allow the avails of his pig-pen to be lost to the farm, as is frequently done. Where pigs are allowed a small yard to run in from the pen, they may be made to produce a large quantity of good manure, by frequent additions to the material in the yard of straw, weeds, turfs, muck, or even good common earth, to absorb the fluid part of the manure, and to prevent its salts from escaping." Yet there are many farms on which little of this invaluable article is produced compared with what might be furnished by the number of animals kept.

WORKING COWS.—The cow is seldom subjected to the surveillance of the yoke in this country. Why, more than the mare, she should be considered entitled to this exemption, is a question not easy to be solved. In many cases where cows have been moderately worked, they have not been at all injured thereby, and have produced nearly if not quite as much milk as when suffered to employ their leisure on the best of feed. Mr. COLMAN, in his European Tour, mentions an instance where a man in Sussex, England, who cultivated a small farm of four acres and kept two cows, worked one of the cows in a cart, by which he made a saving of twenty-four dollars a year. Notwithstanding the cow was worked, she made eight pounds of butter per week, besides furnishing some milk for the family. In Massachusetts a man has performed all his farm work with four cows; hauling wood, stone for walls, &c., with oxen. The cows were two years old when first yoked, and were "broke in" in three days, so as to be perfectly manageable and kind at all times. —N. E. Farmer.

A VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.—A potato, dug lately by Nahum Perkins, of this town, from its huge proportions, seems to be entitled to a

passing notice. It measures twelve inches in length, and weighs one pound and six ounces! It was in the first hill dug this season, by Mr. P., was the first one taken out, and appears to be number one, in several other particulars. We have spoken of it in the singular number, and yet this esculent embraces six distinctly formed potatoes, forming a *colation*, the object of which may be made apparent on 'lection day, if not before.—N. Bridgewater Gazette.

BONE MANURE.

Bones, though of comparatively recent introduction as a manure, stand at the head of all miscellaneous articles used for this purpose. The improved machinery for preparing them has brought them into extensive use in Europe. In England it has been demonstrated that on dry sands, limestone, chalk, light loams, and peat, bones are a very valuable manure. That they may be applied to grass with great effect. That on arable lands, they may be laid on fallow for turnips, or used for any of the subsequent crops. That the best method of using them, when broadcast, is previously to mix them up in a compost with earth, dung, or other manures, and let them lie and ferment. That if used alone, they may either be drilled with the seed, or sown broadcast. That bones which have undergone the process of fermentation are decidedly superior in their immediate effects, to those which have not done so. That the quantity should be about 20 bushels of dust, or 40 bushels of large, increasing the quantity if the land be impoverished.—Farmer and Mechanic.

SAVING SEED CORN.

Mr. F. Holbrook, a distinguished farmer of Brattleboro', Vermont, has published a long communication on the subject of cultivating Indian Corn, in which we find the following mode adopted by him in selecting his seed corn, and we extract it for the benefit of the readers of the *Telegraph*, if better than the mode used by them:

"While upon my present subject, I will say a word about saving seed corn. All experienced farmers are aware that the productivity and early ripening of any kind of corn, depends very much upon the manner of selecting the seed. I have a long-eared variety, which I have been planting and improving for some ten or twelve years; and although during that time I have tried, I presume a dozen other sorts, I give preference to the first named sort. Whatever may be said in favor of a change of seed, as regards other crops, there is no need of changing seed corn, provided proper care is used in the yearly selection of that planting. By proper attention to this matter, a variety may be perfectly adapted in its habits to a given climate and soil, and changed much for the better as to productivity.

The Buffalo *Commercial* relates a curious fact in Natural History, lately developed at the American Hotel, in that City. A family having rooms in that hotel, lately left town for a few weeks. On their return they found that a mouse was in the habit of constantly visiting the cage of a canary bird which had remained in the room during their absence, having taken the opportunity of forming the acquaintance during the unusual stillness of the apartment. To the surprise of the family it was found that the mouse had been taking lessons in singing of its musical friend, and would constantly give forth notes in exact imitation of the canary's tone, but low and sweet. The little creature now visits the cage nightly, eats of the seed, and endeavors by its singing to excite the attention and call forth the notes of the bird.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.—An evening or two since, as a gentleman was passing up a narrow lane in the vicinity of Second street, South Boston, he heard the sound of a sullen, mingled with the cries of a child. He immediately rushed into the house whence the sounds proceeded, where he found a man and his wife diverting themselves with a drunken quarrel, while their child, a little boy five or six years old, was vainly endeavoring to pull his mother away. The gentleman quickly interfered, and as the drunken brute seemed loth to desist, he was sent with some force among the chairs on the opposite side of the room. The woman, herself the worse for liquor, turned upon the man who thus kindly interfered in her behalf, giving him a sound beating for thus abusing her "good man John," and her husband having recovered his equilibrium and come to her assistance, was proceeding to more violent measures, when the gentleman stepped out, leaving them to their chosen amusement, and fully convinced that it is dangerous to interfere in a domestic quarrel.—*Journal*.

ONE of our neighbors, not long since, who has rather a pungent wife, said one evening to her as he passed out of the door, "My dear, I am going to spend the evening with my friend, Mr. ——. I shall return at ten—but if I should not you need not wait for me." "Oh!" said the wife, "I shan't—I shall come for you." Our neighbor returned at ten, as any prudent husband would have done.—*Manchester Mirror*.

Scraps for the Journal.

Youth and middle age are the spring and summer of life. As the husbandman must sow good seed plentifully and care, in order to gain an abundant harvest, so if we would lead a life of the greatest usefulness, must sow deep and cultivate with assiduous care the seed of divine truth, that we may be able to exhibit its fruits in all the varied scenes of life.

LOVE OF THE WEED.—A young man paying his addresses to a lady who supposed that she held the highest place in his affections, was informed by her that while she loved him very much now, still she thought if he would cease from using tobacco, she could love him better. The supposed fast-bound lover heard her through very patiently, and then replying, "well, I love you *pretty well*, but I love tobacco *better*," took his hat and left.

Truth, when witty, is the witliest of all things.

purple, fading into a bluish white, and tremulous, as though the failing voice struggled for utterance. She placed her ear close to his face, and heard him utter distinctly:—

"Good-bye, mamma; take good care of my violets."

After the rough pine coffin was carried away, and covered with mould, while her worn fingers were nervously stitching on the ill-paid for garment, that mother could see a vision of beauty filling the wretched garret with light and loveliness—a vision of the early buried child, in the pure white robe of heaven, bending over the box of violets.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF SICKNESS.—Mr. Otis Churchill, of this city, has for some time past been quite well, suffering severely from sharp pains, rendering him unable to attend to business. His countenance became pale and haggard, and he was forced to keep his room. A physician attended him, but could not ascertain of what disease he was suffering. A day or two since, Mr. Churchill had passed from him a short pin, crooked and rusty. It is supposed that he must have swallowed it, and that it has been the cause of his illness, as he has since nearly recovered from his indisposition.—*Times*.

A CURIOSITY.—We saw yesterday, at the office of Jas. Bishop & Co., three specimens of the Gymnos, or Surinam cedar, more commonly known as the electrical cedar. After several unsuccessful attempts, Capt. Brown, of the bark Republic, from Para, South America, which arrived on Sunday last, succeeded in importing these creatures, in a huge box filled with mud and water from the Amazon, in which river they were captured. They were taken by the natives in baskets. The largest is four feet long, and as think as a man's arm. Upon an iron rod, (held in the hand,) being applied to the electric organs of the fish, a shock is communicated, and proportioned in strength to the degree in which they are irritated. In securing their food, fish are paralyzed by the shock, and fall a prey.—N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*.

FINE PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND FANCY GOODS.

OUR Gold Pens are so well known to New England that a single word in their favor seems needless. We would merely remind the public that we still continue to manufacture them in all varieties, and that our stock of Gold Pens and Gold Jewelry is not equalled in New England.

We also keep constantly on hand a complete and fresh assortment of FINE GOLD, GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, and FANCY GOODS, of every description, all of which we warrant to be equal to the best.

WILMARSH & BROTHER, 9 Court St., Boston—doors from Washington street, P. S. Gold Pens, Watches and Jewelry repaired, or taken in exchange.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS.

FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY, DYE STUFFS.

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

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OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER,
GEORGE W. FOWLE,.....JOHN A. FOWLE
TERMS,--\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.

COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to the *Editor*, at *Woburn* or at No. 27 *Federal St., Boston*. Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring towns, solicited.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

LINES TO "MAY RITCHIE."

BY BONNIE LASKE.

One bid in friendship's wreath of flowers;
And witt thou in thy heart enthrone,
The offering culled from friendship's bower.

I will not say unknown—for thou,
Art not unknown to me, nor fame;
For with the wreath that binds thy bough,
Thou hast a poet's name.

The hand that prints these accents here,
Was never clasped in thine;
Nor has thy heart with hope or fear,
E'er trembled back to mine.

Thou known thee well and known thee long,
And many a tale have heard thee tell;
And many a sweet-toned strain of song,
Like music on my heart hath fall.

No matter where my steps may stray,
Or dark or light my fate may be;
Yet still, through life's remembered way,
Hath me still a friend to thee.

No greater joy my heart could share,
Nor heaven a gift could send;
If I the cherished name might bear,
The brother, or thy friend.

"Hermit's Glen," *Woburn Centre, Mass.*

THE MUSICIAN.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MISS HAMILTON.

"Ha! ha! my little sly one! stealing a peep at the big world from your safe corner!" I exclaimed, at the same time pouncing upon, and half smothering with kisses, a beautiful two year old cousin of mine, whom I had found snugly hid away by the street door, looking out through the side windows at the endless procession of people and carriages in one of the prominent streets of New York. "Ha! ha! stealing a peep at the big world so soon! you'll get enough of it by and by, I'm thinking, and it won't seem quite so fine to you as it does now; and perhaps you won't have quite so nice a corner as here in papa's domain. Ha! is cozy too rough?" I added as the child disengaged herself, and pointing with her little finger, said, "See! see, itty girl!"

A woman, leading one child and carrying another, was just coming up the steps, and had her hand upon the bell as I opened the door.

"Is Dr. Hamilton in?" she inquired in that spiritless, hopeless tone, which those who have lived in a physician's family know so well.

"He is not. Will you walk in?"

"No, thank you, I'll call again. I wish to see him about my child," was the answer.—At what hour is he usually in?"

I mentioned an hour and she departed; but not so the impression which she had made. She was a woman who might have been twenty-five or thirty-five, one could not tell nearer, for ill-health and fatigue, and care, and dispair, seemed to have done so much and such direful work upon her, that the traces of time could not be distinguished among it. She had that classic forehead, and slightly Roman outline of features, seldom met with except among the higher classes; but the most entire absence of color marked her face, and such an expression of patience and hopelessness I will not say is seldom seen—for those who have open eyes, open hearts and ready hands, will see and do see many such in our large cities—but is never seen where there has not been great and continued suffering. Her dress was neat and clean, but cheap and scanty. She knew poverty as well as sorrow; they are apt to go together. The children—God help the little ones! What a contrast were to the bright, laughing, chubby pet I had been frolicking with! The eldest, a little girl, had a look painful and pitiful to see in a child—that still, subdued look, telling of care and sorrow before the time. It had seen them in its mother's face and life—it had drank them into its own life. The sparkle and the smile were gone from the mother, and they were never kindled up in the child. I never feel such hatred and bitterness toward sin and wrong, as when I see it blasting and withering and spoiling utterly the little children, so full of innocence and love and beauty, which God has sent to give new life and love and purity and beauty to the world. To make the little ministers of bliss to others miserable themselves—oh, 'tis a fiend's work! Yet men do it!—men who have once been children themselves do it—the fathers of children do it—not blushing, nor hide themselves therefor. Woe unto them! God is just, and though sometimes he seems to tarry long, his vengeance will not sleep forever.

As soon as Dr. Hamilton, who was my uncle, and at whose house I was spending the winter, had returned to his office, I hastened informing him of the patient whose call I had answered, warmly expressing my sympathies, and inquiring who she might be, and what might be her sad lot. He coolly heard me through, at the same time turning over the leaves of a new number of *Braithwaite*, and then quietly answered:

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1852.

NO. 51.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS
COMPRISED IN PART

Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,

PROMPTLY AND TASTFULLY EXECUTED AT THE

JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE

OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type throughout, and we are prepared to execute all orders for printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior style, at reasonable rates.

The second night after, one of our severest winter nights, my uncle was roused from his bed by the midnight call. His quick and accustomed ear caught the first tinkle of the summons. A front window was raised, and in answer to the firm and distinct question, "What's wanting?" I could hear a woman's voice. I rose to listen and could just distinguish—

"Oh, Doctor, you'll come quick, won't you?"

"In a moment—don't be alarmed"—was said in that best of all a physician's tones, the tone of confidence and encouragement, meant to give courage and strength and often giving it. There was no complaints about the breaking up of sweet and health-giving sleep, the sudden tearing from the warm and inviting couch; no muttering about the severe cold, the freezing midnight weather, the long hurrying walk; they were unheeded, scarcely thought of. There was distress, agony, to be assuaged; the physician was wanted; hope and trust were placed in him; and it seemed but an instant before I heard the turn of the strong key and the ponderous door closed heavily behind him.

At the breakfast table came the not unusual inquiries there:

"How long were you detained out last night, Doctor? Who was in distress this time?"

"Ah! you did not recognise the voice then. I heard you moving in your room, and thought your delicate ear had perceived the musician's poor wife. It was she. Her husband seemed rapidly recovering after his fit, and I told him yesterday I did not think it necessary for me to make him another visit; but in the middle of the night he awoke from a broken slumber with the dreadful tremor upon him. Such are the changes and relapses so unexpected which often come to discourage us. You have never seen the tremor. May you never see it! and I don't think I can describe it to you. I never met with a description which could give anything like an idea of the reality when the disease is in its strength, and the delirium is joined to the tremor. Ashton is not yet delirious, but the fear has come, and such fear! It makes you feel a wonderful force in that expression concerning the punishment of lost souls, 'a fearful looking for of judgement and fiery indignation.' Oh, it is pitiful to see the bold, courageous man who has quailed at no human foe, trembling, gasping, shrinking from a fancy—he knows not what—sometimes though, the fear is fastened on death. It was so with Ashton. When I first approached him, he grasped my hand with a hold like that of a vice, though his pulse is feeble and he has little strength, excepting:

"But I never thought of his being intemperate."

"No—you wouldnt at a hasty evening glance. His nervous temperament shows it less than a phlegmatic one would; yet he suffers all the more for it. 'Tis terrible—terrible—I am distressed even to think of it. How men can deal out poison, glass after glass, to their fellow-men, knowing that it is poison; told again and again that it is poison; seeing and believing that it is poison which will destroy all goodness, all happiness, all purity and peace; which will sicken and craze, and ruin the body, and pollute and blacken and damn the soul, how men can do it, I cannot conceive. Why they are allowed to do it, I cannot conceive. But we must be careful," he added, taking out his watch, "or we shall be intemperate in our talk. I see we are getting near the young hours."

It was but a few mornings after this that the door bell rang, and a woman rushed in trembling and breathless, repeating, "Is Dr. Hamilton in? Dr. Hamilton?" Tell him Mr. Ashton wants him; he's in a fit." Her manner and speech were so excited and hurried that the servant was confused and could not understand her message, and the noise brought my uncle from his dressing-room to the head of the stairs. On his inquiry, "What is it?" she ran to meet him, exclaiming, amid her rapid breathings, "Oh, Doctor, Mr. Ashton's in a fit!"

"What kind of a fit, Mrs. Ashton?" he asked.

"Oh! you know, Doctor, what kind it is," she answered with grouch, as he left her and instant to throw off his dressing gown and prepare to accompany her. I was on my way to the breakfast room, and having heard what passed, went forward, gave the woman a chair and a glass of water, and spoke kindly to her, trying to soothe her. She talked on as if I was acquainted with the circumstances of the case.

"Oh, he knew better! he knew better! he was told it would be so; he was told of this," she said. "Now he's all convulsed and foaming at the mouth. He never drank till he came to this country—never!"

"What brought this on, Mrs. Ashton?" he asked.

"He was trying to leave off drink, Doctor; and then he exerted himself entirely too much yesterday. He was playing, playing all day; he wasnt even at home to his meals."

When my uncle returned, the first question was, "How did you find Ashton?"

"He was just coming out of the fit, lying on the floor and looking wildly at the neighbors who had flocked in and were gathered about him. He didn't seem to know where he was."

"What did you do for him?"

"Well, you may have this Doctor's secret, if you'll promise to look out and not try to go too far into mystical practice. Now see that you remember it. There was a tremendous fire in the stove, and the room was full of people. I told them to open the door and windows and let the sick man have air, and I was quickly seconded by a very fat woman standing before the closed door, who called out, "Yes, yes, always let them have air."

"But you did something more than that, didn't you?" I further asked, for I was in a mood to have used half an apothecary's shop and have brought the practice of years to bear on this one case."

"Yes," was the answer, "but one medical truth is enough for your light head, and didn't you promise not to be prying?"

The sick man was relieved and better, and we were all relieved

Continued on 4th Page.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1852.

BY THE proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee, and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

A G. N. T. S.

NOBLE WOMEN.—Misses NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WISCONSIN.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for the paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEMAN.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. E. M. PITTENGILL & CO. State Street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CROOKS?"—We feel quite an interest in the town of our correspondence; and hope to receive many more of his interesting letters.

"OBSERVER?"—There is truth in your inferences, and we shall be pleased to receive more of them. We have also your article on "Love" on file.

"C. P. INTELLECT"—A fine subject for a display of talent; our readers will give you credit for your interesting article.

"MAURICE O'QUINN?"—Your answer to the Anagrams, has been anticipated; answer to enigma is on file.

"HERMIT?"—Too late for this week.

"N. Y."—We have read your article on the Sabbath, with much pleasure; we have no room this week.

"H. A. K."—Your poetry is always acceptable; the subjects are interesting, and full of pure feeling.

"JAC. NAMELESS?"—You are right in your ideas of the "Goblins"; many persons speak the word at random, without knowing its real meaning; will find room next week. You have forgotten our broad not to write on both sides of the sheet.

"E."—We regret to learn that the Rev. Mr. Stockbridge is to leave us, and join with you in bearing testimony to his worth.

FAMILIAR TALK.

We admire to take a survey of the domestic circle; it is a scene in which are to be found all the pure and hallowed feelings of the human heart. It is here we can retire from the toil and trouble of the busy world, and by our fireside enjoy true happiness. It is in the teachings and examples of the domestic every days occurrences, which forms the impression on the minds of our children, and in a great degree influences their future life; and, therefore, how careful should parents be in all their practices in the family household.

All this, says the reader, is very well; but you are looking on the sunny side of life; how is it possible for us to always think of these matters in the hurry of business or the excitement of trouble? We are not so well prepared as to remember this good advice, for we are sometimes brought into situations where we cannot extricate ourselves without some act which, in an opposite situation, we should have done with a good conscience. This is a very plausible argument, and is an excuse we often hear for acts of error.

The plain truth is, we have no business to be placed in such situations; no man who has experienced these vicissitudes of life, and been compelled to commit errors which his better judgment condemns, but on calm reflection will find that the cause of all these unfortunate results could have been prevented, if he had only thought at first of the consequences—but we are to blind to our own happiness, that we venture on ground we have no business to travel, and trouble, with all its attendant miseries, follow; and then comes these little bickering and angry passions, which exhibit themselves in our domestic circles, and set before our children those bad examples which lay the foundation of an unhappy life.

The disposition of children is greatly influenced by the conduct of parents; it may seem a difficult task for parents to always keep a vigilant watch over their children, but this does not lessen its importance. It is not always the strict discipline that recovers a wayward child; the voice of affection will call him back when the harsh word of command will drive him onward. We should always remember that the infant smiles when it meets smiles, giving sure evidence that the human mind and heart is susceptible in its infancy of the purest passions of our nature, which by cultivation spring up within us, like the "well spring from on high."

"We like your argument," says a reader, "but the practice is another picture; how shall we correct an unruly child without, in familiar terms, a good spanking?" Learn them *first* to love and respect you—they will then obey you, not through fear, but by the love they bear you. Whipping and shaking a child to stop its grief, is like shaking a tree to prevent the fruit from falling, and yet how often do we see this! Parents white in a passion inflict a severe punishment for a slight offence; do they think a child forgets it? do they imagine that such harsh measures do not stifle the germ that is maturing in that little mind? Let them pause and reflect that they were once children, and remember how they felt, if they ever experienced such treatment.

There is another great error which parents often commit—that of correcting their children before strangers; of all the misguided execrations of parental authority, this is the most cruel. Avoid it, if you wish to preserve the true dignity of your children.

The holiest wreath to bind a parents brow, is that which virtuous children twine.

Our yearly bills are now ready for Subscribers and Advertisers, and we shall be much obliged if all interested persons will call at Fowle's Book Store, and settle.

THE FISHERIES.

We take the following from the "Islander," published at Charlotte Town, Prince Edward Island; and if true, is certain deserving of notice.

"With all the vigilance of the British and colonial cruisers, it is found impossible to keep the Americans off the forbidden grounds. One instance may serve to show the pertinacity with which they persist in their encroachments. Com. Campbell, of the Devastation, unwilling, unless in extreme cases, to seize vessels, and thus perhaps ruin the owners, whose whole property often consists in their fishing smacks, contented himself with cruising on the fishing grounds, and driving or warning vessels off when found trespassing.—The emigration to California does not decrease; the packets go full laden with freight and passengers.—New Post Stamps, bearing the head of Louis Napoleon, are to be issued in France.—The Emperor of Austria was 23 years old the 18th of Sept.—Prince Albert was 34 years old the 26th of Sept.—Lady Lovelace, Lord Byron's only daughter, is said to be dying.—The Cunard Propellers, will commence a new line from Liverpool, in December, touching at Portland and Boston.—It is said that the emigration from England to Australia has amounted to 4,000 per week, for many weeks; 40 vessels sailed from the port of Liverpool, London, and Plymouth, in August last.—Mons. Petin made a successful balloon ascension at Springfield last week; 20,000 persons were present.—At the Cleavland Fair, exhibited a horse with five feet, a calf with two heads, and a sheep with five horns, and five tails.—The ptatoo rot has made its appearance in Virginia.—The deposits of gold at the Mint in Philadelphia, since Jan. 1st, are about \$35,000,000.—\$8,613, have been sent from Boston to Montreal, for the sufferers from the great fire last July.—83 deaths in Boston last week.—Railroad accidents are so numerous that we cannot note them.—The ten hour system is gaining many friends.—An English gentleman who arrived in the last steamer, was robbed of \$2,000 at the American House, Boston, last Saturday.—Benj. Stone of Lynn, attempted to commit suicide last week, from despondency.—Counterfeit 25cts pieces are in circulation.—The number of fires in Boston, during the month of Sept., was only 16; the damage \$400.—Recent news from California is interesting; some news of murder, and other outrages, had occurred. A duel has been fought between Major Savage, and Capt. Henry, in which Major Savage was killed. Emigrants continue to arrive in large numbers; and their sufferings overland terrible. News from the mines, favorable; the yield of gold the coming season will be immense. New and valuable gold mines have been discovered.—Flour and wheat had risen in Oregon; the farming interests had been neglected.—112 vessels arrived at Boston during the month of Sept.—Three slabs are being prepared in California, for the Washington Monument.—A lump of gold weighing 25 lbs, was found by a sailor boy on the Sacramento.—The Unitarian church, at Mount Pleasant, Roxbury, was robbed of the carpets and the covering for the protection of the pulpit, last week.—584 emigrant passengers arrived at Boston last Monday.—The yellow fever is raging in the Island of St. Thomas; several vessels had lost their entire crew.—C. Cooley was lately robbed in Cincinnati of \$2,000.—The Washington National Monument has attained the height of 118 feet.—The excitement at Hayman is very great; a number of prominent men have been arrested and imprisoned.—One dollar bills, altered to ten's of the South Berwick Bank, are in circulation.—The cholera is again on the increase at Rochester.—There are 36 omnibuses running from Boston to Roxbury, making 252 trips per day, and carrying 4000 passengers daily, with 250 horses, and 75 men. There are 173 omnibuses running in Boston, conveying 1999 passengers daily; 1200 horses are employed with 245 men.—A child 3 years old was burnt to death, by the ignition of friction matches, which it had obtained in the absence of its mother. Parents take warning and not leave matches in the way of children.—There are 145,410 inhabitants in New Orleans; 29,774 of which are colored slaves, and free.—31 deaths from yellow fever in Charleston, S. C., for the week ending the 2d inst.—The fair of the American Institute, is now at Castle Garden, N. Y.—The yellow fever has broken out in Savannah.—It is said 1000 die annually in the British coal mines, from explosions.—There are 193 primary schools in Boston, and 11,970 pupils.—The Traveller reports the anti-liquor law meeting in Charlestown, a failure.—The late news from Europe is not of much importance; all matters seem to be quiet.—The weather has been fine and favorable for the ensuing gathering in of the abundant harvest.

Light House on Minor's Ledge.—Government has made an appropriation of \$80,000, for a light house at Minor's Ledge, to be made of granite or iron, the plan to be approved by the Topographical Bureau.

A State Temperance Convention has been called by the State Temperance Committee to meet in Boston on Friday, the 15th inst., at 10 A. M.

DANGER OF SLEEPING IN MEETING.—In one of our churches, an old gentleman, a worthy member of the Christian persuasion, fell asleep, and began dreaming that he was on a hunting excursion. All of a sudden, and to the astonishment of everybody, he belched out—"Fetch him, Dash! a glorious shot—three woodcocks with one barrel! hurrah for me!" and he rose up from his seat and cheered lustily. He woke himself by his hollowness, and immediately seized his hat and walked out, blushing like a red pepper.—Cincinnati Commercial.

CAUTION TO TOWNS.—The town of Easthampton has been mulcted in the sum of \$930 by referees appointed by the Common Pleas Court, for injuries received by Maria E. Mason, by being thrown from a sleigh in consequence of an obstruction at the side of the road.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE IN LYNN.—About midnight, on Wednesday, the house of Jonathan Buffum in Lynn, was assaulted by two miscreants, who threw into the front windows two or three bottles of blacking, spoiling everything with which it came in contact, and defacing the outside of the building.

ADVANCE IN BUTTER.—THE DEMAND FROM CALIFORNIA.—Within a week or two butter has advanced in price in Boston market from five to ten cents per pound. One cause for this advance is stated to be the large orders sent from California. One firm has received an order to ship one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds; and probably in all a quarter of a million pounds have been ordered from that State within a short time.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Written for the Journal.

REV. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE.

Mr. Eborot.—Permit me to express, thro' the columns of the Journal, my deep regret, and that of all my fellow townsmen at the departure from our midst to another sphere of labor, of the gentlemanly scholar and faithful Christian minister, Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, who, during the last five years has sustained with great credit to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of his people, the interesting relation of pastor of the First Baptist Society, in this town.

It has been my pleasure to enjoy the intimate friendship of this gentleman, and, altho' I am not a member of his society, yet few persons have had an opportunity of knowing him better. And I am happy to testify, that in all the relations of life, in every sphere of duty, whether in public or private, whether as a parent, a neighbor, a citizen, a minister of the gospel, or as the friend of the great interest of education, he has sustained a reputation highly consistent with his christian profession, and highly honorable to his intellectual and moral character.

In his departure from us, the church over which he was settled, and which has greatly prospered under him, has lost an able minister, society of which he was an ornament, one of its most valuable citizens. Affable in his manners, steadfast in his friendship, faithful in rebuke, judicious in counsel, discrete in conversation, generous to the poor, compassionate to the ignorant and the erring, he has left behind him in the hearts of all his fellow citizens, a pleasant remembrance—the sweet fragrance of a blameless life. That in the place to which he has been so cordially united, he may find friends as sincere and hearty as warm as those he has left behind him, I sincerely trust. Could any words of mine reach the ears of those among whom he is about to reside, I would commend him to them as a workman of whom they not be ashamed, one in whom the great cause of literature, of science, of public and private morals, of good government, and of pure religion, will find an intelligent advocate and a steadfast friend.

K.

Written for the Journal.

INFERENCES.

When you hear a young man boast the many attractions bestowed on him by the ladies—infer that he is a conceited puppy.

When you hear a young lady declare that she hates all men—infer that some particular one has touched her fancy.

When you hear a young lady express her aversion for little children—infer that her heart has been ossified by tight lacing.

When you hear an editor abusing his brothers of the quill—infer that his genius lies in seiges.

When you hear a subscriber for the "Woburn Journal" or any other good periodical, declare that such it not worth reading—infer that the subscription has not been regularly and punctually paid.

When you hear a young Miss speak disrespectfully to her father—infer she would not make as good a wife as she might.

Onsayn.

Written for the Journal.

THE TRIUMPH OF INTELLECT.

Like the immortality of the soul, it will survive long after the gold of the miser has become dross. It is as lasting as eternity itself. Ages upon ages may roll away, and yet intellect will exist in all her beauty and splendor, moving on with unparalleled swiftness, in that upward flight, until it has conquered the mysterious and unthought of things of earth in its ascent towards perfection. And what is intellect, that it should thus thrive and prosper, coming off victorious in the encounter of energy, difficulty, coming very near to mighty wisdom. It is the mind of man, and what has accomplished, what it is yet to accomplish, was it mind that caused Roger Sherman to throw down the last and hammer for the pen and book, and exchange the bench for one of the loftiest seats among the champions of freedom. It was the intellect of Hastings that gave to America her conspicuous stand among the nations of the earth. It was the wisdom of Jefferson that peined for the republic the most lucid documents on record. America would never have been discovered, but for the stupendous mind of Christopher Columbus.

Thus it is, we might enumerate incidents without number, where triumphing intellect, has held her sway, where the mind of man has accomplished things that have been of that benefit to mortal man, which language cannot express, which mind can hardly realize.

Language is inadequate to delineate in all its beauty and sublimity. Behold with what faculty the learned advocate expounds the laws of the land, and by rapid flashes of eloquence, restore to the captive his liberty.

God speed the man of talent, that his course may be onward and upward, dazzling, prancing, be his intellect, for by it he can evidence his high origin and glory the image of his fellow-citizens.

E.

Written for the Journal.

MR. MORRISON.—We are sorry to hear of the contemplated removal from among us of one of our Woburn clergymen. The Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, we learn, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the 1st Baptist Church, in Providence, R. I., and leaves almost immediately.

By Mr. Stockbridge's departure we lose an able theologian, a public spirited citizen, and a man whose amiable manners have rendered him a universal favorite. May his success in his new sphere of labor equal the good wishes of his fellow-citizens.

E.

Written for the Journal.

DARING ATTEMPT AT HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—On Friday night last, as Wm. W. Cook, Esq., was passing over Tremont Road, from Boston, and just after passing into Roxbury, his horse was seized and stopped by three men, who endeavored to rob him. They demanded his money, but Mr. Cook resisted, and refused to hand over his money and valuables, and just as they were about to proceed by force and violence, to remove him from the vehicle, and take his money, and perhaps his life, a horse and carriage was heard approaching, when the rascals took to their heels and escaped.

CAMBRIDGE GAS WORKS.—Laborers are at work putting down the gas pipes in Cambridge, and it is expected that by the middle of November the work will be completed, and the streets of the city be lighted with gas. A building is being erected just above the Brattle House, where the gas will be manufactured.

E.

Written for the Journal.

CRAIG'S BRIDGE was re-opened to foot passengers Sunday morning, and will in a few days be ready for vehicles, &c. The Transcript says, "The repairs which have been

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 18th, 1852.

FRIEND FOWLER—I wrote to you last from Albany, but I did not leave so soon as I expected, having met a friend, who said if I would remain till next day he would be my companion to Saratoga, so I employed my time in viewing this once renowned Dutch city.

Albany is a business place, it being the terminus of the Erie Canal; vast amounts of produce are deposited for sale or shipment. The Erie Canal is a wonderful work, and the Empire State should never forget DeWitt Clinton; one would be astonished to stand on one of the bridges, which cross the Canal basin, and view the field of Canal boats which are hourly arriving and departing with full freights, which, together with the large number of emigrants going west, make the scene a lively one.

The Western Railroad has its Depot on the opposite side of the river, and a large ferry boat is constantly plying with freights and teams; the Canal boats are towed across the river, when they discharge cargoes for the Railroad, and load for the west. The Depot is very large, composed of several buildings, with hardly room enough at that. The want of a bridge is a sad detriment to the Western Railroad; many attempts have been made to obtain a Charter, but the influence of Troy has always prevented it from obtaining one. Albany will persevere until one is built. The Western Railroad is the greatest enterprise that Boston ever undertook for her prosperity, and it will continue to increase in the western world, as it increases in population; it clears and cultivates the soil, and the products will always find the Eastern markets, and so long as our Boston merchants sustain their present reputation, will reach them.

I have looked with astonishment at the arrivals and shipments of flour; the great west will yet send supplies for the world. There are a few remnants of the ancient Dutch buildings to be seen, and on pleasant evenings the broad stoops are filled with descendants of the forefathers who were so accustomed to an evening smoke with their long pipes.

The State House is a showy building, and has been famous in political history, when the "Albany Regency" was the ruling power of the Empire State. I passed through Troy; the Railroad runs through the centre of the main street, and has quite a singular appearance. The city has a fine appearance, and I should think it was a business place. The navigation of the Hudson river ends here; the river at times is so low that vessels of large draught cannot ascend higher than Albany; this is a great detriment to Troy. The wealth and enterprise of Troy is said to exceed Albany, and there is a constant strife between the two cities in the western trade, but Troy has men of energy and wealth, and her influence has, thus far, secured a good share of business, and prevented Albany from overreaching her. Troy will add much to the Boston trade.

The Railroad from Troy to Saratoga is a good one, and passes through a pleasant country, and soon places you at the United States Hotel, where you can have everything you desire for comfort.

I was too late to see the fashionable visitors at the springs; the frost had nipped the buds, and they had nearly all departed, so that my stay was short.

There is nothing about Saratoga that is interesting to a traveller, but the water and the visitors; it is a sandy spot, and was it not for the springs, would not pay for the cultivation. The few remaining visitors here are the *real* sick ones; they resort every morning to the spring, to take their early tumblers at the fountain, and I assure you they form an interesting group—not of fashion and beauty, but debilitated forms and cheeckless countenances. I took my share of Saratoga water, and left for Rochester, where I shall remain for a few days, to view the Genesee falls, and some of the famous flour mills. Yours,

CLOTHES.

The Marshals also states that there is a decided improvement in the moral condition of the poorer class of the community, as the reduced number in the Alms house would indicate.

It appears from an equally reliable source that there are fewer persons in the Salem Alms House now than there have been at any time for eight or ten years past—fewer by a considerable number. The Marshal also states that the Police have less frequent calls now to quell drunken quarrels and family brawls, than they had before

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1852.

Continued from 1st Page.

wife called me. And when I reached their house all was in perfect order; the children all dressed and quiet, as though there had been no night there.

"What was the matter now?"

"Oh! the delirium has come to the poor fellow. He cannot close his eyes, nor rest in the least. There is nothing like quiet in any way for him. His hands are shake, shake. Every part of him is in strong tremor—his tongue shakes and he is tormented by fanciful demons, reptiles, and all monstrous things which he now believes real, and of which he is in the most painful fear. He sees them every where; he knows that they are attacking and injuring him and he is making every effort possible, to avoid and destroy them. And no sooner do one crowd of tormentors leave him than another comes. At one time this morning he was constantly biting fiercely with his teeth and making the motion of throwing something from his mouth spitefully to the floor. He said he was biting off the heads of snakes and throwing them away; and as fast as they were destroyed, others came to take their places. He opened his jaws wide, telling me to look and see the snake's heads—his mouth and throat all full of them.

It was not long before he sprang from his chair, seized a loaded pistol, rushed to the door, and fired it through the glass."

"There, there, did you see that burglar?" he said to me. "He was just putting up his hand to cut the glass. Where's the police? I'll have them here. Pity old Hays is dead! He'd come and help me. There now they're trying the door. Come and help me hold it, Mary!"

"He had as he thought, a desperate time with the burglars; and I could not quiet him till I undertook to disperse them myself, and made him believe that I had succeeded. Then I left him, but something else has beset him before this."

"How long will he be likely to continue in this way?"

"It is uncertain. It may be two or three days, perhaps a week or more. His pulse is so low, and he has so little vitality left, that if he keeps up his violent efforts he won't hold out long."

"If he recovers, this will be, as he said, lesson that he'll remember. He'll be likely to reform."

"No, not likely. This is his second attack. The first effected no permanent change in his habits. It has been said that this terrific disease comes as a last warning to the intemperate, but if it does, they don't heed it. I have known many cases of it—it is very common in this country—and I have done all in my power again and again to enforce its lesson, and give help and encouragement and moral strength to bring about a reformation; but it is rarely that a victim reforms. People go too far, expecting to turn and still escape the dreadful gulf. The safety lies in never crossing the first circling eddy. I would make the French adage—*C'est le premier pas que perd."*

"How would you have it, uncle?"

"It is the first step which loses.' With that everything is lost. It is seldom retraced. It can be retraced; I have known it done, but less often than one would at first think; and if my voice could be heard, I would say to every young man, yes, and young woman too—I would say with a father's force and unction. 'Don't put your foot on forbidden ground or if not forbidden to you, doubtful ground. It may sink beneath you.—Don't take one step in the fragrant, flowery path to death, though fondly lured by the laughter and merriment of many travellers. I fear you will not have the power to retrace it. Once there, an unseen and wily will ensnare and bind you and take away your strength and you will feel that you cannot do what you would; you will seem to be led captive at another's will. I have seen many a strong man yield and pass on whence there there is no returning. Many a Sampson, blinded and struggling, go on to destruction, and there was no victory for him and no revenge upon the foe even in death. He was conquered most completely, in every sense—vanquished and spoiled if ever he had for breakfast."

Two or three days passed. I was too much interested in the case to forget Ashton, and when I felt that I was not intruding upon time and thoughts already engaged, made inquiries about him. One night my uncle returned from some evening visits at an unusually late hour, and came direct to the parlor.

"I have just come from the Ashton's," he said, "and such a scene! I wish the liquor dealers could have been in my place. I don't know as it would be wrong to wish them in poor Ashton's place. Some of them will come to it yet. I staid an hour trying to do something in the way of help, but what can man do for his fellow-man when it seems as though hell itself was both in him and let loose upon him? Such frenzy! such fury! He'd start and turn, and then fly across the room to wrestle with some fancied foe; he was in constant action, in continued contest with something.

He was turned against me—accused me of treachery and hostility; he was even turned against his wife, and upbraided her cruelly. It was touching to see how she bore it, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she went about ministering to him, trying to do something for his relief. He did not even leave his children to rest but would rouse them from their sleep in the little crib to see or do this or that, addressing them in a wild harsh way, filling them with fright. His patient wife went to them and soothed them, "there, go to sleep stand till this time) and small brush and de-

again; father don't want you."

She followed me to the door as I was leaving, and said, "What can I do, Doctor? What can be done? He's all I have, Doctor; and an excellent husband he has been to me when he did not drink; one of the best and kindest of men. What can be done? It seems as though I could not hold out much longer. He never closes his eyes, and it is long since I have slept. He's so wild I cannot influence him in the least, yet he will not let me leave him and he will have no one else about him. One of his best friends came to stay with him last night, but he met him with severe accusations and turned him roughly from his door. The faithful man would not desert him, and staid and watched outside in the cold, afraid that he might attempt some violence. I'm expecting another comes. At one time this morning he was constantly biting fiercely with his teeth and making the motion of throwing something from his mouth spitefully to the floor. He said he was biting off the heads of snakes and throwing them away; and as fast as they were destroyed, others came to take their places. He opened his jaws wide, telling me to look and see the snake's heads—his mouth and throat all full of them.

It was the doctor had expected. When I met him in the morning he said—"It is all over. I found all quiet at the Ashton's. The trembling, terror-stricken man, rushing and tearing about in his madness, lies still and cold and motionless.—How different from last night! The perfect repose of death is in striking contrast with such intense activity of life. The sleepless eyes are now in a slumber from which there is no awaking. There is rest and quiet for the poor abused frame, the body;—but the spirit—I am afraid the horrors here, were but the beginning."

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

THE FARM IN OCTOBER.

This is the tenth month of the year. Tertius says our Saxon ancestors called it *Wynmonat*; *wyn* signifies wine; "and albeit they had not anciently wines in Germany, yet in this season had they them from divers countries adjoining." Dr. F. Sawyer says they also called it *Winter-fallent*.

OCTOBER, in our climate is a delightful month. The early frost of September brought the first sad symptoms of decay for the year, and prepared our feelings for the general dissolution of the vegetable kingdom which must follow in October. The first shock to our senses being over, we now find the chief beauty of the month arises from vegetable death itself. It is seen everywhere in the drooping vines, the ripening corn and changing leaves with all their lights and shades of green, white, brown, russet, and yellow of all sorts. Heavy dews prevail; the mornings and evenings increase in mistiness, while the middle of the day is the perfection of climate.

APPLES.—Winter apples should be carefully picked by hand. Keep them in a cold, moist cellar, the colder the better if they do not freeze.

PRUNING.—Look after and shape the heads of young trees, and wherever a wound is left half an inch in diameter, cover it with wax cloth, paint or gum. See other articles on this subject in former numbers.

ROOTS.—Gather roots before heavy frosts occur, and store them carefully away. Roots should be perfectly matured before gathering, but collected as soon as that takes place, as they then rapidly lose their nutritive properties, a new elaboration of juices taking place, and much of the saccharine principle, which is the fattening one, is destroyed.

APPLES.—Winter apples should be carefully picked by hand. Keep them in a cold, moist cellar, the colder the better if they do not freeze.

The orient is lighted with rime & glow,
The night and its dreams are dead,
And the glorious roll of nature now
Is in all its brightness spread.

The autumn has tinged the trees with gold,
And crimsoned the shrubs of the hills;
And the full seeds are in earth's bosom cold;
And hope all the universe fills.

We delight to linger with the poetry of the farm—for poetry it has at all seasons—to ramble in the forest,

Where the sound of dropping nuts are heard, though all the woods is still?

drop a hook in the dark holes of the winding trout brook, and while waiting for a nibble, call up the memories of old Isaac Walton, and Herbert, or farther back, of Cincinnatus, Cato and Columella, or sketch upon the sand the quaint cuts in *Markham's Farewell to Husbandry*, which he has given as samples of pruning and shaping the heads of apple trees. All these are true enjoyments which every farmer may share—and as we have now alluded to them sufficiently to set his "expectation on tip-toe" we will mention some of the other business of the Farm—and first

OF ITS NEATNESS.—We often form our opinions of the farm and the farmer from the first view we have of the premises, the *empair*, as the French say, when we take in at a glance all its general appearance, and that impression, whether it be favorable or unfavorable, is strongly retained on the mind. And this appearance is a pretty good indication of what the farmer in reality is—whether farmer Trim or farmer Slack, and his profits will usually be in accordance with the habits which he has chosen from one of the two characters. Neatness in the house, barn, door-yard, and under the fences and walls, indicate economy and thrift; bright implements and order in arrangement indicate cheerfulness and contentment, while well-fed horses, cattle and swine, with sleek hides and fat ribs, indicate a feeling heart, as well as the other virtues mentioned. When these are combined, united with the habits of a good *parishioner*, the farm becomes the best abode of man. He need not sigh for the Elysium of the Euphrates, or power and popularity as bestowed by the world; his Paradise is begun, fashioned by his own hands watered by the rain, and visited by the sunshine of heaven, and whose memory thereof shall never be blotted from his mind.

October is the month, of all seasons, for the farmer to establish throughout his borders this neatness and order, the *stamp of genuine farming*. He will level the humps and hillocks of his fields, and scatter them with manure and grass seed; level double, and fill up dead furrows; dig out bushes from the wall, and cart away the rich earth which has been turned against it for many successive years, and prepare it for a crop of potatoes next spring, so that a year's cultivation may exhaust the root. He will gather the rank weeds (if he has been so unwise as to let them stand till this time) and small brush and de-

posit them with muck and quick lime for future use.—Loose stones will be collected and form the sluice-way for under-ground ditches, and larger ones laid into substantial wall. That fastrock "in the clover lot" upon which three plows have been broken, shall be blasted and deposited where it can no more mar the beauties of that fine field. The front-yard fence, and all the gates, may be repaired while the fingers are nimble, and he can make a ten-on or mortise without "blowing his fingers."

COMPOST HEAPS.—See to these—you all know how.

POTATOES.—Dig as soon as they are ripe, lay them in moderate parcels and exclude the light.

SEEDS.—Save the best and earliest of every kind, and, more, satisfy yourselves by observation and inquiry what the effects of so doing will be upon your future crops.

CORN FODDER.—Carefully secure it all, this year particularly. Do not waste the stalks, but cut and mix them with meal; they are nutritious, and in that form will do good service.

CORN.—Keep it cool in the barn floor before husking; it had better stand in the field than heat in the barn. Spread the ears thin or pile them in well-aired bins.

CORN FIELDS.—Towards the last of the month split the "Indian hills"—it is nearer husbandry and we think better economy to gather the roots and stems and add them to the heap of weeds, brush and quick lime.

SEEDS.—Save the best and earliest of every kind, and, more, satisfy yourselves by observation and inquiry what the effects of so doing will be upon your future crops.

YOUNG TREES.—Take away all stubble, grass or weeds from their stems, so that mice may not find materials for their nests; then bank the trees with clear earth, and they are ready for winter. Where trees stand in mowing ground it will be well to clear away the grass roots and throw fine manure or loam close to their trunks. This will keep the mice away, and be a good fertilizer when spread early in the spring.

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ing towns, solicited.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

FAREWELL TO MY BROTHER, FOR CALIFORNIA.

Good bye, dear brother, a last, a long good-bye,
By our sad hearts, 'tis long indeed, I fear;
For scarce can I suppress the rising sigh,
Or crush, before it falls, the burning tear.
Oh! would that partings were in this world unknown,
Would that our childhood's friends could linger by us
ever,—

For truly if the heart is oftentimes sad and lone,
'Tis when from loved ones we are forced to sever.

And soon thy bark upon the bounding wave,
Will trace for thee a path to other lands;
And other breezes soon thy bough will have,
And thou wilt press in friendship other hands.

Can't then thy home, thy earlier friends forget?

Will future joys and pleasures cause the past to fade?

Will thoughts of other days in dark oblivion set?

And new friends o'er the old ones cast a shade?

Oh! 'tis not so, I feel that thou will cherish,
The holy love a brother only knows;
And when at last life's star shall perish,
The love of friends will follow where my brother goes.
And we! oh ask not shall we e'er forget,
Thy memory shall ever brightly shine;
Not as the sun, for that does daily set,
While in our dreams kind thoughts of thee we'll twine.

We'll ever think and speak with sad regret,
Of one who left his home in other lands to dwell;
And loudly hope that his bright dreams are met,

And pray that this is not his last farewell.

Oh! yes, I'll pray that we may meet once more,
Brother, once more, before the cord of life is riven,
But if my prayers are vain, and one must go before,
Then dearest brother, shall we not meet in heaven?

Charlestown, Sept. 31, 1852.

H. A. K.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

THE SABBATH.

Of the many institutions framed and ordained by our heavenly Father as blessings to mankind, there appears to be no one from which they receive more benefit than that of the Christian Sabbath; and no one through which there is manifested more radiantly his unerring wisdom in instituting and sustaining laws to carry out and perfect the end for which he created man, when reference only is made to the Jewish Sabbath, or day of rest. But of how much more intrinsic value it seems, when we reflect that the day we observe as the Christian Sabbath has been sanctified as such by the resurrection of Christ our Savior, the Son of God.

As a day of rest, how well adapted to all our wants is its institution; how well calculated, when man droops with lassitude, and all his physical powers are wearied and fallen, to revive them, and give tired nature time to recruit itself; and how fervently there arises, either unuttered or expressed, prayers from a million of hearts and tongues, blessing God for its holy quiet.

As a day of devotion and consolation—how deep are its examples of fervency, and how quiet its hours of communion with God; when the stricken soul seeks of Him that consolation which earth has no power to confer. On this day man, in imitation of his Maker, may lay aside the all-absorbing cares of the week, and bring into action those higher and noble feelings which seem to make him more like that being in whose image he was created—feelings that lift him above the selfish and sordid cares of the world, and fit and prepare him to perform the duties of the high office which God in his wisdom has called him to fill and honor, constantly seeking with a deep devotion of soul, the light of wisdom and truth, as a guide in the performance of each duty of life.

As a day of consolation—how sweet to the stricken soul seems its pensive quiet, which, like the Samanitans of old, pours into the wounded heart the “wine and oil” of consolation, and teaches it that above a cold and unsympathizing world there is a God, upon whom it may cast all its burdens.

As a day of reflection—how many and important are the thoughts which it suggests. On this day the shrouded and entombed Savior of the world burst the shackles of death, and awoke from the slumbers of the grave, and taught benighted man the glorious truth of the resurrection and immortality of the soul, and upon this point I wish to speak at some length, and somewhat particular, especially to those, (if there are such with whom this article may chance to meet,) that are disposed to consider the Sabbath as a day of idle recreation and mirth; and to such I would say—stop and consider as you thoughtlessly pass each hour of this day, that they are but recurring anniversaries of hours and moments, each of which one day witnessed the teaching and unfolding of truths the most beneficial to you, and the whole family of mankind. A day, upon which Christ, when after he had consigned his body to the cold confines of the grave,—arose, and by this death and resurrection, taught us that our forms must fall and moulder back to earth, that our spiritual nature might arise purified, and be accepted like him of our heavenly father. Think, then, I would say again to the erring, as you heedlessly pass each hour of this day, upon these things, and let the reflection thereon bring thee back from thy erring course, to walk upright in the paths of rectitude and wisdom, and incite you to higher aims in point of action.

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WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852.

NO. 52.

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WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Richardson Issiah, s. of Thomas and Rebekah, b. Oct. 13th.

Goold William, s. of John and Elizabeth, born Dec. 5th.

Simonds Joshua, s. of James and Mary, born Oct. 17th.

Reed Israel, s. of Israel and Hannah, b. Nov. 25th.

Kendall Edward, s. of Ephraim and Judith, b. Sept. 27th.

Fowle Kezia, d. of John and Elizabeth, born Sept. 22d.

Converse Benjamin, s. of Robert and Mary, b. Sept. 22d.

Kendall Amos, s. of Francis and Abigail, b. Jan. 13th.

Wyman Elizabeth, d. of Thomas and Mary, b. Dec. 19th.

Fowle Judith, d. of Jacob and Mary, b. Jan. 14th.

Knight Alice, d. of Ebenezer and Mary, born Jan. 12th.

Richardson Theophilus, s. of Ezekiel and Lydia, b. Jan. 26th.

Haywood James, s. of James and Bathsheba, b. Aug. 24th.

Reed Nathan, s. of Ebenezer and Hulda, b. Jan. 3d.

Johnson Eleazar, s. of Edward and Rebekah, b. Feb. 27th.

Kendall Deborah, d. of John and Deborah, b. Feb. 9th.

Richardson Margaret, d. of Job and Sarah, b. Jan. 22d.

Tompson Richard, d. of James and Abigail, b. Aug. 6th.

Blogget Seth, d. of Caleb and Sarah, b. Feb. 20th.

Alexander Giles, d. of Phillip and Joanna, b. Sept. 8th.

Buttler Jacob, s. of John and Elizabeth, born Nov. 10th.

Tidd Ebenezer, s. of Ebenezer and Martha, b. Sept. 24th.

Proctor Elizabeth, d. of James and Judith, b. Apr. 20th.

Wright Abigail, d. of Josiah and Ruth, born Dec. 7th.

Jones Jonathan, s. of Hugh and Hannah, b. Jan. 20th.

rah, b. May 1st.

Kendall Jonathan, s. of Joseph and Susanna, b. Oct. 29th.

Eames Judith, d. of Samuel and Judith, born March 22d.

Locke Jemima, d. of William and Jemima, b. July 4th.

Center James, s. of Jeremiah and Mary, born June 22d.

Simonds Joshua, s. of John and Sarah, b. Nov. 8th.

Wyman Nathaniel, s. of Benjamin and Elizabeth, b. Jan. 26th.

Kendall Kezia, s. of Ralph and Abigail, b. Jan. 12th.

1719.

Wyman Mary, s. of Joshua and Mary, b. Mar. 7th.

Buck Kezia, s. of John and Priscilla, b. March 1st.

Johnson Hannah, d. of William and Hannah, b. March 31st.

Walker Edward, s. of Edward and Esther, b. Mar. 3d.

Peirce Enoch, s. of Samuel and Abigail, born March 22d.

Johnson Rebekah, d. of Benjamin and Rebekah, b. May 4th.

Roberts Sarah, d. of Giles and Deborah, born May 28th.

Richardson Sarah, d. of Samuel and Sarah, b. June 1st.

Bailey Susanna, d. of Lawrence Bailey and Joanna Snow, b. June 23d.

Waters Mary, d. of Josiah and Mary, b. July 30th.

Hinch Isaac, s. of Thomas and Mary, born Aug. 22d.

Whitmor Joseph, Jr., s. of Joseph, Jr., b. Sept. 9th.

Simonds Rebekah, d. of Daniel and Susanna, b. July 24th.

Russell Abigail, d. of John and Joanna, born Sept. 22d.

Carter Joshua, s. of Eleazar and Eleanor, born July 16th.

Snow Zechariah, s. of Timothy and Lydia, b. Aug. 15th.

Jaqith Hannah, d. of Abraham and Sarah, b. July 19th.

Peirce Dinah, d. of Daniel and Dinah, b. Nov. 2d.

Snow Samuel, d. of Samuel and Sarah, born Dec. 7th.

Chub Mary, d. of William and Sarah, b. Dec. 8th.

Knight David, s. of Amos and Sarah, b. Nov. 31st.

Richardson Richard, s. of Theophilus and Ruth, b. Nov. 9th.

Wyman Hepzibah, d. of Timothy and Hannah, b. Aug. 11th.

Kendall Elizabeth, d. of Samuel and Elizabeth, b. Sept. 3d.

Richardson Ralph, s. of Thomas and Rebekah, b. Jan. 3d.

Winn Elizabeth, d. of Timothy and Elizabeth, b. Sept. 1st.

Sawyer Phoebe, d. of Joshua and Mary, born Jan. 3d.

“My mother! O! my mother!”

And she knew the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks, were washing out also many a dark page in the record of old Bill's past life, that stood against him. So, with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed:

“But there was one scene my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was the morning you were married, Mr. Strong.”

“It was enough to do on 'eys good,” he would say, “to look at them as they walked up the old church aisle; he, with his proud, manly tread, and she, a delicate fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and firm his voice echoed through the old church, as he promised to love, protect and cherish the gentle being at his side; and I knew he thought, as he looked down fondly upon her, that the winds of heaven would not visit her face too roughly.” And then my father would tell us of a home made very bright by watchful affection, and of the dark-eyed boy and of the fair-haired girl who came, after a while, to gladden it; and then, you know, he removed to the west, and lost sight of you, Mr. Strong.”

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold; and when she spoke again it was in a lower and more mournful tone.

“I promised my father, previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native State, I would seek out his old friend. But when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a broken and desolate household; of a dark-eyed boy that left his home in disgust and despair, for one on the homeless sea; of the gentle, uncomplaining wife that went down with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken-hearted to the grave; of the fair-haired girl they placed by her side in a little while. O! it is a sad, sad story I have heard of my father's old friend.”

“It was I! It was I that did it all! I killed them!” said old Bill, in voice hoarse with emotion, as he lifted his head from his clasped hands, and looked upon the lady, every feature wearing such a look of agonizing remorse and helpless despair, and she shuddered to behold it. Wide, wide open stood the door then, and the lady hastened to pass it. A small, fair hand was laid on Bill's arm, and a sweet voice murmured—

“Even for all this there is redemption, and you well know in what manner. In the name of your dying wife and the child that sleeps beside her, I ask you—will you sign the pledge?”

“I will!” said old Bill, and he brought down his hand with such force on the pine table, that its rheumatic limbs with difficulty maintained its equilibrium, and then eagerly seized the pen and pledge the lady placed before him, and when he returned them to her, the name of William Strong lay in broad legible characters upon the paper.

There was an expression, ludicrous from its intensity of curiosity, on the bar-keeper's physiognomy, as the lady passed quietly through the “shop,” after her long interview with old Bill; and the expression was in no degree lessened when, a few moments after, Bill followed her, without stopping as usual, to take a “second glass,” and he never passed over the threshold again.

Reader of mine, if you are of those whose true, earnest souls bear ever about them one great desire to benefit their fellow men; if your heart is yearning over some erring brother man, whom you would gladly raise from the depths of degradation and misery, and point to the highway of peace and virtue—remember that somewhere in his heart must be a door, which, when rightly applied to, will open unto you. See to it that ye find it.

WHALE CAPTURED.—A young fin-back whale, thirty feet long, was captured last week, off Cape Elizabeth, by a boat from the schooner Gazelle, of Harwich. The Portland Advertiser says:

“When first seen, a thrasher and sword-fish were engaged in an assault upon him, and they continued their assault for nearly two hours, when the whale began to spout blood.

At this a portion of the crew of the Gazelle lowered a boat and running alongside of him, succeeded in capturing him. His body, all over, bears the marks of the severe manner in which the thrasher and sword-fish handled him. They had ripped open his throat and torn out his tongue; had torn away most of his tail, and made deep incisions into him in many places.”

A whale was captured in the bay last week, by a Provincetown whaling schooner.

A SHARP CHAP.—A convict in Auburn State Prison escaped the other day by disguising himself in the dress of the warden, Mr. Titus, who was absent on an electioneering tour, to secure the nomination of an intimate friend for Congress.

“The number of shoes made in Lynn last year, was 4,751,400

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE, Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1852.

Proprietors—The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee, and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more or our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON—MESSRS. S. M. PETTEGILL & CO. are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Timon.—Our old canal has many fine associations; you recall many of them which will prove interesting to our readers; it is on file.

Observer.—Your inferences are well drawn; some of them are quite sharp, and may touch some of our daily intercourses.

May Ritchie.—We regret the loss of your husband; you have made quite an interesting story of it; we place it on file for next week.

Ed.—Your remarks are very acceptable.

Eusebia Peasant Girl.—We are pleased to hear from you. Your description of Autumn is good, and much better written than an effort in poetry.

L. T.—We thank you for your account of the ordination. All such accounts are very acceptable. We are unable to present at many of these interesting occasions, and our friends will confer a particular favor by sending us the order of proceedings.

J. E.—We have received your letter, which with several others, are crowded out.

Hermit.—Most excuse us this week.

John Smith.—There are so many John Smiths that we may be sued for libel if we publish this; and as it is rather personal we must decline it; we cannot publish such articles without a responsible name.

J.—The falls of Niagara are the theme of many a gifted pen, and language comes short of the reality in describing the scenes at Niagara; your Niagara thoughts are very descriptive and interesting; will find room next.

Mario.—We are much pleased with your first contribution to the "Journal," and in placing your signature on our list, of course, a request for a continuance; it will receive an early insertion.

OUR FIRST YEAR.

With this number we close our first volume, and publish our last paper for the year; reaching such a point gives rise to a few natural reflections, which we cannot refrain from giving to our readers, altho' we do not intend to occupy much space in so doing.

In entering upon the publication of a weekly paper in this vicinity, it was not without some misgivings as to its ultimate success; for in the first place we doubted our ability to make a paper interesting, and in the next place we were told by some parties that this community would not support such a paper as we proposed to publish.

As to what the paper has been doing the past year, we have but little to say, and only remark that it has been conducted as well as possible under existing circumstances; for we have not pretended to give *all* our time and attention to its publication, having given only the time that could be spared from other duties.

Our success has been as good as could reasonably be expected, and while we have by no means made money out of the "Woburn Journal," we hope that we have established it on a firm foundation, which is all that we could wish for the results of the first year.

Amid the many perplexities which have arisen in conducting the paper, we have felt greatly encouraged and aided by the valuable and interesting contributions of our friends who have seen fit to make our little sheet the medium for expressing their thoughts, and we would again return our thanks for their many favors, and hope for a continuance of the same. We have endeavored to treat all our correspondents with perfect fairness, and if we have not suited all, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have acted in all cases as seemed to us to be correct.

In commencing on our second volume, next week, we intend to enlarge our paper somewhat, and at that time shall state our intentions and wishes. We hope our old subscribers will still continue our patrons, and also hope that we may have many new names added to our list; and would merely say in closing, that our office is at George W. Fowle's Book Store.

Ed.—We shall in due time announce the decision in regard to the distribution of the promised prizes.

Ed.—We are indebted to our obliging friend, N. Wyman, Jr., for a valuable and correct list of the votes cast in Woburn for many years past, and place a portion of the list on the outside of this week's paper.

Ed.—We would call the attention of our Winchester readers to the advertisement of Miss H. Lane, in another column; she not only keeps a fine assortment in the millinery line, but attends to dress-making in all its branches. We hope she will receive a large share of patronage.

Ed.—A horse belonging to Mr. Henry Richardson, while standing at the Post Office, on Wednesday last, became frightened, and ran against some posts at the corner of Main and Railroad Streets, striking his head and killing him almost instantly. The carriage was considerably damaged.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The Agricultural Fairs this fall have surpassed all others, and are strong proofs of the advancement of Agriculture. The farming interests are the bone and sinew of our country. There will be quite a large second crop of grass.—Apples are plenty, many kinds are selling in Boston at \$1.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ per barrel, Baldwins \$1.25 to \$1.50.—Quincy Market is well worth paying a visit; the amount of fruits, vegetables and meats, are beyond description.—In Vermont and New Hampshire apples are very abundant, and of the best quality.—Steamer *Admiral* was run down in Boston harbor last week, by Steamer *Eastern States*, and badly damaged.—The Common Council of Boston have decided on 44 Representatives from that city to the next General Court.—The people of East Boston are at loggerheads about cows, and field-driver suits for assault are the result, and good fat fees for the lawyers.—A man at South Boston walked 70 miles in 13 hours.—Theo. N. Howland, of New Bedford, was run down by the Steamer *Massachusetts*, while sailing in a small boat, and drowned.—A cattle train of 316 cars passed down over the Lowell Railroad last week.—The potato crops in Western New York are unusually large and good, and the yield never larger; they are thus far clear of rot.—A terrible accident happened last week, on the Concord and Montreal Railroad, by which six persons were killed, and seventeen wounded; we suppose the verdict will be "nobody to blame."—Potatoes are selling by wholesale in Vermont at 25c. per bushel; in Boston they are sold by retail at \$1 per bushel.—Miss Evans was instantly killed on the Railroad at Sunburnton, N. H.—372 deaths in Boston during the month of September.—The product of gold from the mines in Australia is said to average \$2,000,000 per week.—200 deaths in New Orleans last week; 23 of yellow fever.—Mons. Petin made a balloon ascension at Bridgeport last week.—17 deaths by yellow fever in Charleston, S. C., the last three days, ending 7th instant.—The corner stone of the new "Seiler's Home," was laid last week, with appropriate services; it is on the site in Purchase Street, Boston, where the old one was destroyed by fire.—89 deaths in Boston last week.—John W. Rand, who robbed the Portsmouth Bank in Virginia, has been sentenced to five years in the State Prison.—15 deaths last Saturday in Charleston, S. C., from yellow fever.—\$2,920 has been contributed in Portland for the sufferers by fire in Montreal.—Dr. Jacob Mitchell, of Wellfleet, has been appointed Steward of the Marine Hospital, Chelsea.—Ice was formed in Minnesota ten days ago; cold climate that.—Twenty nations in the Old World own 10,118,341 tonnage of shipping; the number of vessels 67,184.—Great Britain registers 4,144,115 tons of shipping; the United States 3,535,451; France has only 595,344 tons.—Thanksgiving in South Carolina Oct. 29.—A comet has been discovered near the north pole, now almost visible to the naked eye.—A boy 17 years of age has been convicted in Providence, of murder.—Fare from Boston to New York is down to \$2.—A large building in Ipswich was destroyed last week by fire.—A house in Needham was destroyed by fire last Saturday, with all its contents, except two chairs.—Torch light processions appear to be all the fashion.—J. S. Sawyer, of Clinton, is on trial at Worcester, for selling lottery tickets.—There were 90 deaths in Providence, R. I., during the month of September.—A fire broke out in Purchase Street, Boston, last Wednesday, destroyed large amounts of property; one man was killed.—A large fire in Cleveland, Ohio, destroyed 25 buildings, and a large amount of other property; one man was killed, and several injured.—Late news from Europe are of not much interest; the harvest is gathered and proves abundant. England is quiet. France is feverish; the President is on a tour, and is greeted by the people with receptions equal to those of his uncle, and the people seem ripe for proclaiming him Emperor.—Emigration to the United States continues unabated.—In our own vicinity we have nothing remarkable to note.

Ed.—Several eminent lecturers have been engaged for our course of Lyceum Lectures, and the prospect is that we shall have a very interesting course during the coming season. The time for commencing has not yet been decided upon.

Ed.—The Stable of Col. Leonard Thompson, was entered on Thursday night, and two carriage harnesses taken therefrom. Persons should be careful in fastening their doors and windows.

Ed.—The Installation of the Rev. Geo. T. Dole, as Pastor of the Congregational Church and Society in North Woburn, took place on Tuesday last; the attendance was large, and the exercises of a deeply interesting character. We publish a report of the Order of Exercises in another column.

Ed.—At Somerville, about 9 o'clock Wednesday night, a barn belonging to Ethan Tufts, near the Old Powder House, was totally destroyed by an incendiary fire.

Two horses, three cows and three pigs, with a lot of hay, potatoes, apples, &c., belonging to Mr. Emerson, the occupant, were lost.

Ed.—We learn that Rev. S. W. Hanks, of the John St. church in Lowell, has been appointed by the American Seaman's Friend Society, its Secretary for Massachusetts.

Written for the Journal.

INSTALLATION IN NORTH WOBURN.

The Rev. George Thurlow Dole, late of the Washington Street Church in Beverly, was, on the 12th inst., installed over the Congregational Church and Society in North Woburn.

The Order of Exercises, which secured the earnest and delighted attention of a large audience for three hours, was as follows:—

I. ANTHEM.

II. INVOCATION, AND READING OF SCRIPTURE, by Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Woburn.

III. PRAYER,

by Rev. Leander Thompson, of North Woburn.

IV. HYMN,

V. SERMON,

by Rev. M. P. Brainerd, D. D., of Danvers.

VI. INSTALLING PRAYER,

by Rev. Samuel Sewall, of Burlington.

VII. ORIGINAL HYMN,

God, to thy is peace befitting;

Then didst help this Fane to rear,

Where in heavenly places sitting,

Joyful we may praise and bear.

VI. PSALM,

Send our eyes behind a Teacher

Of the gospel mystery;

Send to us a Pastor, preacher,

Christ's ambassador to be.

VI. PSALM,

Make him able, make him earnest,

Teach him rightly to divide

All the truth thine eye discernest

Needful here to warn and bear.

VI. PSALM,

Give him the skill for teaching;

Give to us the hearing ear—

That's the foolishness of preaching!"

Might and wisdom may appear.

VI. PSALM,

Thy strength, perfect in man's weakness,

Stays the mightiest tides of sin;

Come, O Prince of Peace, in meekness,

Here new trophies numerous win.

VI. PSALM,

Grant these favors, Lord indulgent,

Here below we'll give thee praise;

And before the throne exultant,

Thanks eternal we will raise.

VI. PSALM,

VIII. RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP,

by Rev. A. Emerson, of South Reading.

IX. CHARGE TO THE PASTOR,

by Rev. W. L. Badginton, of Charlestown.

X. ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE,

by Rev. A. Blanchard, D. D., of Lowell.

XI. CONCLUDING PRAYER,

by Rev. Lyman Whiting, of Reading.

XII. PSALM,

From all who dwell below the skies,"

by the Pastor.

XIII. BENEDICTION,

by the Pastor.

The Sermon, founded on 1 Cor. xii, 4, was one of rare excellence, both in matter and style, and nobly sustained the high reputation of its author. In a diotion of uncommon rhetorical purity, clearness and beauty, he poured forth with glowing earnestness, most weighty and important truths, to the evident and unweary gratification of all.

The music was appropriate and spirited,

and promised much towards a suitable external performance of that part of their public worship hereafter.

We most sincerely congratulate this infant, both vigorous and thriving Church and Society, upon the success which has so happily crowned their anxious efforts to secure their first Pastor. Whether we regard the singular harmony with which their choice was made, or the ability of the man upon whom it fell, we have the most cheering reasons for believing that, with the blessing of God, their future prosperity is certain. Under the ministry of the venerable Father, who gathered the Church, and has mainly supplied their pulpit during the infancy of their organization, they have prospered far beyond their most sanguine expectations. And nothing now is needed but special presence and blessing of the great Head of the Church, accompanying the proper use of the means of grace, to make every one for the untaught savage can as well perceive the sublimity in nature, or in man, as the person of refinement and intellect. Wherever there is mind, no matter whether it be like the diamond imbedded in its native rock, or like the same gem, sparkling in mazy gold upon a lady's finger, if the gem is only present, there is the same capability of experiencing the emotion, differing only in degree. The hardy son of the Granite State, as he has seen the fierce tempest gathering among his native hills, and has listened to the thunder, nature's own artillery, now booming heavily among the thick clouds, and now almost paralyzing the listener with its crashing, stumping discharge; and as he gazed upon the blinding lightning, covering all around with its quick flash of light, and seen the stout oak bending before the blast; he has tasted the sublime in all its reality, nor will he apply a word so full of meaning to anything that is not really worthy of it. And there need be no fear that the tempest will fall into disuse from want of opportunities, when it will be strictly correct to employ it. There is sublimity all around us, every where. The simple cabin boy, as on some quiet evening he idly listens to the light tapping of the waves upon the bottom of his vessel, when suddenly the thought of the unfathomable waste of waters below and around him, and the infinity of space above, and all about him, and of himself a mere atom on the wide ocean, then he feels the lofty emotion, and trembles at its magnitude and power. That fearful element, fire, as it devours with eager haste, the frail walls beside the terrible cataract, feel the earth shaken beneath your feet as by some mighty convulsion.

Even so, if you dare, beneath the falling waters, rolling down beside you, and covering you with white foam; view all this, and then perhaps you will have a true idea of the

Written for the Journal.

LOVE.

Were I asked what is the greatest earthly blessing heaven has conferred on the human race, I should without hesitation give the palm to love. By love I do not mean the idle fancy that serves to kill a tedious hour, by directing a listless preference toward some chance acquaintance, nor do I refer to the cold composure-like admiration of some handsome form or pretty face; nor do I intend to be understood as speaking of that hot, impetuous passion that burns out in fiery hearts,

like the flame from ignited gunpowder, so sudden,

so bright, so ancient. No! I would not degrade love's sacred name by applying it to such folly, such coldness, such madness—

Love is that secret and mysterious sympathy

between heart and heart, like the inscrutable force of chemical attraction, amid a thousand,

brings the destined two together, and make them one. Love is that invisible bond of union, that holy and indissoluble tie that connects two souls, and connects them for eternity.

He who truly and fervently loves, lives no

longer for himself. Self is forgotten, or rather

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852.

POETRY!

AUTUMN.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Then comest, Autumn! heralded by rain;
With banners by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately o'er harness'd to thy wain!
Then standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land;
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain,
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's ever-changing eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon the altar shine the sheaves;
And following thee in thine ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves.

AGRICULTURE.

'He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

GRAPES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We again remind our farmers, gardeners and mechanics that now is the right season of the year to look out for native grape-vines.

We have numerous kinds of excellent wild grapes in our woods and meadows, that will rival any that are imported from foreign countries—and the advantages in favor of native grapes lies in the case with which they may be cultivated.

The nice foreign grapes require protection from the weather—and a great outlay is required to shelter with glass and then to keep watch lest the room should become too warm for the plants. It is quite expensive raising grape under glass.

But our native grapes need no protection. They are already acclimated, and will bear all the ills that grapes are heir to. All they require is moist and rich earth and a pole to climb on. There is no fruit so easily grown as the grape, and there is none so easily gathered. In a good soil they need no tilling and the gardener has nothing to do but to collect a crop annually.

Now is the season for marking those wild vines which bear nice fruit. After the frost has nipped the leaves the vine may be transplanted into the garden or cuttings may be taken off and laid in garden mould.—*Ploughman.*

KEEPING APPLES.

Mr. Pell of Ulster county, the celebrated exporter of Apples to Europe, recommends that apples after having been picked should be laid on a floor, by hand, without pouring from the baskets, until they are 12 or 18 inches deep, and be left to dry and season three weeks; when again packed in clean barrels, they may be kept any reasonable length of time and safely sent to any part of Europe or the East Indies. The plan of drying and seasoning them prevailed generally some years ago, although now-a-days it is mostly discontinued and considered useless. We are disposed to think favorably of this process when it becomes important to keep apples safely till next spring to send to foreign countries, for we have always observed that on opening a barrel a few days after being put up, in ever so dry weather, that the moisture often stands in drops over the whole surface, and although loose barrels will allow it mostly to evaporate, yet when they come in contact, the two surfaces retain it and cause rot.

The carrying of apples in a common wagon either before or after barrelling, is injurious; they should be moved on, springs or sleds. The least abrasion of the skin, or crushing of the cells of the pulp containing the juice, allows fermentation and decomposition, and the consequent decay of the whole mass.

Apples will not freeze until a temperature of from 5 to 10 degrees below the freezing point of water, and it is beneficial to keep them as cool as possible, even down to 30 degrees. Apples enclosed in a water-tight cask may be left in a cold lot all winter without further care, and will be sound in the spring and perfectly fresh.—*Genesee Farmer.*

CANADA THISTLES.

While at the bookstore of Mr. Saxton, the Agricultural Book Publisher, at 152 Fulton Street, New York, a few weeks since, we met a gentleman from Mamaronock, West Chester County, N. Y., who said he had found a sure, simple, and profitable way of extirpating the Canada Thistle. We thought if we could find a sure mode of extirpating the thistle at some expense we should be glad, but when told that it could be done at a profit, we had lively visions of rank clover crops and tall wheat on many a forsaken lot. "But how is it to be done?" we inquired. "By cultivating the sunflower on the infested spots," said Mr. Hall. He had tried it thoroughly, and the thistles refused to grow with the sunflower, a single year sometimes completely supplanting the former. Give it a trial, ye who are afflicted.

ONE OF THE PULLETS.—The N. H. Democrat says that a pullet belonging to Nathaniel Edgerly, Esq., of Meredith, which was hatched about the 6th of May, commenced laying about the first of July, when she was less than three months old.

MR. Benjamin Cummings, Russell's Mills, Dartmouth, has raised a cucumber which weighs five pounds and ten ounces.

At the agricultural exhibition of the Queen's Co., Society, which took place at Flushing, L. I., a wagon was to be exhibited drawn by one hundred yoke of oxen, and in which the officers of the Society, and a delegation from the American Institute, New York, were to be conveyed to the show grounds.

At the Essex Agricultural Exhibition, which was held on Wednesday and Thursday, at Lawrence, was one of the best ever held in this county. The attendance was large, and the display of animals, flowers, fruits, vegetables, &c., highly respectable.

AGRICULTURE IN NEW YORK.—The returns for 1850, shows that there were under cultivation within the State that year 12,408,868 acres of land, leaving 6,710,120 acres of land unimproved. The cost value of farms was \$554,546,642, and the value of live stock was \$73,570,499. There were received 13,121,498 bushel of wheat and 17,858,400 of corn.

At an English bathing place lately, one of the bathing men under the direction of the mother of a child immersed it three times in the sea, in disregard of its intense fear and pitiful cries, and the child died on the spot of fright.

Father Mathew and five other Roman Catholic priests have sailed for Calcutta. Their business in India is, it is reported, the foundation of a Romish See at Hyderabad.

Votes Cast for Governor in the town of Woburn, from the year 1800 to 1852.

1800.

Elbridge Gerry..... Republican..... 67.

Caleb Strong..... Federlist..... 6.

Scattering..... 3.

1801.

Elbridge Gerry..... Rep..... 78.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 23.

Scattering..... 7.

1802.

Elbridge Gerry..... Rep..... 109.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 27.

Scattering..... 3.

1803.

Elbridge Gerry..... Rep..... 69.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 40.

Scattering..... 7.

1804.

James Sullivan..... Rep..... 65.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 44.

Scattering..... 3.

1805.

James Sullivan..... Rep..... 89.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 55.

Scattering..... 6.

1806.

James Sullivan..... Rep..... 104.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 53.

Scattering..... 3.

1807.

James Sullivan..... Rep..... 109.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 52.

Elbridge Gerry..... Rep..... 8.

Scattering..... 3.

1808.

James Sullivan..... Rep..... 113.

Christopher Gore..... Fed..... 36.

Scattering..... 1.

1809.

Levi Lincoln..... Rep..... 127.

Christopher Gore..... Fed..... 45.

Scattering..... 3.

1810.

Elbridge Gerry..... Rep..... 150.

Christopher Gore..... Fed..... 36.

Scattering..... 3.

1811.

Elbridge Gerry..... Rep..... 139.

Christopher Gore..... Fed..... 36.

Scattering..... 3.

1812.

Elbridge Gerry..... Rep..... 166.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 52.

Scattering..... 1.

1813.

Joseph B. Varnum..... Rep..... 150.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 60.

Scattering..... 1.

1814.

Samuel Dexter..... Rep..... 154.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 54.

Scattering..... 1.

1815.

Samuel Dexter..... Rep..... 141.

Caleb Strong..... Fed..... 49.

Scattering..... 1.

1816.

Samuel Dexter..... Rep..... 174.

John Brooks..... Fed..... 58.

Scattering..... 1.

1817.

Henry Dearborn..... Rep..... 157.

John Brooks..... Fed..... 53.

Scattering..... 1.

1818.

Benjamin W. Crowingshield..... Rep..... 130.

John Brooks..... Fed..... 50.

Scattering..... 1.

1819.

Benjamin W. Crowingshield..... Rep..... 130.

John Brooks..... Fed..... 68.

Scattering..... 3.

1820.

William Eustis..... Rep..... 145.

John Brooks..... Fed..... 44.

Scattering..... 1.

1821.

William Eustis..... Rep..... 232.

Samuel Lathrop..... Fed..... 35.

Scattering..... 5.

1822.

Levi Lincoln..... Rep..... 187.

Levi Lincoln..... Rep..... 133.

Samuel Hubbard..... 11.

Scattering..... 11.

1823.

William C. Jarvis..... Free Bridge..... 203.

Samuel Hubbard..... Democratic Rep..... 4.

Levi Lincoln..... National Rep..... 3.

Scattering..... 1.

1824.

William C. Jarvis..... Free Bridge..... 203.

Samuel Hubbard..... Democratic Rep..... 4.

Levi Lincoln..... National Rep..... 3.

Scattering..... 1.

1825.

Levi Lincoln..... Rep..... 187.

Levi Lincoln..... Rep..... 133.

Samuel Hubbard..... 11.

Scattering..... 11.

1826.

William C. Jarvis..... Rep..... 232.

Samuel Hubbard..... Fed..... 35.

Scattering..... 5.

1827.

William C. Jarvis..... Free Bridge..... 203.

Samuel Hubbard..... Democratic Rep..... 4.

Levi Lincoln..... National Rep..... 3.

Scattering..... 1.

1828.

Marcus Morton..... D. R..... 112.

Levi Lincoln..... N. R..... 17.

Scattering..... 1.

1829.

Marcus Morton..... D. R..... 125.

Levi Lincoln..... N. R..... 24.

Scattering..... 1.

1830.

Levi Lincoln..... N. R..... 88.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1852.

NO. 1.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.
OUR OLD CANAL.

BY TIMON.

Thou old Canal! thou old Canal!
We seek thee now in vain;
No more thou glidest through the hills,
Or we'rest the verdant plain.

No more upon thy banks shall grow,
With foliage fresh and green;
The clust'ring alder of the birch,
Or the whispering pine between.

The flowers, too, no more shall spring,
Or raise their fragrant heads,
To watch their faces in thy breast,
From off their smiling beds.

Full many a year thy waters flowed,
But now—they'll flow no more;
Thy bed is dry, and parched too,
And broken is thy shore.

Thy shelves basins, once so fair,
Are now to gardens turned;
And thy quaint locks are high torn down,
And given to be burned.

Upon thy banks fond lovers now,
At eve no more shall go;
To spend the dewy hours there,
In converse soft and low.

But desolation sees and dread,
There stalketh forth at eve;
And revels where rough bushes grow,
To which rude brambles cleave.

The Scots may sing of Avon dear,
And sweetly hymn its praise;
But thee I knew and prized in youth,
Thou playmate of those days!

Thou wert an Avon then to me,
And though thou'rt passed away,
Thou'lt be my Avon still for aye,
Throughout life's many day.

Thou old Canal! thou old Canal!
Oh! who my grief can tell—
As from my heart I bid thee now,
A long—a sad farewell.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.
BEWARE OF FEMALE PICKPOCKETS.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

I have, until recently, considered the above caution wholly unnecessary; for, being rather *verdant* in the ways of the world, particularly the artifice therein practised, I have thought our sex, as a general thing, unjustly accused. I did not dream that the gentle, sly, fair and engaging of our sex could be dishonest; but I have found, alas! that it should be thus! at 'tis too true! all women are not angels. Because you and I, my reader, are willing for the whole world to know the secret thoughts of our hearts, it does not prove that *all* of our sex are thus. Black with crime is many a heart, I fear, that heaves the bosom of some of the fairest and most innocent-looking of our sex! It has been said that a debased female can equal, if not exceed, man in crime. I know not but it is true. Be it as it may, crimes committed by man does not seem one thousandth part as bad as if committed by woman. Our sex have been termed the guiding star of man's existence, and not unfrequently termed angels. Alas! that they do not strive to retain that appellation. A demon here one would look for an angel—how revolting the sight! But to the incident wherein my eyes were opened to the demerits of my sex.

Although the morning was dark and dreary, and the low-hung clouds looked threateningly, as if they could at any moment send down a plentious store of rain. I was forced to bid a hasty adieu to a band of long-tried friends. A deep drawn sigh escaped my lips as I stepped on board the cars which were to convey me from those I loved, and it had proved the last parting, and I shuddered as the thought that perhaps I had looked for the last time upon one or more of the dearly-loved of my heart. I strove to banish those sad thoughts, by observing the many strange faces by which I was surrounded. Each stopping-place added one or more to the number, until, long before we had arrived at our place of destination, every seat, (save the one beside me,) were occupied. At our next stopping place a good-looking, genteel-dressed female entered the car where I was, and filled the only empty seat—that one beside me. After intently regarding the new comer for a moment, I turned toward the window to gaze out upon the autumn-faded landscape. I had not been thus employed but for a few moments, when a host of large rain-drops came patterning against the basement, wholly concealing an out-door prospect from my view. At the next station a news-vender entered the cars, of which I purchased the morning *Herald*. After, as I thought, securely depositing my purse in my pocket, (for one's purse is the best earthly friend in traveling,) which chance to be on the side next to the female who occupied a seat beside me, I unfolded the paper, and was soon wholly absorbed in the perusal of its contents. While thus engaged, I was awakened to the scenes about me, by the female at my side, asking me if I were going to walk or ride from the depot. I glanced towards the window, from which the rain-drops were no longer visible, and found that we were just entering the depot at Boston; then, turning towards the female, I said, by way of reply, that as it did not rain, I should walk to the head of the street, (Kneeland,) and take an hourly. She told me as she was a stranger in the city, (and something about "going a-hopping,") that she would walk as far as

that with me. She seemed in haste to leave the car, but I told her, as I had a number of packages, I meant to wait till all, or nearly all, had left the car, but added, that she need not feel obliged to wait for me. She remained, however, until the crowd had dispersed.—We then left the car, and walked up street in company with each other. Scarcely a word was spoken by either of us. As we neared the head of Kneeland Street, I told her the Street opposite was Washington Street, and, glancing at an empty carpet-bag she held in her hand, and, recollecting that she had said something about shopping, I informed her that Washington Street was considered the best street for making purchases, it being thought to embrace a greater variety than any other in the city; "although," I added, "for myself, I think I can suit myself as well, if not better, on Tremont or Hanover Street."

A few steps more, and I was near at the corner of Kneeland and Washington Streets. Glancing at my left, to give utterance to a few more words to the female who had been walking beside me, how was I surprised to find that she had left! I stole a hasty glance down Kneeland and Washington Streets, to see if I could behold her, for it seemed so strange that she should leave so abruptly, without even bidding me good-day, or thanking me, (as I always do,) when one is kind enough to inform me about a place wherein I am stranger. The latter, however, I cared nothing about, but of the former I did think strange. But I had something more to do than to waste time and thoughts upon a stranger; besides it had begun to rain, and as my thin shoes were already penetrated through with dampness, and I had no umbrella with me, I felt that I was ill prepared for the drenching rain that the clouds seemed disposed to emit; therefore I looked to see if any hourly was approaching. Finding none I stepped into an apothecaries store near by, and asked permission to wait there for an hourly. A young gentleman, (whom I afterwards ascertained to be a clerk in the establishment,) kindly granted my request, and drawing a seat from the farther end of the store towards the door before which I stood, politely offered it for my acceptance.—I accepted the proffered seat, and sat intently watching for an omnibus. Presently the heavy rumbling of wheels were heard, and soon the much-wished-for vehicle was in sight. Hastily grasping my bundles with one hand, while the other was as suddenly thrust into my pocket for my purse, I sought to leave the store; when horrors! could it be? (I again rummaged my pocket,) my purse was not there. Had I received a blow from an assassin, I could not, for the moment, have felt worse. Among strangers, and in a rain-storm, without a cent to help myself with! What could have been worse? Many things, yet, at the time, I felt that nothing could exceed the trying situation in which I was placed. But what became of my purse? was the next query; I had not lost it from my pocket, for I never lost or dropped even a kerchief therewith before, and besides, my handkerchief was still there, and my purse had been carefully deposited below that. It had been stolen! The thief?—the female who sat beside me in the cars. After the first few moments of excitement were over, I stepped towards the gentleman before spoken of, and informed him of my misfortune. I had scarcely finished my recital, when a noble-looking gentleman entered the store, and took his place behind the counter. He was the proprietor of the store. After I had informed him, also, of my misfortune he stepped to the door, and in a moment returned accompanied by a police-officer, who, after hearing my story, advised me to return to the Old Colony Depot, and ask the depot-master if he had found a purse, and inform him that I had lost mine; "for," he added, "there is a possibility that you may have dropped it from your pocket." I was confident that I had not; but still, to assure myself, as well as him, that this was not the case, I returned to the depot,—sought the depot-master, and informed him of my case. He said he had been through the cars since the passengers had left, but had seen no purse. He said it was not unfrequently that purses had been left in the cars,—that in each instance he had seen that they were taken care of until the right-owner had come to claim his property.—He spoke also of articles of wardrobe that had been found, and returned. I told him that I wished no further testimony of his honesty than that which I had received by the delivery of a shawl (which I had two months previous left in the cars) into my hands. He evinced a great deal of sympathy for my situation, as did others. Never shall the kindness that I received from those strangers, when I was penniless, be forgotten! They did not confine their sympathy to kind words and look, but offered a portion of the contents of their purses for my acceptance; but mine is an independent spirit, I want that which belongs to me, and only that; besides, I had relatives not far distant, to whom I could, and did, apply for assistance. It nevertheless showed their good will, and, as I have before asserted, their kindness to me shall not be forgotten.

After making inquiries of the depot-master, I returned to report my success to the inmates of the store on Washington street. It was decided that my purse had been stolen by the female before spoken of. D. B.—, the name of the gentleman whose store I was at, was magistrate, and advised me to report my case to the police office, whose office was on

Court square. I did so, and was informed that if anything relative to my stolen property was ascertained, that I should at once be apprised of the same.

There are other items connected with my stolen property which I have since ascertained, which would, undoubtedly, be read with interest, but, fearing that I have already wearied your patience, fair reader, by this somewhat lengthy article, I will close with the warning words that heads my sketch, "beware of female pickpockets."

Woburn, Oct. 7th 1852.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE RED EAR; OR THE HUSKING FROLIC.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

In rural districts, the merrymakings have a natural heartiness about them never seen in the cities, towns, nor villages. Overweening self-respect has not come in to fetter the motions of the body, nor to smother the laugh in its free utterance. Feeling and action are in close relationship. You come nearer to nature, untrammelled by custom and unaffected by art.

A merrymaking *par excellence* is a New England husking-frolic. The husking-frolic at the South is a different affair altogether. There, it is a congregation of negroes from the various plantations near at hand, who, while they work, make the air vocal almost for miles around with their rude melodies, a few of which have been rendered familiar to ear-polity by the "Serendipities" who have so highly amused the public during the past two or three years. But at the North, the "husking," like the "quilting," draws together the gentle maidens and loving swains of a neighborhood, who meet to enjoy themselves in their own way. And such enjoyment as they have, in kind and degree, is not to be met with every day. In former times, the "husking" was a wilder affair than at present. Straight-laced conventionalities are gradually finding its way beyond the city limits, and binding the free spirits of our country maidens. They meet oftener with the city folks, gradually falling more and more into their habits as they partake more and more of their spirit; and, when they are assembled for enjoyment, they check their impulses, restrain their movements, and hush almost into silence the merry laughter that seeks to leap forth like the singing waters of the fountain. No "huskings" are not what they were. Instead of seeing on the threshing-floor a troop of young men and maidens, stripping from the bright ears of grain their leafy covering, amid laughter, music, and the mingling of sweet voices, as of old, mere labor comes in too often, to perform the service, and silently and coldly does the work. Yet, here and there, a farmer, who cannot forget the pleasant times when he was young, sends forth his annual summons after she maize harvest is gathered, and then comes a merrymaking for old and young that is enjoyed in a way never to be forgotten.

Old Ephraim Bradley was a man of this school. If his head grew white under the falling snows of many winters, the grass was fresh and green, and the flowers ever blooming on his heart. With him the annual "husking" was never omitted. It was, like Christmas and Thanksgiving, almost a sacred thing, half involving sin in its omission.

Kate Mayflower, a wild romp of a girl from Boston—at least some in the city regarded her as such—was spending a few weeks in D—, when invitations came to attend a husking at Ephraim Bradley's. The old man lived some three miles from the village. Kate had heard about husking parties, and her young spirits leaped up when the announcement was made that one was to be held in the neighborhood, and that she was invited to be present. It was a frolic that, from all she had heard, would just suit her temperament, and she set off, when the time came, to make on of the party, in the merriest possible mood.

Evening had closed in on the arrival of the party from D—, who quickly joined in the score or two of young people in the large kitchen, where lay heaped up in the centre a huge pile of Indian corn.

"All that is to be husked!" whispered Kate, as she entered the room.

"O, yes; all that and more, perhaps," was the smiling reply. "We have come to work, you know."

"Now, girls," said old Mr. Bradley, who stood looking on the young folks gathered, with bright faces, around the golden grain "noy for a good old-fashioned time. If there are not half a dozen weddings between this and Christmas, I shall say there is no virtue in red ears."

As he ceased, down dropped, amid gay voice and laughter, the whole company upon the floor in all graceful and ungraceful positions, in a circle around the pile of corn. Kate alone remained standing, for the movement was so sudden that she could not act with it.

"Here's room for you, Kate," cried one of the girls who had come with her, making a place by her side; and down sank Kate, feeling for the first time, a little awkward and confused. Beside her was a stout, country youth, whose face was all merriment, and whose eyes were dancing with anticipated pleasure. The city girl eyed his rough brown hands, coarse garments, unpolished face, with

a slight feeling of repulsion, and drew a little from him towards her friend.

"O, plenty of room," said he, turning broadly around, and addressing her with a familiar leer. "The tighter we fit in, the better. Lay the brands close, if you want a good fire."

Kate could not help laughing at this. As she laughed, he added—

"All free and easy here." He had grasped an ear of corn, and was already stripping down the husk. "A red ear by jingo!" suddenly burst from his lips, in a tone of triumph; and, as he spoke, he sprang towards, or rather upon Kate, with the grace of a young bear, and kissed her with a "smack" that might have been heard a dozen rooms off. Ere she had time to recover from the surprise, and, it must be admitted, indignation, occasioned by this unexpected assault upon her lips, the hero of the first "red ear" was half round the circle of struggling girls, kissing both right and left with a skill and heartiness that awoke shouts of applause from the young "fellers" who envied his good fortune.

That was a new phase of life to Kate. She had heard of kissing as an amusement among young folks, and had often thought that the custom was too good to become obsolete; but a practical view, and a personal participation like this, was a thing that her imagination had, in none of its vagaries conceived. An old-fashioned, straight-backed, flag-bottomed chair stood near, and unwilling to trust herself again upon the floor, Kate drew that into the circle, and seated herself close to the pile of corn just as the young man had completed his task of kissing every one in the room.

"First rate, that!" said he, smacking his lips, as he threw himself at her feet. "Wasn't I lucky?"

Kate's indignation had by this time, all melted away under a lively sense of the ludicrous, and she could not help laughing with the merriment. Soon another red ear was announced, and then the kissing commenced again. Such struggling, wrestling, screaming, and laughing, Kate had never heard nor seen. The young man who held the prize had all the nerve required to go through with his part, as Kate clearly proved when it came to her turn to receive a salute. The struggle was long and well sustained on the part of the maiden; but her fate was to be kissed, and kissed by a rough young countryman whom she had never met before. The deed was done, and then the blushing, panting girl, was led back in triumph to the room from which she had been snatched.

Red ears were in plenty that evening. It was shrewdly guessed that every young man who had come with at least two in his pockets, for all the girls avowed that never before had farmer Bradley's field of corn produced so many. As for Kate, she was kissed and kissed, until—as she alleged to her friend—making a virtue of necessity, she submitted with the kindest grace imaginable; and, if the truth must be told, enjoyed the frolic with as lively a zest as any one present.

At length the great pile of corn disappeared, and the company arranged themselves for dancing; but they had hardly been on the floor half an hour, when supper was announced—and such a supper as that was! No pyramids of ice-cream or candied oranges. No mock nor real turtle; nor oysters in a dozen styles. Turkeys there were, but not scientifically "boned." No, there were none of the fashionable city delicacies; but instead a gigantic round of beef in the centre of the table was flanked on either side with vegetables. A bounding junk of corned beef was at one end, and a big chicken pie at the other. An Indian pudding, of ample dimensions, stood forth between the middle and end dishes, and a giant pot of beans loomed up on the other side; while pumpkin pies, apple-sauce, and a host of other "fixins," filled up the spaces.

Old Ephraim Bradley was a man of this school. If his head grew white under the falling snows of many winters, the grass was fresh and green, and the flowers ever blooming on his heart. With him the annual "husking" was never omitted. It was, like Christmas and Thanksgiving, almost a sacred thing, half involving sin in its omission.

This was the bill of fare for the evening, and our city belle looked on with a new surprise, as she saw the articles disappearing one after another, like frost on window panes at sunrise. If the good wife did not say on this, as was said on a similar occasion, "Lay hold, and help yourselves, girls—make a long arm; and let the men folks take care of themselves.

If any on you likes turnips *squat* and *buttered*, *squat* and *buttered* 'em to suit yourselves"—at least as hearty and primitive an invitation to go to work on the good things was extended, and no one could complain that it was not acted upon. What followed is best given in the language of one who has already described a similar scene:

"The guests seemed to do ample justice to the viands; mirth and festivity reigned around the board. Jokes, witcisms and flashes of fun would occasionally 'set the tables in a roar.' All appeared determined to enjoy themselves at the 'top of their bent.'

"Soon as the supper was over, all the girls left, and the table was cleared in a jiffy. Blindman's buff was then introduced; Dancing was the next consideration. Amos Bunkerscrewed up his violin, rosined the bow, and 'did up' the toe and heel-inspiring notes of Fisher's Hornpipe, while a number of the party, who were somewhat skilled in the Terpsichorean art, put in the 'double-shuffle' rigadon. Presently the lookers on caught the enthusiasm, and the whole company, old and young, adept and novices, took the floor and did their utmost:

"Twas right and left, and down outside, six round and back to back;
Harum-scarum, hitter-skitter, bump together, whack.

"And thus was the husking kept up till the old clock, which stood in one corner of the kitchen, beat out twelve; then broke up the jolly gathering."

It was at old farmer Bradley's. When Kate went back to Boston, she was free to own that she has enjoyed a new kind of merrymaking, and avowed her determination to be at old Ephraim Bradley's when the next "husking" came off.

COMFORT FOR THE POOR.—We find the following in the papers:

"The rich have meat—the poor the better appetite. The rich lay on the softest cushions—the poor sleep the soundest. The rich hang themselves through fears of poverty—the poor laugh, sing, and love their wives and babies too well to put their necks into the house."

THE DOOR YARD.—We love neatness. Our eyes take in a stranger's house at a glance. Heaven pity the man who has a slovenly housewife. Wealth may cast her favors around him, but dirt and disorder will make his dwelling a cheerless abode. As we traverse the country we look in upon the door yards. The door yard is the programme of the order of international arrangements. The clean swept door sill and walk, and the flowers are no unmeaning indications, and we stop with a sense of comfort where we know that "order reigns."

THE BLUE STOCKING.

BY ELSIE GREENWOOD.

What meaneth the gloom that rests on that house? What the silence which reigns within? Can it be that the grim monster, Death, has visited this dwelling, and with terrific power sought and seized a victim? Has the great Reaper cut down a fair and tender flower, snatching it from the bosom of loved ones? Has a soul escaped from the land of the immortal, there to enjoy the everlasting pleasure to earth known?

"Tis indeed a house of mourning; but their sorrow is not for the dead—tis for the living; they mourn for a soul that they deem estranged, alienated from themselves. And they believe it a greater misfortune—a more dread calamity than death, which has befallen them.

What a solemn group assembled within!—There is but one joyous being among them, and she seems to be the author of all their sorrow. The father gazes moodily into a fire, which struggles in vain to light up the darkness of his care-worn brow—a brow traced by deep lines of sorrow, many of which are shown to be of recent date. The mother is industriously plying her knitting needles, and their occasional clinking is the only thing which breaks the solemn silence. Frequently do her busy fingers cease their rapid motion, and she darts towards the lost one a look of unutterable sorrow, as though all hope had forever fled. A brother and sister, whose half-affrighted looks bespeak a nameless dread, complete the solemnity of the scene.

What can have produced so great a sorrow? What hast thou done, fair

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

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AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. RITCHIE.—We regret not receiving your last tale of "Three years in Boston," in time for this first number of our new volume; it will not lose its value for our next; thank you for your kind answer; you will always find the Journal at Fowle's counter.

MR. G.—Letters of approbation to an editor, are always pleasing and encouraging; it is difficult to acknowledge them in language corresponding with their feelings, without incurring a suspicion of a large bump of self-esteem; we are obliged to you for your good opinion and prompt "material aid."

MAURICE O'QUILL.—Your signature denotes "rich Irish bogues;" your remarks on the Journal correspondents, are well written and will appear in No. 2. We are pleased to add your name, to our list. Your request relative to the Journal is cheerfully complied with.

MR. R. U. P.—Your valuable communication on the subject of heating rooms, will be read with interest; we are pleased to receive such articles, as they are full of useful information.

OUR SECOND VOLUME.

We now make our first appearance on our second year, and have again started to see what can be done in the way of pleasing our patrons; our sheet appears with a new head, and is somewhat enlarged and improved; these changes we have made the better to accommodate the numerous contributors who favor us with their contributions, and we trust these improvements will be satisfactory to our subscribers.

Not much have we to say or promise at this time, except, perhaps, to remark, that what the "Woburn Journal" has been it will continue to be, and we still reiterate the promises made in volume 1st, in which we said, "we propose to publish every Saturday a paper suited to every family in Woburn and vicinity, and intend that it shall merit the patronage of all."

Promises are oftentimes but empty words, and therefore we forbear saying much upon the point of what we are to do during the year upon which we have entered, but we hope to publish such a paper as will merit and secure the good will of all the residents of our town, and one that shall be favored, as heretofore, by the literary efforts of a large circle of writers.

We have just received a communication from one of our townsmen, under the signature of G., whose opinion is entitled to much respect, and which we publish below, inviting the attention of our readers thereto:—

Written for the Journal.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

MR. BROWN.—Immediately after receiving the first number of the "Woburn Journal," I went to your office and left my name with the adequate amount of money to secure its appearance in my family one year; feeling it to be a privilege to help in so laudable an enterprise, I anticipated much pleasure in reading it, and expected to derive much benefit from its perusal; in these particulars allow me to say my expectations have been fully realized.

The paper has been of a high character in its moral and religious bearing,—above party in politics,—firm in support of temperance,—prompt in imparting news, as any weekly could be, and decidedly literary it its tendency.

I had the impression that there were not so many in our immediate vicinity, who could make themselves acceptable in their contributions to a newspaper, and thought much would have to be selected from other sources, to make the Journal satisfactory to yourself and others; but the trial of a year has proved to the contrary, and I feel obliged to say, that in this respect I have been happily disappointed.

I doubted, not because there appeared any want of ability or cultivation on the part of our people, who would be interested, but, for the reason that so much experience is necessary to satisfy in these days, when we are surrounded with the flashing wit and studied phrases of those who have done nothing else during their whole lives, but to cater for the public mind. I do not think, however, that all the articles which have appeared from time to time, have been above criticism; by no means would I be so understood, for while some have exhibited in their writings a chaste style, keen perception, vigorous thought and cultivated taste, others have betrayed a very great want of all these requisite qualifications, which, if practiced, would tend to make their efforts much more favorably received. Many of your correspondents, I think, have great reason to prosecute still farther this enterprise, in which they have so heartily engaged the past year, and for which they have exhibited so much talent.

Much may be said in commendation of the poetry that has appeared in your Journal; though I must say that a great portion of it has been deficient in point of rhythm, some of it very much so—pardon me—but the proof is abundant. Some pieces have given evidence of a deep thought chastened by refined taste; while others though not entirely destitute of merit, have failed to meet with favor on account of the violations of those rules to which all good writers of poetry strictly adhere. Every corresponding line of each verse in the same piece, should contain the same number of syllables, and the accent should recur at the same regular intervals; then they can be adapted to any favorite melody by those who love to sing.

I have thought sometimes that contributors did not criticize and peruse their own writings quite enough, but depended on you too much for correction. This would do very well if the editor had not frequently said that he should give the writer's own thoughts and forms of expression, when they were too bad, that they might compare them with others, so that if the result should prove unfavorable, they might be induced to make still greater effort in the future.

I have written more than I intended, and hope you will forgive if anything has been advanced which may offend. I enclose the money to pay for the Journal another year, and hope you will receive encouragement enough from the community to continue in well doing.

Yours truly,
Woburn, Oct. 18th. G.

TEMPERANCE EXHIBITION.—Johnson's moving Panorama of the Drunkard, will be exhibited at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening next; we have heard it highly spoken of. It exhibits the whole career of intemperance; go and see it, and you will have some idea of a drunkard's miserable life.

MR. G.—We are indebted to several of our valued correspondents for letters of encouragement, and also for renewed offers of assistance from them, for all of which we are very grateful. Amid the multitude of other duties and cares, we find but little time to devote to the editorial part of the paper, and therefore, accept, with many thanks, all such proffers of aid. We hope all persons who go in for improvements in any shape, will make the Journal their "medium," and thus enable our little paper to be still *pro bono publico*.

MR. G.—Will our Selectmen place a box at the polls, on the 2nd of November, for the benefit of the Washington Monument; we hope so. Many of the tenants of the old Woburn burial ground would rest easier.

MR. G.—The near approach to the 2d of November is creating quite a great stir in the political ranks. The party presses are using all sorts of epithets against opponents and, it is really sickening to read many of the articles which appear from all sides. We always expect to see excitements on the eve of a Presidential election, but we think there should be a medium to govern our passions, and a due respect for the truth. There is an old saying, which appears to be well carried out at the present time,—"all is fair in politics;" it may be so, but we doubt it.

MR. G.—The donation of \$50,000 from Joshua Bates, Esq., of London, for the purchase of books for the public Library in the City of Boston, is one of those acts which confer lasting honor on the donor. Mr. Bates's name will take a prominent stand by the side of the Lawrences and Appletons, names which are duly appreciated by the citizens of the Old Bay State.

THANKSGIVING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Governor has appointed 25th of November as a day of Thanksgiving. "The poor ye always with you."

MR. G.—The needle work exhibition at Amory Hall, Boston, is truly beautiful, and well worthy of encouragement; it will astonish those who have never seen these productions of the needle. We advise all our fair readers to pay a visit to Amory Hall.

ADVERTISING.—Advertisers should bear in mind that with the commencement of a new volume is a favorable time to insert notices of their offers to the public; and we hope many will take this gentle hint, and give us their wares without delay.

MR. G.—Those wishing good bargains should call at Fogg's. Read his advertisements in another column.

MR. G.—Godey's Ladies' Book, for November, is a beautiful number; we don't see how our fair readers could dispense with this valuable Magazine. Fowle has it.

MR. G.—The Farmer's Almanack, a very useful article for the farmer; it has given good advice, and told the state of the weather for more than half a century. Fowle has it.

MR. G.—There will be more butter made during the present month than ever before in October. The feed is now good all over the New England states, and any deficiency in richness will be amply compensated by feeding out from the abundance of the root crops.

ROBBERS IN WINCHESTER.—On Tuesday the primary school house was entered and sacked; they stole the clock, broke the windows and doors, and disfigured the walls.

ROBBERS.—We have a gang of robbers in our vicinity, and our citizens should keep a sharp look out. The shop of M. J. Persons on Railroad street, was broken open last Tuesday night, and robbed of some stock.

Some milk cans were also stolen from Mr. Furnaces.

The same night officer Tidd, of Stoneham, arrested a boy who had broken into a house in that town; he had several false keys about him; he was brought before Justice Nelson, of Woburn, and bound over for trial at Lowell. Every exertion should be made to detect these robbers.

MR. G.—We notice among our deaths, the name of Daniel P. Thompson, of this town; Mr. Thompson has filled several offices in town, which he faithfully discharged. He died at the age of 54 years.

SUDDEN ILLNESS OF MR. WEBSTER.—We regret to learn that Mr. Webster is lying very low at Marshfield, and at last accounts, was not expected to live.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The excitement consequent on the drawing near of the election of the President, is increasing.—Business and matters will not be steady till after election.—A meeting has been held in St. Louis, for building a railroad from the Falls of St. Anthony, to the Gulf of Mexico.—The passengers at the Cunard steamer, America, at Boston, are to present Capt. Shannon a piece of silver plate, as a mark of approbation of his conduct during the voyage; these presentations are very appropriate and encouraging.—The Island of Cuba is in a bad condition; the people are ripe for revolution, and we have no doubt but what it will come.—Thanksgiving in New York, the 25 of Nov.—Two watchmen have been stationed at the South Boston bridge, for the protection of the travellers.—The British brig, Arthur Leany, lying at Foster's wharf, Boston, was robbed of the captain's watch, and \$100 in cash, last Saturday night.—The horse and chaise of Dr. T. B. Adams, was stolen from the front of the Tremont House, Boston, last Sunday morning.—The ship Mobile, has been lost, with 75 lives.—A large shark was captured off Nahant, last Sunday morning, weighing 200 lbs.—Nath. Lord, late register of Essex County, died last Saturday.—Some rascal smashed the windows of the Catholic church at Taunton, last week.—The Hadley Falls company are building a new factory at Holyoke to run 10,000 spindles.—The last year's crop of cotton in the United States, amounted to over 3,000,000 bales.—W. Bates, an eminent merchant in London, and a native of Massachusetts, has made a donation of \$50,000 for the purchase of books, for the Boston City Library.—The Banks of Boston now open at 10 A. M.—A disastrous gale occurred at New Orleans on the 15th inst., doing great damage along the coast.—There are 107 inmates in the Cambridge almshouse; the number of State paupers is 96.—71 deaths in Boston last week.—Kossuth is still in London, living in privacy.—The crop of potatoes in Ireland this season, is considered very fair.—A barn belonging to N. Tufts, filled with hay, was burned at Somerville last week; fired by an incendiary.—The steamer Crescent City, was not permitted to land her mail, or to hold any intercourse on shore, at Havanna.—There will be trouble in Cuba long.—A very large fire destroyed property to the amount of \$100,000, in Caledonburgh, last week.—The affairs of Mexico are in a very unsettled state, and matters look like revolution.—The person who arrested Gen. Lopez, at Havanna, is reported to have been assassinated.—Baldwin's dye house, in Malden, was burnt last Sunday night.—There were 44 deaths by yellow fever in Charleston, S. C., for the month ending the 19th inst.—The yellow fever is raging in many of the West India Islands.—There was a slight shock of an earthquake in Georgia, on the evening of the 10th inst.—Counterfeit \$s. on the Quinsigamond Bank, Worcester, are in circulation.—137,010,324 feet of lumber was surveyed in Bangor, Me., from the 1st of Jan. to the 1st of Oct. last.—Stealing milk cans, has become quite a business in Boston; several thieves have been caught and imprisoned.—There were 810 market wagons at Faneuil Hall market, last Saturday.—There are officers in Boston appointed to arrest truant boys; several have been arrested and sent to the House of Reformation.—The festival of the sons of New Hampshire, will be celebrated at the Revere House, Boston, on the 18th of Nov.; Daniel Webster is president.—Snow fell in Maine on the 16th inst.—The City wharf in Boston, was sold at auction last Wednesday for \$11,000; Hon. Josiah Quincy, Sen., was the purchaser.—The Cuban exiles have formed a "Cuban Junta" in New York, for the redemption of their native Island.—The Crystal Palace in New York is progressing fast.—The Potomac Bank in Washington, has suspended.—The new Unitarian church in Chelsea, was dedicated last Wednesday evening by appropriate services.—The house furniture and provisions of S. Harris, in Hartford, was entirely destroyed by fire last Monday.—Another disastrous gale at Prince Edwards Island, has injured many of the fishing vessels; 21 were driven ashore; 2 founded, and all hands lost; sad intelligence may be expected.—The anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis was celebrated at Framingham last Tuesday.—Mr. John Barrett, connected with the Boston and Lowell railroad, has travelled over that road for the last 18 years, making 6,000 miles.—Thanksgiving in New Hampshire Nov. 11th.—The deaths in New Orleans by yellow fever last week was 35.—The stable of Joseph Stone, at Winchester, was broken into last Tuesday night and robbed of a chaise harness and buffaloe robe.—Jenny Lind has purchased a house in Dresden, where she and her husband intend to reside.—We have nothing new from Europe.—In our own vicinity we cannot note any thing of interest; the near approach to winter, reminds us to prepare for the cold. The past week has been a quiet one.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Monday last, as we learn from the *Courier*, Mr. Washington F. Robinson, residing in the vicinity of Hale's Mills, took his little child (about thirteen months old) out to ride in a cradle wagon. Mr. R. drew the wagon on to the bridge over the railroad track, near Mr. Joshua Swan's, and there left it temporarily, and in conversation with some person present, walked a few steps from the carriage. By some means—either the force of a gentle breeze, or some movement of the child—the carriage moved from its position to near the edge of the bridge, when one wheel sinking into an opening between the plank, the carriage tipped and the child fell out and off the bridge, a distance of some twelve feet, *breaking its neck!*

MR. G.—We notice among our deaths, the name of Daniel P. Thompson, of this town; Mr. Thompson has filled several offices in town, which he faithfully discharged. He died at the age of 54 years.

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Written for the Journal.

HEATING ROOMS.

MR. EDITOR:—At the approach of the cold weather, when we are compelled to live mostly within doors, and to make ourselves comfortable by means of artificial heat, it becomes a question of considerable importance to decide the best method to secure the desired end. Much ill health is every season produced by a want of knowledge upon this subject, and as is too frequently the case, which seemed cheap at first becomes dear enough in the end.

The most common source of mischief from the use of stoves, is the decomposition of air which is produced by contact with the heated surface. At a certain temperature air is not decomposed, or rendered in the least degree impure. Now it is plain that this is the only healthy method of heating our apartments, that is, bringing the cold air in contact with a source heated sufficiently to warm it, without producing decomposition. It will be easily understood that if a square foot of iron, heated high enough to decompose the air, gives off a certain amount of heat or caloric, that a still larger surface heated to nearly the same temperature will give off an equal amount of heat, without vitiating the air at all. The true course then, is very simple. Instead of the miserable red-hot stoves which we see in many apartments, which make so much work for the physicians, stoves large enough and sufficiently thickly lined to prevent them from ever getting so hot as to decompose the air should be substituted. It is true that the small stove costs the least at first, but in every other respect, the expense is much greater.—One fit of sickness is often more expensive than several stoves, to say nothing of loss of time, suffering &c.

I think a stove of the proper size and of the right kind, will warm a room with much less fuel (and this is after all, the true economy) than a small one which must be heated to a high temperature to produce the same result. I have been trying experiments for three years to this end, that is economy in fuel, united with a healthy method of heating rooms. My object I think is fully realized. For six months of the fall and winter of 1851-2 I kept a fire night and day without a single interruption. During all this time growing plants were kept on shelves attached to my north windows of my room without being removed at night, and not a leaf was touched by the frost. Mr. Leonard Thompson, Jr., has the kind of stove I use, and is acquainted with my method of management. R. U. P.

SHOT BY HIS VICTIM.—Milwaukee, Oct. 15.—Yesterday a woman named Ann Wheeler, shot dead in the street a young man named Lace, who had seduced her, and reported the fact in the saloons in the city. Lace is a married man. The woman formerly belonged to Cleveland where her friends reside.

Written for the Journal.

AUTUMN.

It is the month of October—the Autumn of the year—the season of golden hues, and fading verdure; summer, bright and beautiful summer, is gone, and man has one less to live; the forests have ceased to blossom, the flowers to bloom, and the blithe little birds which filled the woods with their melody during the warm, sunny months of summer, no longer pour forth their silvery notes of joy and gladness, but have, ere this, taken their departure to milder climates, there to warble their sweet songs amid groves of bright flowers, and breathe the pure air of the balmy South. The forests seem lonely and cheerless, since their departure—they no longer resound with the sweet music of their cheerful songs, and the bright, green foliage, in which they built their tiny nests, and reared their tender young, has grown sere and yellow, and rustles mournfully on the autumn breeze.

But a short time since, Spring in all her loveliness reigned, decorating the earth with bright emerald garments, restoring life and animation to every living thing.

Now we look around, and almost every object in nature appears shrouded in garments of decay, and everything seems to indicate the truth of the motto "passing away." All things are beautiful in their season," and autumn is not wholly a season of gloom, though the changes produced by its approach, naturally produce a feeling of melancholy, reminding man of his own ultimate dissolution. It affords us a useful lesson, silently preaching to us of the frailty of things here below; and our thoughts are inevitably drawn away from the fading, perishing charms of earth, to the more subtle beauties and lasting enjoyments of heaven. The spirit soars upward on the wings of hope and faith, animated by the thought, that as the vital power is continually sustained year after year upon the face of the earth, in the grass blade, the tender plant, the trees of the forest, and the many teeming forms of nature, so also will there be another life to come when the frail dust of his mortality will have assumed new and imperishable forms, re-created by the same master hand that garnishes so beautifully, year after year, tree, shrub and flower, so that in comparison our divine Master said, "that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

ELsie THE PEASANT GIRL.

North Woburn, Oct., 1852.

A GOOD CHANGE FOR AN EDITOR.—The *Eclectic* published at Portland Me., is for sale, in consequence of the ill health of the editor which we regret to learn. The *Eclectic* is one of the best conducted papers which comes to us, and has a circulation of 4000, with fair prospects of future success. We have no doubt it would be a profitable investment, we should regret to part with friend Plummer, in and conversation with some person present, walked a few steps from the carriage. By some means—either the force of a gentle breeze, or some movement of the child—the carriage moved from its position to near the edge of the bridge, when one wheel sinking into an opening between the plank, the carriage tipped and the child fell out and off the bridge, a distance of some twelve feet, *breaking its neck!*

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1852.

kind I ever saw. The Genesee river is a large and rapid stream, and tumbles over its rocky bed with wonderful velocity, shaking the earth, and raising its spray, forming the splendid rainbow, and delighting the beholder.— What a wonderful charm there is in nature's works; to me, who am as yet a young traveler, these scenes are delightful.

There are many fine stores in Rochester, and the way the ladies go shopping would be a lesson to our Boston ladies. I did not open an acquaintance with any one in Rochester, as I was anxious to move on. I judged only from appearances, and gave up all hope of making an impression on the "upper ten" in Rochester.

I took the cars for Buffalo, the Empire City of the West, and as I had read Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," I thought I might find the boat, already moored in some beautiful inlet of that inland sea, which pours its waters over the mighty Niagara.

I was much impressed with Buffalo; its situation is good and commanding. The view, as the eye surveys that vast expanse of water, with the white sails spread before the favoring gale; the puffing from high pressure engines of the numerous steamers crowding the narrow entrance to the harbor; with the noise and bustle of the business multitudes around the wharves, was indeed to me an exciting scene. It was my first view of a large lake. I had no conception of the reality, and when I beheld that great inland sheet of water, with all its attendant scenery, I was a moment lost in astonishment. To a young traveller the sight is glorious indeed.

The Steamers on lake Erie are splendid specimens of floating palaces, and the number of emigrants constantly arriving and departing for the far west, are countless; this western world is destined to rule America.

I left Buffalo with regret; I wanted to spend a month in rambling amongst the wharves and shipping, and viewing the ancient Indian grounds, but my time would not permit, and so I left for Niagara. And what shall I say of my first impression of that mighty cataract? I cannot describe it, language is inadequate to the task. There it is—the is the boiling foam, the brilliant rainbow; ages have heard the constant thunder of the falling torrents, as the roll over the huge rocks, and there they will continue to rage and boil till the end of time—who can look upon such a scene, and not have his thoughts ascend to the author of this great and wonderful exhibition of divine power and instruction. I am a novice at description or I would bring out the beauty and sublimity of Niagara in language which would make the beholder feel all the great emotions of the mind, while viewing this wonderful work of our Creator. I shall hear that sound, and see these beautiful rainbow hues forever.

I found very few persons at the falls; most of the visitors were on the Canada side. Many think they have a better view there than on the American side; perhaps it is so, but I was satisfied with both. I found many familiar names on the books at the hotels, many of whom I should have been pleased to have met, but I am destined to go my rounds alone. I have not yet found a resting place, and the dove I have sent abroad is still wandering, and may yet return with the olive branch of hope.

I left Niagara after viewing the wire bridge, and crossing lake Ontario, am now a good subject of Queen Victoria for the time being. Yours, &c.,

COLENS.

The territory of Nebraska, says the St. Louis Republican, is about to be added to the United States by the organization of a local government, and the election of a delegate, probably in time to take his seat in the next congress.

NOTICE.

Rev. Mr. Grimes, Pastor of the Twelfth Baptist Church (colored) Boston, will preach at the First Baptist Church in this place, next Sabbath eve. Services will commence at 7 o'clock. At the collection will be taken in his honor.

MARRIAGES.

In Woburn, Oct. 16th, by Rev. N. A. Reed, Mr. Charles C. Woodman of Winchester to Miss Harriet C. Fox, of Woburn.

DEATHS.

In Woburn, Oct. 17th, Daniel P. Thompson, aged 54. In Charlestown, Oct. 17th, Emily Jane, daughter of Geo. A. and Mary P. Thompson, aged 2 years.

WOBURN JOURNAL.
JOE PRINTING OF ALL KINDS,
DONE AT THIS OFFICE, WITH PROMPT-
NESS, AND AT LOW RATES.
THE office is supplied with New Type of all descriptions, and the Proprietors will spare no pains to give the most perfect satisfaction in doing work entrusted them.

A CARD.

The person at whose door a highly acceptable present was left, on the 18th inst., hereby desires to express his hearty thanks to his unknown benefactor.

Woburn, Oct. 21, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.
Published every Saturday morning, at the Office, on Main Street, Woburn, by

FOGLE & BROTHER,
JOHN A. FOYLE, Editor.

TERMS:

•150 per year, payable in advance; if paid after 6 months, terms •2.00. No paper discontinued, till arrangements are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS INSECTED AS FOLLOWS:

For a square of 90 lines, 1 year, •8.00.
" " " 6 months, •5.00.
Business Cards, 1 year, •5.00.
Small Advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, \$1.00 for the first insertion, and 25c. for each subsequent one.

Special Notices, not exceeding 8 lines, 75c. each.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, at Woburn, or at No. 27 Federal Street, Boston.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL is supplied with new and superior type, and the proprietors are prepared to execute all kinds of **JOB WORK**, in the best manner, and at most notice, on reasonable terms.

Another Rally for Free Speech!

AND FREE MEN.

THE citizens of Woburn and vicinity will be addressed by **SETH WEBB, JR., Esq.**, at the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening Oct. 26th, at 7 o'clock. Ladies and all others interested in the cause of Freedom are invited to be present.

Per order of the Free Democratic Town Committee.

Oct. 23. 11

TOWN WARRANT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

TO either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Greeting:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the town of Woburn, to appear to vote in elections, to meet at the Town Hall, in said Woburn, on TUESDAY, the Second day of November, next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, to choose a Moderator, and to elect thirteen Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, on one ballot, and in one seal, two of whom shall be Electors at Large, and one resident in each of the eleven Congressional Districts of the Commonwealth.

And you are also required, as above to, notify and warn the inhabitants of said Town of Woburn, qualified to vote in town affairs, to meet at the same place, on the same day, at five of the clock in the afternoon, to act on the following articles, viz:

Art. 1st. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2nd. To see if the Town will accept the report of the Selectmen in laying out Pearl Street.

Art. 3rd. To see if the Town will accept the report of the Selectmen in laying out Pearl Street.

Art. 4th. To see if the Town will accept the report of the Selectmen in laying out Franklin Street.

Art. 5th. To see if the Town will accept the report of the Selectmen in laying out Park Street.

Art. 6th. To see if the Town will accept the report of the Selectmen in laying out Wyers Court.

Art. 7th. To see if the Town will take any measure to restrain the sale of liquor in said Town.

Art. 8th. To see if the Town will construct one or more reservoirs, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art. 9th. To see if the Town will accept the report of the Rules and Regulations, established by the Engineers, for the government of the Fire Department, and the prevention and extinguishment of fires.

Art. 10th. To see if the Town will accept the Warrant by posting up attested copies thereof at each of the Railroad Depots in said Town, and to cause the same to be printed in the *Woburn Journal* seven days, at least, before the time of holding said meeting.

Art. 11th. To see if the Town will accept the Warrant, with your doing so, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doing so, to the Town Clerk, at or before the aforesaid.

Given under my hand, this twenty-fourth day of October, A. D. 1852.

WALTER WYMAN, prud. Cons.

A true copy, Attest: T. J. PORTER, Oct. 23. Constable of Woburn.

DISTRICT WARRANT.

To John D. Tidd, Clerk of School District No. 1, in Woburn.

Greeting:

you are hereby directed nomine and anno the said Votors of said District to meet at the Town Hall on Monday, Nov. 1st, at 7 o'clock, P. M., then and there to act on the following articles, viz:

Art. 1st. To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.

Art. 2nd. To see if the District will instruct the Prudential Committee to draw from the Town Treasury the money raised by tax on land belonging to the District.

Art. 3rd. To see if the District will instruct the Prudential Committee to point the Northern and Southern Primary School Houses, or do anything in relation to the same.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

LEAVES FOR COMPOST.

Many farmers regard leaves as utterly worthless for purposes of fertilization. A moment's candid reflection, however, would convince them, we think, of the fallacy of this opinion. How, if leaves are not endowed with alimentary powers, do our forests retain their health and vigor for so long a time? or, in other words, why do our woodlands upon which we bestow no care whatever, continue to grow and flourish in increasing vigor, while arable soils, from which the crop produced by manuring and cultivation are annually removed "run out," and in time fail to renumerate the husbandman for the labor and expense of "carrying them on"? Is it not because the alimentary matter returned to the soil in the foliage is adequate to the demand made upon the resources of the soil by the crop?

The leaf is not merely a vegetable substance. It contains mineral matters, which are essential to the health of all plants; and these being derivable only from the earth, are returned to it, in part, by the decay of the foliage which rots upon the soil.

A late American writer, in an article illustrating the value of leaves as a manurial agent says:—

"It is very plain from these facts, that, in forests, the mineral ingredients of the soil perform a sort of circulation; entering the root, they are deposited in the leaf; then, with it, fall to the earth, and by its decay they are restored to the soil, again to travel their circuit. Forest soils, therefore, instead of being impoverished by the growth of trees, receive back annually the greatest proportion of those mineral elements necessary to the tree, and besides, much organized matter received into the plant from the atmosphere; soils, therefore are gaining instead of losing. If owners of parks or groves, for neatness' sake, or to obtain leaves for other purposes, gather the annual harvest of leaves, they will, in time, take away great quantities of mineral matter, by which the soil ultimately will be impoverished, unless it is restored by manures."

Whenever leaves can be obtained in sufficient quantities, the farmer has within his reach the most ample resources for sustaining and increasing, *ad libitum*, the productive energy of the soil he cultivates. By accumulating them in autumn, depositing them in yards and other enclosures where they will be in a situation to become impregnated with the liquid voidings of his animals, and thus predisposed to ferment and decompose more rapidly when applied to his lands, he will secure an adjvant, the beneficial and powerful effects of which will be obvious for years, both upon his soil and the crops it is required successively to sustain and perfect.—*N. E. Farmer.*

WOOL—THE CLIP OF 1852.

The Ohio State Journal, published at Columbus, says the wool clip in that state is much less than last year, owing to the hard winter and neglect of sheltering sheep. Wool has sold there for six cents per pound less than last year. It adds:

"It is now ascertained that the clip throughout the whole country is much less than last year. It amounted, then, to about 52,000,000 pounds. This year it will fall six or seven millions short. This deficiency is partly attributable to the hard winter, and partly to the fact that the farmers are selling more sheep to the butchers. This deficiency has caused a rapid rise in the price of wool in the Eastern markets. Sales in New York from \$3 to 45 cents, and not much fleece can be bought for less than 40 cents.

"The wool produced this year is less than our manufacturers need, and the balance will have to be imported. This shows there is still room for extension in the wool growing business."

THE POTATO ROT.

Early in September, our friend Joseph T. Gilman, Esq., of Exeter, N. H., dug about one hundred and fifty bushels of as fine-looking Chenango potatoes as ever I saw, and put them into his cellar. I examined them carefully in the field, while they lay in the rows after they were dug, and there was no indication of disease. Today, I have again seen them, as he is removing them from the cellar, and a considerable portion, perhaps a quarter, are affected with the rot, and many of them soft.

They were planted early, on rather dry, sandy land, in a rich old field, which was planted with corn last year, a part manured in the hill with guano and plaster, and the rest with plaster alone. No other manure was applied to the land. They were dug on a warm day, and put dry into a dry, cool cellar. I think he will lose the most of them. Some Nova Scotia Bluebones, in the same cellar, are also slightly affected. I understand that the rot has also been noticed in the potatoes on the farm of Mrs. Norris, of this place. It is well to keep these facts, especially of cases so marked as that of Mr. Gilman's crop. I have heard of no other instance of the disease here.—*Exeter, N. H. correspondence to the N. E. Farmer.*

Apples may be kept the whole year round by being immersed in grain, which receives no injury from their contact. If it was universally practiced, we should hear no complaint of decayed and rotten apples.

Chores.—We hear of but little complaint of the potato disease from the farmers in this vicinity. The crops of both potatoes and corn seem to be unusually good, and will compensate to a great degree for the failure of the hay crop. The crop of apples in New England also seems to be unusually large.—*Concord, N. H. Reporter.*

A List of Representatives chosen from the Town of Woburn to the Legislature of Massachusetts, from 1800 to 1852.

1800-1-2-3-4.

Loammi Baldwin,..... Fed.

1805-6. Samuel Thompson,..... R.

1807-8. Bill Russell,..... Fed.

1809. Sylvanus Plympton,..... F.

1810-11. Luke Reed,..... R.

1812. John Wade,..... Dem. R.

Sylvanus Plympton,..... R.

1813. John Wade,..... R.

1814-15. John Wade,..... R.

1816. John Wade,..... R.

1817-18-19-20-21-22. John Wade,..... R.

1823. John Wade,..... R.

1826. Marshal Fowle,..... R.

1827. John Wade,..... D. R.

1828. Joseph Gardner,..... D. R.

1829. Marshal Fowle,..... D. R.

1830. William C. Jarvis,..... D.

1831. Marshal Fowle,..... D.

1832. John Wade,..... D.

1833, * (in Nov.) Stephen Nichols,..... D.

1834. Samuel Abbot,..... D.

1835. Joseph Gardner,..... D.

1836. Marshal Fowle,..... D.

1837. John Cummings,..... D.

Augustus Plympton,..... D.

1838. Leonard Fowle,..... D.

1839. Calvin A. Wyman,..... D.

1840. Henry Parker,..... D.

1841-2-3. Thomas Pool,..... D.

Bowen Buckman,..... D.

1844. Nathaniel A. Richardson,..... D.

No choice,..... D.

1845. John C. Brackett,..... D.

1846-7-8-9-50. No choice,..... D.

1851. Timothy Winn,..... D.

* Constitution revised. Heretofore Town Representatives were chosen in May.

† The first list of Representatives was returned.

SENATORS chosen from the town of Woburn, since 1800.

1823-4. John Wade,..... 1841. Bowen Buckman,..... 1844-5-60. Charles Choate,..... 4848-9. Albert H. Nelson,.....

HOLDING THE PLOW.—An Irishman newly imported, made application for work. On being asked if he could hold the plow, Paddy said he could do that or anything else. He was accordingly engaged, and his master went with him to the field, to see him commence his operations. It was soon found that the Hibernian was new at the trade.

"Did you not tell me, sir, that you could hold the plow?"

"Arrah! be aisy now," said Pat; "how deuce can I hold the plow, and two horses dragging it away after me? But give me it in the barn, and be jabbers I'll hold it with even a boy!"

THE WAY TO KEEP POOR.—Two glasses of beer per day, at two cents' per glass, amount in one year to \$14.50. Two cents' worth of tobacco and three cents' worth of cigar amount in one year to \$18.55. A dog that is useless will consume say only \$5 per year, and a filthy cat \$2; and no one keeps a cat or dog at less expense, unless the animals steal from the neighbors. These sums together amount to \$39.55; enough to purchase five barrels of flour, at \$8 per barrel, two cords of wood, at \$4 per cord, and seven pairs of shoes. Poor people, think of this.

¶ Mrs. Harris says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engines "bite their water" ashore. In her opinion all the bustin' is caused by "cooking the steam" on board.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

DAILY.

Traveller, Journal, Times, Herald, Commonwealth.

WEEKLY.

Traveller, Journal, Bee, Woburn Journal, Old Band, Drawing Room Companion.

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DAILY

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

NO. 2.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Long time has passed, dear mother,
Since I stood by thy humble grave;
Stood with my little brother,
Where the willows mournfully wave.

My mother! I never can forget,

These days I spent with thee;
The past comes hovering o'er me yet,
Those days of my childhood give.

We uncovered the sod, fresh and new,
And laid her down to sleep;
There tears are shed by evening dew,
And there the willows weep.

In heaven on a golden harp she plays,
And hears the angels sing;
And when are closed my earthly days,
I hope to join that happy ring.

She has left this world of sin and care,
And gone to a home of love;
Singing with ransomed millions there,
"Meet me in heaven above."

And now tho' the roses twine,
Above my mother's sod,
I'll remember the promise divine,—
"There's rest for the people of God."

Woburn, 1852. — MARION.

ORIGINAL.

Written for the Journal.

THREE YEARS IN BOSTON:

ON

TRIALS OF A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

CHAPTER I.

TO THE READERS OF THE JOURNAL.
With the commencement of volume second of the *Woburn Journal*, I again attempt to write another tale for your amusement. Before I proceed, however, I would tender you my most sincere thanks for the indulgence with which you have been pleased to show me as a writer. Mine has indeed been a pleasant task in catering for the mental amusement of the intelligent citizens of Woburn, and vicinity, for the last half of the past year. You are already aware that I am a citizen of the charming Town of Woburn, and therefore will not be surprised when I assert that the *Woburn Journal* is more precious to me than any other journal for which I have written, and that I feel the deepest interest for its future, as well as present, prosperity. With the hope that my productions may continue to merit the esteem of all connected with the *Journal*,—proprietors, editor, correspondents, and readers, I will close my remarks, and proceed with my story.

CHAPTER II.

Last day in the country.

"Oh! I know I shall like a city life," replied the lovely Lizzie Weston, as a group of us school-girls gathered round her, offering our regrets at her intended departure, and telling her that she would not like to live in Boston, for our papas and mamas always told us 'twas a bad and hateful city; "for," she added, "Boston has so many attractions for the young; besides, it is such a beautiful place! Why, girls, your eyes would fairly start from their sockets, if you had been in my stead, and seen the many curious things that I saw when I was at Boston. There was the—, but I must go, for I've got lots to do before I go the city, and I set out at an early hour to-morrow morning. Only think!—good-bye—good-bye," and thus saying the fair speaker ran lightly down the little velvet path that led from the play-ground where we were standing. Seeing her fast retreating form, and thinking her affectionate heart could be touched, I broke forth in the following words, or lines:—

Oh! do not leave, we ask thee to stay,
For we shall be lonely if thou art away;
Our hearts will be saddened, our play-hours all drear,
If Lizzie's not with us, to bless and to cheer.

I ceased, and the lovely Lizzie, who had overheard my heartfelt strain, quickly turned her head towards us, and after applying her 'kerchief to her eyes to wipe away the fast flowing tears, she thus, in a low and tremulous tone, addressed me:—

"Your pathetic appeal, dear May, has melted my heart, and—

Gladly would I longer stay,—

But I've no home—I must away!

then, waving her 'kerchief as a signal of adieu, our loved school-mate retreated from our sight.

The next morning I caught a glimpse of Lizzie through the old coach window, as it came rolling on past our door. She recognised me, for her little ungloved hand was instantly protruded through the open window, and she continued waving the same until she was wholly out of sight.

CHAPTER III.

Why Lizzie did not remain in the country.

At the period when Lizzie Weston was first introduced to the reader, she was homeless.—Run! rum had changed the parent into a demon! The cottage which he inhabited was no longer a safe retreat, since the departure of Lizzie's mother to the spirit land. Lizzie had not called there since the death of her mother. She had been staying with a kind-hearted lady up her parent's decease, and now she

was about to leave this friend for a home that was offered her by her aunt, (Mr. Weston's sister,) whose residence was in Boston. Lizzie had been in the city once, as the reader has perceived by her conversation with her young friends. She had got her head crammed full of bright dreams of the gay and dazzling city, that were never to become realized. She had a brother who acted as clerk in one of the principal banks in Boston. He boarded with the aunt who had offered a home to his sister Lizzie. He undoubtedly, if consulted previously by Lizzie, would have advised her to remain in the country; for he had already found his aunt to be a narrow-minded, self-conceited, envious, ill-natured woman; but nothing had been mentioned to him of her intended removal from the country to the city, therefore he had no chance to caution Lizzie against the woman he hated, and from whose residence he was on eve of departure. He thought Lizzie had a good home with his mother's friend, and although her task was rather arduous, yet he thought to be in a retired nook, secluded from the temptations and wickedness of a great world, with the privileges of education, and where an observance of the Sabbath was strictly adhered to, were far better for her than to be the fostered child of vanity, superstition, ignorance, and tyranny, and consequently an early victim to the temptations by which a city denizen is at all times environed. Such he imagined the fate of his fair sister, if at any time her aunt should propose and get her to accept a home beneath her roof.

CHAPTER IV.

Lizzie in the City.

"In Boston, at last. Well, I'm glad of it; for, to tell the truth, although I do so love to ride in the stage and cars, yet I am glad to get to my place of destination. But where is aunt? she promised to be here to meet me. I'll step into the ladies' room, and see if she is there. Oh yes! she's waiting for me there, I know. But where is the ladies' room? I thought I took notice enough when with aunt, to go directly to it, but I find that I'm mistaken; I'll—"

Here her soliloquy was suddenly broken off, by some one lightly tapping her on the shoulder. Turning her head, she beheld a pair of bright black orbs fixed admiringly upon her person. Before she could speak the gazer thus accosted her:—

"Have a cab, my pretty Miss? I'll carry you cheaper than any one."

"No, I thank you," returned Lizzie, "Aunt is waiting in the ladies room for me. Will you please show me where the room is?"

"In a moment; I must first see to your baggage. What name is marked?"

"Lizzie—Lizzie Weston."

"All right. I'll be back in a moment."

The young girl stood regarding the strange faces about her, and wondered why so many eyes were fixed so strangely upon her. She did not know that she was handsome; and if she had, she was not old enough to understand what an inconceivable charm a pretty and innocent-looking face throws over the human heart. She was fast becoming impatient from waiting, when the person before spoken of made his appearance. He immediately led the way to the ladies room.

A gleam of pleasure lit up the features of the young girl, as she entered the room where she expected to meet her aunt; but how quickly it fled when a glance around the apartment assured her that her aunt was not there. Turning to the person who had interested himself in her behalf, she thus spoke:—

"Sir, my aunt is not here. Will you take me to her house? she lives on Cambridge Street. I've forgotten the number, but S. Weston is on the door."

"Yes, my dear, I'll see that everything is done up right. Come!" and the speaker led the way to a vehicle which awaited their reception. After assisting his fair companion to a seat inside the carriage, he stepped back on the pavement, and whispered a few words into the ear of a rowdy looking person who stood by, and who bore the ensign of "cabman." This person nodded assent to what had been said to him, and at the same time, cast a furtive glance at the beautiful face that peered forth from the unclosed vehicle; after which his comrade entered the cab, and took a seat beside the beautiful Lizzie.

The cab went rolling along, and Lizzie found herself wondering why her aunt or brother had not come to the depot to meet her. Her aunt had promised that she would be at the depot on that day; why had she not fulfilled that promise? Perhaps she was sick; she might have sent some one; perhaps she had forgotten the day, but that did not seem possible. Amidst these useless conjectures, the cab came to a halt. Lizzie instantly arose from her seat, and stood impatiently awaiting for the person beside her to alight. She was soon on the pavement, and following the person who had promised to take her to her aunt's, she found herself ascending a flight of steps that led to a building that looked far different from that in which her aunt resided. She became instantly alarmed, and catching her guide by the arm, thus spoke:—

"Aunt does not live here; see," she cried, "there is no name on the door of this house, and on aunt's there is."

"Your aunt, then, has had her name

taken off the door, for this is the house she lives in."

"Then you are acquainted with her? speak the maid, in an animated tone."

"Yes, well; very well acquainted. Come! let's go in," returned the deceiver, as he threw open the door before which they stood. The credulous Lizzie waited for no further invitation, but went following on after her guide, expecting every minute to be ushered into the presence of her aunt. Things all wore a strange aspect, but she thought nothing of this; her fastidious aunt from some cause unknown to her, might have made all these alterations. There had been time enough for any change. While thus musing, the young girl's attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of a female's voice, in which she thought she recognised that of her aunt's. The words that fell on her ear were these:—

"Who've you got there, Tom?"

Confident that it was her aunt who spoke, (although no person was visible,) Lizzie quickly replied:—

"'Tis me, aunt; didn't you expect me?"

Upon this time a female form was observed quickly descending a long flight of stairs opposite to where Lizzie and her companion stood. Lizzie screamed aloud upon viewing a stranger in the (supposed) person of her aunt; and catching hold of the arm of him who had brought her hither, begged him, in the most pathetic terms, to take her to her aunt, but her appeals remained unheeded.—The heartless villain laughed as only a villain can laugh, who has been the means of involving an innocent female in difficulty; then, extricating himself from the grasp of the young girl, who still, in her agony, clung to him, he bade the female who had come up to where they were, to take good care of his darling little pet, and try to comfort her, and make her happy against his return. He then took his leave, his black heart, the while, exulting at the success with which he had been favored in the abduction of the beautiful Lizzie Weston.

When will the time come when such dark deeds as are fast becoming a daily occurrence in our cities, will be brought to light, and the author be made to suffer the full penalty of his crimes! When will the time come when the enlightened citizens of our metropolis, and other cities, will seek measures to banish this growing evil from their midst! Those who wield the mighty pen, by showing up acts that, though of blackest dye, are *true*, could do much in staying this mighty sin. If the public were made aware of such facts, the good among us would ever be on the lookout, and extend a brotherly hand to the unprotected, who so often fall a victim to crime; and the bad or vile in our midst would soon flee before the ever vigilant eye of the upright, or those who "extend the helping hand to his fellow man."

If the reader ever looked at a suspicious-looking person steadily in the eye? If not, do it, and observe how his eye will quail beneath your gaze. The guilty need no greater accuser than that of the eye. But I digress from my story.

CHAPTER V.

Lizzie's Aunt.

At the time when Lizzie was looking for her aunt at the depot, a middle-aged, unprepossessing-looking female was swinging to and fro in a large and elegantly stuffed rocking-chair, which stood before a window on the floor above the basement of a large house, which stood on Cambridge street; 'twas Lizzie's aunt. Her little, serpent-like eyes were fixed beneath your gaze. The guilty need no greater accuser than that of the eye. But I digress from my story.

Lizzie informed her aunt of everything that had occurred to her, and afterwards they approached the house that Lizzie at once recognized as the one in which her aunt resided at the time when she had visited her. They entered, and the deceitful Miss W. did everything for the first few weeks to make the time pass agreeably to her niece. She had informed L. of the larceny committed by her brother, and had succeeded in making her believe that he was guilty of the act.

CHAPTER VI.

The revenge.

One of Miss Weston's domestics—a chambermaid had long cherished an affection for the former's nephew, and finding that her love was not likely to be returned, she had informed the object of her love, of her devoted attachment to him, and begged to know if she might cherish a hope that it might at some day be returned. She was informed that her love would forever remain unreturned. From that hour the enraged female sought to be revenged. One day seeing her mistress' purse laying on the toilet, the thought that she would take that—take the money therefrom and appropriate it for her own use, and place the empty purse among the wardrobe of him who had slighted her love, at once struck her as being a capital way of being revenged. Without waiting to consider whether it would be ever found out that she had taken the purse, she snatched it from its resting place, and left the room.

The next day, the wicked maid had the satisfaction of hearing from Miss Weston's lips, an account of her purse being stolen, and of her nephew's being the thief. Miss W. then added that she had long thought her nephew would come to some bad end, as he had of late manifested such a wicked disposition, and had been profuse in his threats about leaving her, she concluded by saying that now she should leave! he should "march" that very day. She put her threat into execution.

CHAPTER VII.

Lizzie begins to leave a City Life.

Six weeks had fled since Lizzie Weston had

become a resident of the city. Her aunt who

was very kind at first, had begun to show out

her ugly disposition. Lizzie was no longer

treated with kindness. One of the domestics

had been turned off, and Lizzie was compelled

to take her place. She toiled incessantly

from morning till night, day after day, and

week after week, without ever indulging a

hope of a respite. Sunday's were as other

days. Work, work, was all the word. She

seldom, if ever, went out on the street. If

she chanced to murmur against her, her

old-hearted, tyrannical old aunt would threaten to turn her penniless from her home.

The thought of being utterly homeless terrified her, and she submitted to her task without a murmur. At times she would gaze out upon the busy street, and wish that she was far from its hated scenes. At such times, she would sigh for bygone hours, and wish herself back into the country, where she had passed so many happy days, for the city had no charms for her.

Upon arriving at the depot, Miss Weston

was not a little disappointed at not finding

her niece waiting for her. She made several

enquiries about her, but received no satisfac-

tory reply. She then set out for home. As

she turned the corner of Cambridge street,

who, but her niece, should meet her view.

The girl had neither bonnet or shawl on.

Before proceeding further with my narrative,

I will account for Lizzie's present appearance.

The reader recollects that Lizzie was left at

a strange house, in the care of a female.

The person in whose care she was left, after hav-

ing withdrawn the young girl's outward ap-

parel, and informed her that 'twere useless

for her to waste her breath in screaming, as

no one could come to her relief;—and she must

be *happy*, for, henceforth, that was to be her

home. She locked Lizzie in the room alone

for a few moments. When Lizzie thus left

alone, she began to conjecture various ways

of escape. At length one way which

had from the first seemed more feasible than

the rest, she determined to put into immediate

execution. She had overheard aunt "Debby

Lock," the old "story teller," who lived in

the country, tell of a girl who had been carried

from her home, and taken to a strange place.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 30, 1852.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STOWE.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H. A. K."—Very acceptable, and will no doubt be so to our readers.

"LA PLUME."—We should be pleased to hear from you again, and consider your promise binding.

"G. S."—The poor Indian is well written, and is a very interesting subject, and we hope to see it continued.

"MOURA O'QUILL"—In answer to your questions, we would say, that we always add new signatures to our list when worthy of it. If you read the speech of Gen. Scott, you will find an answer to your second question. Good letter paper is preferred. To your first question "we" answer—it is custom we suppose.

"J. L."—We have read you communication, and must decline it, there are some good points in it, but its general bearing is too personal, and may lead to a useless controversy; you had better try some other subject.

"MARY."—Is declined; should like to accommodate, but, really the poetry is not poetry.

"MAY RITCHIE."—Lines to Bonnie Lassie on file.

DEATH OF HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

Now that the grave has closed over the last remains of the great statesman, all parties unite in paying a just tribute to his memory, and our whole country is hung with habiliments of mourning. Men who talked of Daniel Webster as an aspiring and dangerous man, whose ambition would lead him to dishonor his country, and even questioned his integrity, now that he is gone from us, are foremost amongst his mourners, and send forth peans of praise to his memory, as though they had been his daily worshippers while living; and this is party.

We are not disposed to question the integrity of any party, nor do our remarks apply to any individual, we are only suggesting our thoughts on this great event which has placed our country, and we may well say the world, in mourning; the natural conclusions of an unbiased mind, must be that we are a strange and inconsistent set of beings, to get so far apart in opinion in our estimation of a fellow being while living, and so united in his praise when dead. It is, we think, fair proof that we make use of dishonest means to gain our interested ends; but perhaps in the nature of things, it always will be so, and we must be satisfied.

We have always been a great admirer of Daniel Webster—not as the politician, solely; we viewed him as one of the greatest statesmen living. His mind and conceptions were beyond the reach of party, and he shone brightest when alone, and above us all. Office conferred no honor on him, for he was the noblest Roman of us all, and conferred honor on the office. Our feeble pen is but a "drop in the bucket," in adding any thing to the world wide fame of Daniel Webster, but we cannot withhold, in common with the millions of our countrymen, in giving our testimony to his worth, and the great loss sustained by our country.

Many of our prominent men, have gone to the tomb during the last year, and ere long, none who belonged to the trying hours of our Republic will be left to us; a new generation is coming upon the stage of life, to wield the destinies of our country, and we may ask ourselves when shall we look for another Webster?

"We shall never look upon his like again." The details of Mr. Webster's death, may be interesting to our readers, and we have selected such items as we think will give a history of his illness and death, and the general effect on the country. We select these items from the Boston papers.

We learn that at half-past five o'clock, P. M., on the 23d, "Mr. Webster was again seized with violent nausea, and raised considerable dark matter, tinged with blood. Exhaustion now increased rapidly, and his physicians held another consultation, which resulted in a conclusion that his last hour was fast approaching.

He received the announcement calmly, requesting that the female members of his family might be called in, viz; Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, Mrs. J. W. Paige, and Miss Downs, of New York. To each, calling them individually, he addressed a few words of farewell and religious consolation.

Next he had called in the male members of his family and the personal friends, who had been there the last few days, viz; Fletcher Webster, his only surviving son, Samuel A. Appleton, his son-in-law, J. W. Paige, George T. Curtis, Edward Curtis, of New York, Peter Harvey, Charles Henry Thomas, (of Marshfield,) and Messrs. George J. Abbott and W. C. Zantzing, both of the department of state, Washington. Addressing each by name, he referred to his past relations to them respectively, and one by one bade them an affectionate farewell. This was about half-past six.

Shortly after he conversed with Dr. Jeffries, who said he could do nothing more for him than to administer occasionally a sedative potion. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I am to lie here patiently till the end. If it be so, may it come soon."

He now had Mr. Peter Harvey called in again, and said to him, "Harvey, I am not so sick that I know you. I am well enough to know you; I am well enough to love you, and well enough to call down the richest of Heaven's blessings upon you and yours. Harvey, don't leave me till I am dead. Don't leave Marshfield till I am a dead man."

Then, as if speaking to himself, he said "On the twenty-fourth of October all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more."

He now prayed in his usual voice, strong, full, and clear, ending with, "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus."

At half-past 7, Dr. J. M. Warren arrived from Boston, to relieve Dr. Jeffries, as the immediate medical attendant.

Repeatedly in the course of the forenoon and the early part of the afternoon he conversed freely and with great clearness of detail in relation to his private affairs, and the condition of his farm, stating his plans fully, and the manner in which he wished them carried out.

These matters, however, formed but a small portion of his conversation during the day and evening. He seized upon every opportunity to press upon the attention of his friends the great truths of religion, and their practical application to the affairs of life; and he seemed to gain new strength as he from time to time eloquently and solemnly expatiated upon the bounties of Christianity, and its principles and promises.

"Up to ten o'clock, the great man failed rapidly. Arousing from a lethargy at ten o'clock, his countenance became animated, and his eye flashed with its usual brilliancy, he exclaimed—

"I STILL LIVE!"

and immediately sunk into a state of tranquil unconsciousness. Those were the last words of Webster. His breathing now became fainter, and his strength seemed entirely prostrate. He lingered until twenty-two minutes to three o'clock, when the spirit returned to its God,—and Daniel Webster was no more!

His bedside was surrounded by his son, Fletcher, Mr and Mrs Paige, Mr Harvey, Mr Leroy, Edward Curtis, Esq., Mr Thomas, Mr Appleton, Doctors Warren and Jeffries, Mr Abbott, and George T. Curtis.

A few moments after he had expired Mrs. Webster entered the room to gaze upon the lifeless remains of her beloved partner. The scene is beyond description. Her grief found utterance in the most exquisitely agonizing tones of sorrow. So affecting a scene we have never witnessed. It were vain to attempt to mirror it had we the power to do so. It was a picture never to be forgotten.

We saw Mr. Webster's form a few moments after death. Though it was much changed yet there were those characteristics of the great man, strong in death as they had been in life.

At three o'clock, Messrs. J. F. Marsh and J. Haskell Long were intrusted with special dispatches to the President of the United States, and to the department, from Messrs. Abbott and Zantzing, announcing the sad event and by extraordinary express they arrived in Boston at half-past six o'clock this morning, announcing the first intelligence of Mr. Webster's death.

The reception of this melancholy event, in Boston, was announced by the firing of minute guns, and the tolling of the bells of all the churches for one hour. General gloom pervaded the city—sorrow was on every countenance, and signs of mourning were exhibited by the display of black draperies in windows and around doors; flags were draped and set at half mast, and every indication of woe, that time allowed, was manifested by people who knew the virtues of a kind friend, an honorable citizen, a renowned statesman, and the foremost genius of the age.

The manifestations of sadness and sorrow at the death of the great statesman, continue to flow in upon us from every quarter. Beyond example, it is felt to be a personal loss and affliction. Said a gentleman to us yesterday, "I feel like bursting into tears as I go about the street and think of Mr. Webster." Said another, "When I heard the first minute gun on Sunday morning, I was shaving, the razor dropped from my hand, and the tears burst from my eyes." We confess to a perfect sympathy with these intelligent, educated gentlemen; and, on mentioning these cases in a company of gentlemen and ladies, the response was—"Such is the prevailing feeling." Never within our recollection has there been that general feeling of bereavement at the death of a public man, which is now experienced in this community. Every man and woman among us seems ready to take up the lamentation of Elisha, when he saw his teacher and guide depart from him—when made conscious that he was gone whose wise counsels had been a better protection to his country than horses and chariots—"My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horses thereof!"

At Dartmouth College Mr. Webster's death was appropriately and impressively noticed.

In new Bedford the sad event was appropriately noticed by the City Government, by a special meeting, resolutions, &c.

The City Government of Salem have adopted resolutions expressive of their appreciation of the great calamity which has befallen the nation.

At Quincy a large public meeting was held at the Town Hall, at which appropriate resolutions of respect for the deceased, and condolence for his family, were passed; the Town Hall was ordered to be draped for 30 days, and a committee was appointed to make preparations for an eulogy on Mr. Webster, and appropriate funeral ceremonies at an early day.

We learn from the National Intelligencer, that the news of Mr. Webster's death was received with deep feeling and general gloom, at Washington:

"The most affecting tributes to his eminent character and services were poured out from every pulpit, of every faith, and before nightfall the mournful work was in progress of clothing the public edifices and private houses in the drapery of woe. All the vessels in our waters wore their colors at half-mast from the moment the sad event became known."

THE FUNERAL.

Yesterday was a sad and mournful day for our Country. One of the greatest statesmen the world has ever seen, was bourn to his last home, and left a weeping nation his last words,

"I STILL LIVE."

The concourse of people at Marshfield was immense, and never before was seen so many sad countenances and tokens of grief. We have not time or place to describe the scene of this never to be forgotten day. An appropriate flag, in deep mourning with the name of DANIEL WEBSTER, was spread across our street with other emblems of respect for his memory. The Woburn Phalanx, Capt. Grammer, fired minute guns between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock when the places of business in the Town were all closed, and the bells tolled the sad requiem of the dead. What a sad scene for our nation.

He has gone like the tall oak of the forest, bending beneath the power of Him Who rules the earth.

DOINGS IN STONEHAM.

The flag belonging to the Granite Club, in this Town has been tastefully draped in mourning and suspended across the street near the Club room. It bears this significant wisdom—the last words of the dying patriot,—

"I still live."

The bells of the several churches were tolled at sunrise, noon, and sunset.

At a meeting of the Granite Club, No. 31, in Stoneham, on Wednesday evening, A. V. Lynde, President of the Club, presented the following Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved. That the members of this Club have learned, with deep regret, that our most illustrious Statesman, Daniel Webster, is no more.

Resolved. That, as citizens of this Commonwealth, (the home of his adoption, and State he so loved,) we mourn the loss of an enlightened farmer, genial neighbor, eminent jurist, disinterested patriot, profound scholar, and pure Christian, whose exalted public character, transcendent ability, patriotic love for the welfare of our common country, have endeared him to every citizen of our broad Republic, and every friend of Constitutional liberty upon the globe, that of him we may justly say, his fame is eternity, its residence creation.

Resolved. That we rejoice that, in the dispensation of an All Wise Providence, he was permitted to pass through the dark valley upon our own soil, in his own home, beneath the shading elm his own hands had planted, near the ceaseless music of the heaving ocean, so congenial to his mighty soul, and that his spirit was summoned away just as the rising orb of day was approaching the golden gates of the morning, and ushered with his radiant beams to the Paradise above.

Resolved. That the flag of our Club be clothed in悲哀, and the bells tolled at sunrise, noon, and sunset, on the day of his funeral.

CHAS. OSGOOD,
Secretary, *Pro Tem.*

The Hon. N. P. Banks, Jr. will address the Democracy of this place at the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening next, at 7 o'clock.

T. S. M.

NOTICE TO VOTERS.—Voters see that your names are on the voters list, as the Selectmen are not obliged to put names on the list after the polls are opened. The Selectmen will be in session for the purpose of putting on the names of qualified voters, on Monday evening, Nov. 1st, and Saturday evening Nov. 6th, and one hour before each Town meeting.

Temperance Convention at Reading.—A goodly number of the friends of the Massachusetts Liquor Law were present at the above Convention on Thursday of the present week, belonging to the different political parties of the State, but all prepared and determined to sacrifice party attachments at the approaching State election, and unite their suffrages for men pledged to the support of the new law. The following are some of the Resolutions unanimously adopted by the Convention:—

Resolved. That we will not give our suffrages for the elevation of any man to the office of Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Senator, or Representative, who will not give us every reasonable assurance that his personal and official influence is sacredly pledged to the support of this law; and, moreover, that we will attend the primary meetings of the parties to which we respectively belong, and use our influence to secure the nomination of true temperance men, and should none of the parties to which we belong nominate temperance men, we will nominate them ourselves.

Resolved. That we will not fail to notice the new laws; they will find many articles that they are in want of, and we think the man who advertises these wants should be patronized by those who find the information.

Messrs. Ellis, & Co. have many fresh and desirable goods, and they will be pleased to see customers.

Liquor Seizure and Resistance at Watertown.—We learn from the *Chronicle*, that on Saturday afternoon officers Dadoun and Leonard of Watertown, entered the Spring Hotel, for the purpose of making a seizure. Mr. Colby, the keeper placed there by Sheriff Jacobs, forbade them in the name of the Commonwealth, from removing any property from the house. The officers persisted, but were resisted by Mr. Colby, whom they arrested, besides seizing on two decanters. Mr. Colby was ironed and placed in the watch-house, whence he was taken to Waltham for trial. About 11 o'clock, the officers were arrested for this attack upon Mr. Colby, and put under bonds of \$3000 to take their trial on Tuesday next.

Resolved. That we will call attention to the adjourned sale at Young's Hotel, on Thursday next. There will be bargains in Crockery and other articles always wanted by housekeepers.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

AN ANTI-LIQUOR LAW ADVOCATE.

A large meeting of the "sufferers" under the new Liquor Law was held in the City Hall, in Charlestown, one evening last week, to conduce with each other, and talk over their grievances. Among the speakers was the somewhat notorious Ichabod Lindsey, whose remarks are thus reported in the *Transcript*. Would it not be a good idea for the friends of liquor to engage Mr. Lindsey to stump the State in opposition to the law?

"Mr. Ichabod Lindsey, who was then loudly called for, made his appearance, and delivered the speech of the evening. He thought all attempts to enforce this law would be abortive. The American people were, he said, a rummy people. Rum drinking was too deep-seated to be rooted out thus easily. The Americans drank more rum than any other people. The Pilgrim Fathers were rummies—why should their descendants be? How was the Revolution gained? By rum! How did we whip the British in 1812? By rum! How did we flog the Mexicans? By rum! To what was this country indebted for its power and prosperity, but to rum? We could whip the world with one hand, and feed it with the other. Were it not for rum, Daniel Webster would be unknown! From it he gained his inspiration. So did the late Silas Wright. So did all our great men. [The reporter charitably thinks the speaker probably does also.]

The temperance men said that rum was a curse. He denied it. Rum was a blessing. Rum was a glorious thing. No good could be done without it. This law was a monster. It was the illegitimate offspring of those humbugs, Abolitionism and Free Soil Democracy. It must be repealed, or we would soon be in a shocking way. They will take from us next our tobacco, and then restrict our diet to brown bread! The speaker concluded his remarks by reciting a rather logical, but not very genteel anecdote, which he attributed to Judge Clifford, the Whig candidate for Governor."

The speaker held in his hand a "pocket-pistol" well charged, from which he frequently imbibed, to keep, he said, his "ideas going." In this exhibition he literally stuck to his text, and conformed his practice to his preaching, all of which seemed to be relished by the audience, and had it been an Andersonian bottle to have been passed around, probably the Washingtonians would have been found quite scarce."

MONUMENT TO HENRY CLAY.—The following is to be the inscription on the monument to be erected in the borough at Pottsville, Schuylkill county, Pa., in honor of Henry Clay: "In Honor of Henry Clay, America's great Orator, Statesman and Patriot. This monument was erected by the citizens of Schuylkill county, and bequeathed to their children, as a record of their gratitude for his illustrious service, which brought peace, prosperity and glory to his country. This tribute of affection is for his virtues, which adorned his useful life, and won for his imperishable name the respect and affection of mankind."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. M. P.—ATTENTION.
THE subscribers are requested to meet at their Army and Navy Store, No. 1, State-street, precisely at 8 o'clock, to pay to each member the amount due them for Military Services.

For Order of the Commander, A. S. WOOD, Clerk.

Woburn, Oct. 26, 1852.

NOTICE.

The Woburn Total Abstinence Society, and others friendly to the cause, will meet at the Armory of the Woburn Anti-Slavery and Moral Reform Church, on Monday evening, Nov. 1st, at 8 o'clock, precisely at 8 o'clock, to pay to each member the amount due them for Military Services.

DANIEL KIRKLAND, President.

WOBURN M. PHALANX.

NOTICE.

The Woburn Total Abstinence Society, and others friendly to the cause, will meet at the Armory of the Woburn Anti-Slavery and Moral Reform Church, on Monday evening, Nov. 1st, to choose delegates to the County Convention, to be held at Concord, on Wednesday, Nov. 3d, and to discuss and act upon other important matters connected with the cause of Temperance.

DAVID KIRKLAND, President.

MARRIAGES.

In Lowell, Oct. 23, by Rev. Wm. Barry, Mr. Joseph Bush, to Miss Angelina P. Howe, both of that city.

In Woburn, Oct. 23, by Rev. N. A. Reed, Mr. Sylvanus Elliot, to Miss Lavinia J. Rogers, all of W.

DEATHS.

In Woburn, Oct. 28, Wilberham Kimball, aged 74. In Stoughton, Oct. 23, Ada, daughter of Mureus and Phoebe Kimball, aged 10 weeks.

In Auburn, near Sacramento City, California, Sept. 6, Mrs. Maria H. Carter, formerly of North Woburn, Mass., aged 22 years, and 8 months.

Beloved and respected by many, his name will ever be dear to his friends and relatives to memory. As being an enterprising and upright young man, his loss will be sincerely regretted by his numerous friends.

FOWLER & WELLS & CO., PHRENOLOGICAL ROOMS,

142 Washington St., Boston.

PROFESSIONAL examinations with charts or written descriptions of character, are furnished at all hours, including directions as to suitable occupations, the selection of partners, and congenial companions for the promotion of family interests.

ALSO, all books on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Phonography, Psychology and kindred subjects, for wholesale and retail.

J. H. EVANS,
NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL
DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES,
Cambridgeport, Mass.

Orders left at Amos Waite's, 43 Brattle St., Boston,
and at the
Fowler Book Store, Woburn.

For Ladders, &c., always on hand.

Oct. 30 6 mos.

CANDLES.—Sperm Star and Tallow Candles at

Oct. 30 J. S. ELLIS & CO.

NEW FLOWER.

J. S. ELLIS & CO. have constantly on hand a good supply of the most approved brands of family Flower, ground from new seeds.

Oct. 30

NORTHERN OATS.

300 BUSH heavy, clean Oats, just received at

J. S. ELLIS & CO.

BOOTS.—Calf, Kid and Cow Hide Boots, good and cheap at oct. 30 J. S. ELLIS & CO.

STARCH.—Tallowton celebrated starch

Oct. 30 ELLIS & CO.

PECTORAL BALSAM.—DE S. O. RICHARDSON,

3000 fl. Pectoral Balsam, a compound of the Thinst and Lung, for sale at J. S. ELLIS & CO.

TOWN WARRANT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
TO either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn in the County of Middlesex;

Greeting—

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the town of Woburn, qualified to vote in Elections, to meet at the Town Hall, in said town, on Monday, the eight day of November next, at twelve and a half of the clock, P. M., to bring in their Votes to the Selectmen, for the election of a Lieutenant Governor and six Senators for the district of Middlesex, all on one ballot.

Also, for a Representative to represent the (old) Fourth

Constituency of this Commonwealth, in the

several and several Congresses of the United States, in place of the Hon. Benjamin Thompson, deceased, for the unexpired term for which he was chosen.

Also, for a Representative to represent the seventh

Constituency of the Commonwealth, in the

thirty-third Congress of the United States, for two years from the fourth day of October next.

Also, for a Representative to represent the Town in the Legislature of the Commonwealth, to be chosen at the first Wednesday of January next.

Also to bring in their votes upon the following question:

Is it expedient that delegates should be chosen, to meet in Cambridge, for the purpose of revising, or altering the constitution of government of this Commonwealth.

The said votes are all to be deposited in the Ballot Box in one Sealed envelope.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive."

MIDDLESEX COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The fifty-eighth annual festival of this society was held at Concord, on the 6th inst., and passed off very successfully. The report of the proceedings is very long, and would require more space than we can spare to publish it. We give a few items only; the ploughing match is very interesting, and we should like to see an agricultural fair in Woburn.

The fifty-eighth annual festival of the year, many of Middlesex was held at Concord on Wednesday, Oct. 6th. The day was favorable, and every thing conspired to render the occasion attractive and agreeable. The exhibition, in all its departments, was the largest and finest when the Society, (the oldest County Society in the Commonwealth) has ever made; and in some of them it has never been surpassed in the State, or perhaps in the country.

The various exercises were such as to occupy fully, and even to crowd, the hours which a single day could furnish, but the arrangements were so carefully made, and so exactly executed, that everything was accomplished without confusion or delay. The entries of stock, and of fruit, vegetables, and manufactured articles, were made on the day previous in a much greater proportion than in former years; which gave more time for arrangement, and relieved the officers of the society from much unnecessary and uncomfortable pressure.

FRUIT, FLOWERS AND NEEDLEWORK.

The Exhibition of fruit, flowers, plants, needlework, and other domestic manufactures, was in the beautiful hall recently erected by the town. Tables neatly made and covered were placed throughout the entire space, at proper distances from each other, and were all filled with such a display of the gifts of Pomona as was never before witnessed in the country; if, indeed, in the State; while vegetables of every sort, and of mammoth dimensions, filled every available spot on the floors.

The address of Dr. Bell was an able exposition of the advantages which science may be made to render to agriculture, and was listened to with a close attention by a large audience, including a large number of ladies.

THE PLOWING MATCH, which was the first object of interest in the morning, took place at 9 o'clock. The field was a piece of land belonging to Simon Bowes, Esq., lying next the river on the Lowell road, containing about eleven acres. It was level, with a tough sward, rather moist, and containing roots and meadow grass enough not to be easy plowing, yet of such even quality, as to give all an equal chance, and leave but little choice of lots. There were forty-three entries, and of these thirty-seven teams actually engaged in the contest—a larger number by one-half at least than had ever plowed at any previous match in the country. So far as our information extends, there were so many competitors at any plowing match in the State, They came from all sections of the country, and from their performances it might safely be said, that better plowmen was nowhere to be found. The chief marshall and his assistants were early on the ground, so that the places were drawn, the teams stationed, and every thing was ready for the signal at the appointed minute. "Whoever is not ready to start at 9 o'clock, precisely, must wait another year," was the order. From the moment the plowing commenced, the scene was extremely beautiful and exciting. Two little knolls, which were covered with spectators, afforded a view of the whole field at once, and from the road, and from the hundreds of carriages that surrounded the ground, the opportunity of seeing was nearly as good. From the bridge, the whole moving panorama was reflected in the glassy surface of the river, as in a mirror. The quality of the work was worthy of the number of competitors, and the keenness of the competition. Not a man plowed, who might not have entertained a reasonable expectation of taking the first premium—and the task of the committees in deciding between such rivals, might well have been agreeable, but could not have been an easy one. "I have taken many premiums for plowing in my time, as anybody," said an old member of the society, who looked on, a deeply interested and delighted spectator of the scene, "and the poorest plowing there is here would have taken the first premium at any match I was ever at before." One team finished its eighth of an acre in 17 minutes—and the whole was done, thoroughly, rapidly and handsomely. The spirited contest was witnessed by a large concourse of people.

MIDDLESEX MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of the Middlesex Mechanic Association, held last week at Lowell, the following list of officers was chosen:—

President—Andrew Moody.
Vice-President—Josiah G. Coburn.
Secretary—Charles French.
Treasurer—John W. Smith.
Trustees—Jonathan Kendall, Amos Sanborn, Jonathan Page, Abiel W. Sheldon, Hannibal Bowers, Richard Dennis, George H. Holden, S. W. Stickney.
Committee on Library and Reading-Room—W. Stickney, Isaac Hinckley, James Dinsmoor, W. S. Southworth, B. C. Sargent.
Committee on Relief—Daniel Coolidge, J. L. Cheney, Arthur P. Bonney.
Committee on Apparatus—Samuel L. Dana, J. L. Cheney, S. P. Jewett, William A. Burke, Henry Emery.

RAPID WORK.—At the recent Plowing Match, at Concord, five acres of sward land were handsomely plowed in thirty minutes; by the double teams, nine inches, and by the single teams, seven inches deep!

CATCHING A HORSE IN A FAT PASTURE.

When this horse was kept in poor short leas, where he had much scope, but little grass, how gentle and tractable he was! He would not only stand quiet to be taken, but come to hand of his own accord, and follow me up and down the field for a crust of bread, or handful of oats; but since I have turned him into this fat pasture, he comes no more to me, nor will he suffer me to come near him, but throws up his heels wantonly against me and flies from me as if I were rather his enemy than a benefactor. In this I behold the carriage of my own heart towards God, who, the more he has done for me, the more seldom doth he hear from me. In low and afflicted state, how tractable is my heart to duty! Then it comes at the foot of God voluntarily. But in an exalted condition, how wildly doth my heart run from God and duty? With this ungrateful soul God faulted his own people, (Jer. iii. 31,) teachable and tractable in the wilderness, but when fat in that rich pasture of Canaan, "then we are lords, we will come no more to thee." How soon are all God's former benefits forgotten! And how often is that ancient observation verified even in his own people:—

"No sooner do we gifts on some below,
But presently our gifts grey-headed grow."

But that is a bad tenant that will maintain a suit at law against his landlord with his own rent; and a bad heart that will fight against God with his own mercies. I wish it may be with my heart, as it is reported to be with the waters in the kingdom of Congo, that are never so sweet to the taste, as when the tide is in the highest.—*Flavel.*

INSECTS.

A philosophical study of natural history will teach us, that the direct benefits which insects confer upon us are even less important than their general use in maintaining the economy of the world. The mischief which results from the rapid increase and the activity of insects, are merely results of the very principle by which they confer upon us numberless indirect advantages. Forests are swept away by minute flies; but the same agencies that remove us from extreme abundance of vegetable matter, which would render the earth uninhabitable, were this excess not perfectly destroyed. In hot countries, the great business of removing corrupt animal matter, which the vulture and the hyena imperfectly perform, is effected with certainty and speed, by the myriads of insects that spring from the eggs deposited in every carcass, by some flying depositing the means of life for her progeny. Destruction, and reproduction, the great laws of Nature, are carried on very greatly through the instrumentality of insects; and the same principle regulates even the increase of particular species of insects themselves. When aphides are so abundant that we know not how to escape their ravages, flocks of lady-birds instantly cover our fields and gardens to destroy them. Such considerations are thrown out to show that the subject of insects has a great philosophical importance—and what portion of the works of Nature has not? The habits of good old Izack Walton commanded certain delectable meadows, fruitful fishing grounds to those who "loved virtue and angling," and in imitation of his sage counsel we commend the garden to those who love a delightful occupation, fresh and instructive scenes, and happy influences about them.

ORIGIN OF WHEAT.—A most curious and able dissertation upon the origin of wheat completely justifies the views we have held; for although it does not show that oats change into rye, as many believe, and offers no support to some other speculations of the same kind, nevertheless it demonstrates, beyond all further question, that wheat is itself a transmutation of a kind of wild grass. M. Esprit Fabre, of Aigle, well known to botanists as an active observer and patient experimentalist, has made the discovery, which has been introduced to public notice by professor Duval, of Montpelier.—*Gardiner's (Eng.) Chronicle.*

CARING A HORSE.—We were informed yesterday of a singular case of the beneficial effects of chloroform. A horse attacked with lockjaw, and who at 10 o'clock was given up, had the chloroform administered to him, and at 12 o'clock he was well enough to chew his food. The horse belonged to Mr. Miltenberger, merchant in this city, and the cure was performed by Dr. Elliott, the veterinary surgeon. The animal is now perfectly well.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"BRING IN THE APPLES!"—The apple may be called the "apple fruit" of New England. It ranks among fruits as the potatoe does among vegetables. A writer in the last number of the *Kuekerbocker* says:

"The apple is the companion of the winter evening, associated with a cheerful room, a bright fire, a pleasant tale, Scott's novels, or the Arabian Nights. Perhaps it is nearly bedtime. Your eyes grow dim. You are fatigued with study, with chess, with checkers, with books; you sigh, you yawn, you stretch your arms above your head. All of a sudden a happy thought strikes you. BRING IN THE APPLES! It is like magic. The footlights go up; and the scene brightens."

A Dog Story.—The Cincinnati *Citizen* tells the following dog story:

Yesterday we noticed one of the most singular displays of canine sagacity we ever saw. Mr. Baldwin offered a wager of five dollars, that he would start his Newfoundland dog from the wharf boat, send him over the river to Blake's Hotel, and that the dog would return with a handkerchief which Mr. B. had left in his bedroom. The bet was taken, and the dog plunged into the water, swam across, and made quick time up the leaven on the other side. In a short time, he again made his appearance, running towards the river; he jumped in and swam back to the foot of Walnut street, with the pocket handkerchief in his mouth. He was absent from the wharf boat only 25 minutes. The loser readily handed over the five dollar bill, and declared that he had never expected to see such a feat.

Why do birds fly? Because they have the largest bones of all animals, in proportion to their weight; and their bones are more hollow than those of animals that do not fly.—Air vessels, also, enable them to blow out the hollow parts of their bodies, when they wish to make their descent slower, rise more swiftly or float in the air. The muscles that move the wings of birds downwards, in many instances, are a sixth part of the weight of the body; whereas, those of a man are not in proportion one-hundredth part so.

Why have all animals more or less fat?—

Because it may serve as a store of nourishment; being most abundant when the animal is well

furnished with a copious supply of food, and gradually diminishing in quantity as the food becomes scarcer, and disappearing when, from want, a lingering death has been produced.—

Fleming's *Zoology*.

Why do scorpions carry its young on the back? Because they are there protected and defended by the tail, at the extremity of which is the sting. Scorpions have frequent battles with ants, which may sometimes be seen dragging from the field one of their vanquished foes.—*Dr. Scott.*

Why are scorpions killed by covering them with oil? Because their respiration is thus prevented.

Why have birds that do not fly, wings?—Because they assist in balancing the body as they run.

Why is a blue flame so often seen on the surface of a charcoal fire? Because the combustion of the carbonic oxide is formed in this way; the air entering at the bottom, forms carbonic acid, which passing through the red hot charcoal, becomes converted into carbon dioxide. Hence arises the danger of burning charcoal in ill-ventilated chambers.

It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

Lies are bitter sword, which cut the hand that wield them.

MIDDLESEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The officers of this society elected at the Annual Meeting in Concord, on the 6th inst., are as follows:—

President, E. R. Hoar, Concord.
Vice Presidents, O. M. Whipple, Lowell.
Secretary, J. S. Wetherbee, Marlboro.
Treasurer, Simon Brown, Concord.

THOMPSON & TIDD,
NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,
OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA
GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,
Crockery and Glass Ware,
Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and
Grain, Provisions, &c., &c.

BLIND TEETH IN HORSES.—A correspondent of the Albany Cultivator relates a case of a stallion of his becoming blind without any apparent cause. On the horse being examined by a friend, it was found that he had blind or wolf teeth, which being knocked out the horse soon recovered.

Four years ago this summer, I had a fine young horse which sight appeared to be failing gradually from day to day. A white gummy substance, exuded from the eye, and I was told by a farrier that he had the "hooks."

Having heard something concerning "blind" teeth, (thanks to the Agricultural papers,) I made an examination and found one that was dark colored. This, I knew from all accounts was a "wolf" or "blind" tooth. Being near a blacksmith's shop, I obtained a punch and hammer, got a man to hold his hands over the horse's eyes, while placing the punch against the tooth I knocked it out. The horse soon recovered his sight as well as ever.

A half acre! a little world in itself; teeming with life and invitation to be virtuous and happy, with scope enough for the exercise of all your rural art and taste, and a convenient safety-valve for any superabundance of physical energy.

Good old Izack Walton commanded certain delectable meadows, fruitful fishing grounds to those who "loved virtue and angling," and in imitation of his sage counsel we commend the garden to those who love a delightful occupation, fresh and instructive scenes, and happy influences about them.

ORIGIN OF WHEAT.—A most curious and able dissertation upon the origin of wheat completely justifies the views we have held; for although it does not show that oats change into rye, as many believe, and offers no support to some other speculations of the same kind, nevertheless it demonstrates, beyond all further question, that wheat is itself a transmutation of a kind of wild grass. M. Esprit Fabre, of Aigle, well known to botanists as an active observer and patient experimentalist, has made the discovery, which has been introduced to public notice by professor Duval, of Montpelier.—*Gardiner's (Eng.) Chronicle.*

EDWARD E. COOPER,
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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852.

NO. 4. ^{3 and 4}

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

GRANDMA'S LAMENT.

Although mine eyes are dim with age,
Yet tears flow fast and bright;
I'm lone and sad, there's something gone,
My darling's out of sight.
I miss the pattering of his feet,
Upon the cottage floor;
I cannot see his little form,
Beneath the vine crowned door.

My specs and box are out of place,
I watch and wait in vain;
For Louis' tiny hands will never,
Bring Grandma's things again.
His ringing laugh, from morn 'till night,
Is hushed and silent now;
His bright eyes, with their happy light,
Deep in the grave lie low.

Pain would bring my murmuring heart;
To bow would his will;
Who in wise mercy took our child,
A purer place to fill.
But cease my tongue thy grieves to tell,
And tears, no longer flow;
In silence now my heart shall swell,
And mourn till I, too, go.

Charlestown, 1852. H. A. K.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NEW YORK.

Forty years ago my father's family settled in one of the counties of central New York. All was a wilderness, wild, grand, beautiful. We located fifteen miles from the farthest pioneer. The woods were around us, the tall trees and the picturesque mountains.

We had opened a space in the forest, and a cabin of the good old time afforded us shelter. It looked new and comfortable, and its chimney smoke curled gracefully up, and vanished with the shadows of the forest. The blackened heaps smoked and crackled, and deep in these wildwood solitudes the wilderness blossomed and smiled in the presence of yellow harvests.

A happy home was there. The birds sang at earliest morn, and the deep river near the door murmured sweetly at nightfall. There were gentle whisperings in the old trees. As they bowed their heads in the winds, a holy anthem floated up from the vast temples where nature breathes fresh and pure from the hand of God. The wild flowers bloomed even by the very door-sill, and the deer stopped in the forest to gaze upon the smoke of the chimney top.

Twas a beautiful home in the old wilderness! The spring brought us neighbors. Twas a great day when a settler came in and purchased land across the river. He received a warm welcome from pioneer hearts, and by the ready agency of pioneer hands, a comfortable log cabin peeped out from the dense woodland of the opposite bank. I watched the smoke from the open roof as the sun went down, and eagerly looked for it the next morning. But it was not the smoke that I cared so much about. I only knew that it curled upward from the fireside where dwelt as beautiful a creature as ever dwelt away from the busy world. And so I watched the smoke, and dreamed as I watched the river, until the moon threw down its beautiful pathway of shining silver, and listened for the sound of familiar footsteps.

Across the river was the home of Carry Mason. Before the mellow haze of autumn had dropped its dreary hue on leaf and stream, I had learned to love her, and to tell her so in the still moonlight of that hidden home. The leaves faded, and the winter winds swept through the forest. But we cared little for that. The snow fell thick and fast, but our cabin homes were bright, and our hearts alive with happiness and hope. When the spring opened and the birds returned, we were to be married.

A winter evening party in a new country. Did you ever attend one, reader? There are large hearths and open hearts there to be found. Carry and I were invited to attend the party; a rude "jumper" had been built, and in this we started. Ten miles were passed, and we found ourselves in as merry and happy a throng as ever gathered on a frontier. The huge fire cracked on the wide hearth, and old fashioned fun and frolic rang out until a late hour.

The moon had gone down when we started for home, and the snow began to fall; but we heeded it not, for we talked fast as the stout horse sped on the forest path.

Carry grasped my arms and whispered, "hush!" The wind shrieked over the tops of the dark pines, and I laughed at her fears. But she nestled closer to my side, and talked with less glee. In spite of all my efforts, a shadow would creep over my own spirits.

The road wound among a dense growth of pines which shot upwards, and veiled even the sky from our path. The old pines swayed and moaned in the increasing storm, and the snow fell fast and thickly. I touched the horse with the whip and he moved briskly through the woods. Again Carry grasped my arm. I heard nothing save the storm, and yet I was startled as the horse gave a quick snort and struck into a gallop. With a heart full of happiness, I had not yet dreamed of any danger.

Again the horse snorted in alarm. There was a sound above the storm. I felt my cheek grow white and cold, and the blood rush quickly back to my heart.

Clear, wild, terrible, it burst out in an unearthly howl like a wail from the land of fiends. I heard it. Its dismal, heart-chilling echoes had not died away in the storm, when it was answered from a score of throats.

Merciful God! a pack of wolves were around us. In those dark woods at night, and the storm howling overhead, a score of hungry throats were fiercely yelling at each other on the feast.

For a moment my senses reeled. But I felt Carry leaning heavily on my shoulder, and I awoke.

But what hope was there? I had no weapon, and the maddened devils were in the path before and behind us. There was but one chance, and that was to push ahead.

This was a slim chance, and I grew sick as I thought of Carry. The quiet cabin, and the happy heart at home, flashed swiftly through my brain.

At that moment a dark shadow glided up by the side of our sleigh, and so wild and devilish a yell I have never heard since. My flesh crawled on my bones. A cold shiver ran to my heart and crept over my head as though the hairs were standing on end. Two orbs glared out like demon lights, and I could hear the panting of the eager beast.

Finally grasping the lines and shouting sharply to the horse, we shot away.

The horse needed no urging. At the act, that infernal chorus again burst out in earnest, and their dark forms leaped in lengthened strides on either side of us. The speed was fearful, and yet the yelling devils kept pace. Turning to speak to Carry, I saw a dark form leap into the path, and as we sped ahead, his teeth shut with a vice-like snap, missing Carry, and stripping her shawl from her shoulders. With a shriek she clung to me, and with my arm I saved her from being dragged out of her seat.

I became maddened—reckless. I shouted to the horse, now reeking with foam. We went on at a fearful rate. The stumps and roots, and even places in the road, threatened every instant to wreck our sleigh.

Home was three miles distant. O, for a world to give for home!

As the road struck the river bank, it turned shortly almost on the brink of a fearful precipice. Here was a new danger. It was a difficult place, and there was not only danger of upsetting, but of being hurled into the river.

There was a path across this angle of land, where logs had been drawn out. It was a mile nearer this way to the clearing than by the river. But I durst not attempt it with a sleigh.

On we sped. That infernal pack, neck and neck with us, and every now and then their jaws shutting like steel traps close to our persons. Once around that angle, and I hoped.

How madly I shouted to that noble brute. We neared the turn in that race for life.

Heavens! the infernal devils had crossed ahead, and hung in dark masses. A demon instinct seemed to possess them.

A few rods more! The wolves seemed to feel that we had a chance, for they howled more devilish than ever.

With a sweep the horse turned in spite of me. The left runner struck high on the roots of a pine, and the sleigh swung over like a flash, burying us in the new snow. Away sped the horse, and my heart sunk as I heard his quick footsteps dying out towards home.

The maddened pack had followed the horse, and shot by us as we were thrown out upon the bank, for a number of rods. A shriek from Carry arrested them in their career; in an instant they were upon us. I gave one long, desperate shout, in the hope of arousing the folks in the cabins. I had no time to shout again. Their hot breath burned upon me, and their dark masses gathered around like the shadows of doom. With a broken limb, I wildly kept them at bay for a moment, but fiercer and closer surged the gnashing teeth. Carry lay insensible on the ground before me. There was one more chance.—A stunted pine tree grew upon the outer edge of the bank, and shot out nearly horizontally over the river below, full a hundred feet from the surface.

Dashing madly in the teeth with my cudgel, I yelled with the waning energy of despair, grasped Carry with one arm, and dashed recklessly out upon the pine. I thought not of the danger; I cared not. I braved one danger to escape a greater. I reached the branches. I breathed freer as I heard the fierce howl of the baffled party.

I turned my head, and God of mercy! a long shadow was gliding along the trunk of our last refuge. Carry was helpless, and it required all the strength of intense despair to hold her and remain upon the slippery trunk. I turned to face the wolf—he was within reach of my arm. I struck with my fist, and again those fearful jaws shut with a snap, as my hand brushed his head. With a demoniac growl he fastened on the shoulder of Carry.

I heard the long fangs crunch into the flesh, and the smothered breathing, as the wolf continued to make good his hold! Oh! it was horrible! I beat him over the head, but he only deigned a munching growl. I yelled, wept, cursed, prayed, but the hungry devil cared not for my curses or prayers. His companions were still howling and whining, venturing out upon the pine. I almost wished the tree would give way.

Perhaps the bitterest tears are those wrung from the soul stung by ingratitude and injustice. There is something in an upright nature wholly averse to those mean sins, and when made their victim, every true and noble feeling is in arms to war against foes so despicable yet with fearful powers to injure. Would they were less common in the intercourse of man with man!

The wolf still kept his hold upon Carry.—None can dream how the blood hissed and swept through my knotted veins. At last the brute, hungry for his prey, gave a wrench and nearly threw me from the pine. Carry was helpless and insensible. Even the crunching teeth of the monster did not awaken her from the deathly swoon into which she had fallen.

Another wrench was made by the wolf, and Carry's wrist slipped from my aching grasp, leaving me but the hold upon the skirt of her dress. The incarnate devil had released his hold, but as if aware of the danger beneath, retained his grip on the shoulder of Carry.

The end had come! My brain reeled! The long body of the wolf hung downward like a dark shadow into the abyss, fast wearing out my remaining strength. The blood gushed warmly from my nostrils, and lights danced and flashed across my eyeballs. The overtaxed muscles of the hand would relax and as instantly close convulsively upon the eluding skirt. I heard a tearing as if of stitches. The black mass writhed and wrenched, as if to deepen the hold. A sharp crackling mingled with humming noises in my head, and the dress clung to the waist! I shrieked as I heard the swooping sound of the fall of the black devil and his victim, as they shot down, into the darkness. I heard something like the bay of the old house dog and the firing of guns—and heard no more.

Weeks and months passed away, before the fearful delirium of that night left me. I returned to consciousness in my father's cabin, an emaciated creature, as helpless as a child. My youth had passed away, and I was prematurely old. The raven black locks of twenty years had changed to the silvery ones of eighty years of age. Look at this arm that clung to Carry! It is withered. I have never raised it since that night. In my dreams I feel again that fearful night, and awake, covered with that cold clammy sweat that gathered upon me while on that pine.

The neighing of the horse as he dashed into the clearing had aroused the people at home. The empty and brief and broken sigh told a brief story. The howling of the wolves arose on the blast, and with guns and the old house dog they rushed to the scene. They found me senseless upon the trunk, covered with blood, and a wolf feeling his way towards me. In turning at the sound of their approach, he slipped and went down upon the ice.

Our people looked long for Carry Mason, but did not find her till next morning. They then went down on the ice, and found her crushed bones—I thank God for that.

The fall had partially broken the ice, and the oozing water had frozen her long black hair as it floated out. The wolf had not released his death-grasp, and his teeth were buried in her pure white shoulder.

The spring sunshine and birds, and green leaves had come again, as I tottered out. My sister led me to the grave on the river's bank, the grave of all my youthful hopes, and all that I loved. The wild flowers were already starting on the sacred mound. I wept over them and blessed them, for they were blooming over the grave of Carry.

TEARS.—Tears have a various language.—

From the eye of infancy they gush at the slightest emotion of anger or pain, and contend with the smile upon the lip, as the summer shower with the beams of the sun.

Youth, with health and hope and undimmed happiness, greets them as unwelcome strangers, and dashes them away as foes to merriment.

Maturer years pour them over the graves of buried affection, water "farewell" with their bitterness, and shed them in secret above lost friendships and betrayed trusts. To old age they are outpourings of long pent-up sorrows, and the heart grows sadder in vain attempts to seal the fountain open at birth and awaiting the final touch of death.

As if her words had been prophetic, the little girl, their only servant, appeared at the crisis, and said the doctor was wanted in a great hurry. With an exulting smile his wife ran to his hat, and then sat down with a beating heart to await his return.

It was almost the first summons that the young physician had received tho' he had resided in the village for more than a year. The place too was large and populous, and there were several physicians of large practice, and all this combined to put down the young rival. More than once, therefore, Ernest would have abandoned the field in despair, but his young wife cheered and encouraged him, though sometimes her own heart felt ready to give up. Mary Linwood, was indeed the greatest of all blessings, a good wife. She sympathised with her husband's economical to the utmost, and by her sanguine and gentle words, chased despondency from his heart.

Hour after hour sat there awaiting her husband's return, yet he came not. At last darkness set in, and she began to feel uneasy. She was about rising to go to the door, when she heard her husband's foot upon the steps, and hurried out—she met him in the hall.

"God bless you, Mary, for an angel you are," were his first words. "If it had not been for you I should have given up long ago, but my fortune is now made."

Breathless with anxiety to hear the good news, yet not unmindful of his probable wearied condition, Mary hurried her husband into the little sitting room, where all the teeth were laid, and began to pour the refreshing beverage with a trembling hand, while her husband told the story of his days absence.

"I found," said he, "that I was sent for to old Governor Huston's—the richest and most influential man, you know, in the country—and when I got there, I learnt, to my surprise that the Governor had been thrown from his carriage, and was thought to be dying. All the physicians in town had been sent for, but none could aid him. In despair his wife without orders had sent for me. I saw his only chance of life depended on a new and difficult operation which none of the physicians had seen performed. I stated that I thought it could be done. The old Governor was a man of iron nerve and quick resolution. When he heard the others say they could do nothing for him, he determined to commit

NEVER GET OUT OF HEART. OR A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

"Why so sad, Ernest," said a young wife to her husband, affectionately twining her arms around his neck.

He looked up with a sad smile and replied,

"I am almost out of heart, Mary—I think of all pursuits, a profession is the worst. Here I have been, week after week, and month after month, I may soon say years, waiting for practice, yet without success. A lawyer may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so make himself, but a physician may sit patiently in his office, and if unknown, seen men without half his acquirements rolling in wealth, while he, perhaps is starving. And it will soon come to that," he added bitterly, if I do not get employment.

An unbidden tear started into his wife's eye, but she strove to smile and said:

"Do not despise, Ernest. I know you have been unfortunate so far, but you have talents and knowledge to make your way as soon as you get a start. And depend upon it, she added with a cheerful look, 'that will come when you least expect it.'

"So you have told me often, but the lucky hour has never come," said her husband despondingly.

"And now every cent of our little fortune is spent, and our credit will soon be gone when it is found we do not pay. What then is to become of us?"

Ernest was in a mood which the most sanguine sometimes experienced, when disappointment after disappointment has crushed the spirit, and the voice of hope is no longer heard within. His young wife would have given way to tears if she had been alone, but she felt the necessity of sustaining him, and answered cheerfully.

"What if every cent is gone? Have no fear that we shall starve. God sent the ravens to feed Elijah, and he will yet interpose for our aid. Then trust in him."

"But really, Mary, this want of success would try the stoutest spirit. The mechanic, the day laborer, the humble farmer, is sure of his food and raiment; but I, after having spent years in study, have wasted years, waiting for practice, and now, when all my fortune is gone, I lose all I have spent, both of time and money, and must forever abandon the idea of my profession. It is too hard!"

And he arose and walked the room with rapid strides.

His wife sighed and remained silent—but for a minute or two she went up to him, and encircling him with her arms, said,

"Do not worry yourself so. You think it painful for me to endure poverty, I know, but woman never regards such things when she loves. A crust of bread and log cabin would be preferable to me, if shared with them with you, than a palace with another. But it will not come to this. Something assures me you will succeed.—Have patience for a little while longer.—There is a knock at the door now—it is for you."

And she went to the door.

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

"Josephine; pretty name; ten."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva; captivating; twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira; charming; fifteen."

"Angelina is eighteen, sir, just eighteen."

"Angelina; favorite name; eighteen."

"My eldest, and only married daughter, sir, Anna Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty-five, did you say, madam?"

"Yes sir. Is there anything remarkable in her being of that age?"

"A step-daughter, I presume?"

"I presume she is no such thing!"

"Then, madam, you must have been married when quite young!"

About that time the census taker was observed leaving the house, closely pursued by a broom-stick in the hands of the widow.—It was the last time he pressed a lady to give her age.

RESULTS OF YOUTHFUL VAGRANCY.—Out of 16,000 criminals, says the Boston *Odd Fellow*, committed to the Great Prison of New York last year, over 4,000 were under twenty-one years of age. The Chief of Police considers that there are no less than ten thousand vagrant

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 6, 1852.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LA PLUME.—Your several communications are received, and are always acceptable, and none too many, we can assure you; we regret to find errors, but they will occur. Your advice we should like to see followed, for our patience is often taxed in correcting bad writing and spelling and many we have to give up as beyond our comprehension. We made one addition at the top.

MECHANICS.—These local items are very acceptable, and we hope to receive many more; we know our beautiful town is fast increasing, and it is our wish to record all the improvements; we cannot always obtain information, and would thank our friends for these items.

M.—We are pleased to hear from you again. Your "Boarding School Reminiscences" will be acceptable to our fair readers.

Miss E. J. NEWTON.—Another fair contributor to our paper—we shall find room. The city of the moment has many fair writers, and we are pleased to find the "Woburn Journal" attracting their attention.

MARY W. WELLMAN.—Thoughts for the Season are very appropriate; the lines on the "Home, Daniel Webster" are well written; our table is again crowded, and our friends must give us time.

S.—Your acrostic is too late, as the stable and the contents are to be sold at Auction; the annotations are to long, but when we have room, will endeavor to insert them.

R. U. P.—We hope our readers will be induced to visit the Horticultural Exhibition you speak of; they are worthy of encouragement; no one can view them without feelings of pleasure and instruction.

MAY RITCHIE.—Your package of "trifles" are of value, and will not be forgotten.

CHARLES.—We have another letter from our correspondent, but have no room this week.

L.—We regret that your communication was not received in time for insertion to day. We feel quite an interest in the movement of the "Ten Hour Law," and when occasion requires, shall endeavor to sustain its principles. We shall publish your article next week, and have no doubt but that it will be read with much interest.

MECHANICS.

We have many scenes in daily life which, if properly appreciated and viewed with a liberal eye, would prove good lessons for after life; but most of us are so intent on our own objects that we do not notice the occurrences, which would lead us, perhaps, to alter many of our own actions, if we only could find time to reflect on them, and see how they operate in the actions and motives of others. We pass through this world in too much haste, by which we lose sight of the many great objects which should guide us in our opinions and judgements; we make up our minds on every day subjects, on this spur of the moment, and in such cases, nine times out of ten, they are erroneous.

We form prejudices without reflection, and when these impressions are firmly fixed, it is very hard to alter them; and this is one great error in life, for it is continually leading us into contention with others, and the world calls us singular, because, as it says, we are so blind as not to see as others do. How many people are prejudiced against a name, without looking at the merits of the substance, and we find many persons who consider themselves elevated above their neighbors, because they may have been born with a silver spoon in their mouth, attempting to destroy the merits of those who "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow;" such persons cannot regard the "working man," because the name of *mechanic* is so far below their class of society, yet these very persons are dependant on the mechanic for their nightly shelter.—What a happy state of society we should have, if this ungenerous prejudice against the working man could be blotted out,—we mean the meritorious and useful mechanic, and the moral and hard working man, whose hands are rough with honest labor, and whose heart is big with good feeling and fellowship for a brother.

The fact is, we are all dependant upon each other, and no one class of society can exist without the other. We are very far from wishing to level all distinction in society, there are necessary forms and views, which will always exist, but there is no necessity for prejudice against a name, and because a man belongs to the class designated by the name *mechanic*, he should not be regarded as unworthy the notice and friendship of others, it is his labor that raises the granite buildings which adorn our cities, and when we reflect on the subject, how small and diminutive man appears, without a faculty for the mechanic arts. We wish our readers to bear in mind that the *mechanic*, whether on the monument, the majestic mansion, or at the hood and spade, are part and parcel of the great family of man, each dependant upon the others, and formed and sustained by the same great power, and destined to the same common end, and should be regarded in life free from all prejudice and ungenerous distinction.

Good printing paper is a very scarce article; we could not obtain any last week, and consequently had to take the best we could find. It is not what we have been using, and we were not at all satisfied with the appearance of our paper, but we could not help it, and that is our excuse till we can do better.

There is no doubt of the election of Gen. Pierce, as the next President of this great Republic, and we trust he will do all the good his friends have promised for him. He has a fair field, and we hope the harvest will not prove unsound.

MR. STOCKBRIDGE'S REPLY.

Permit me, Sir, to express to you, and through you to my friends in Woburn, my thanks for this appropriate and truly elegant present, made to me this evening. Little did I think of meeting so large and social a gathering at this time; still less that I was to be the recipient of so beautiful a gift. I receive it as an expression of kind feeling and

sincere affection on the part of its donors. As such it will be a pleasant moment of the many happy days I have passed in your midst, calling up as often as it meets my eye, the delightful associations which still bind my heart to this place. This occasion awakens many tender thoughts in my mind. I recall scenes which have been too deeply engraved on my memory ever to be forgotten. I think of those I have been permitted to welcome into the Church of Christ. I remember the sick chamber, and the bed of death, where I have administered the consolations of religion to the afflicted and the dying. I recall the interest and affection which have uniformly been manifested towards me in all my connection with the people of this place. Though called to occupy another field of labor, my heart still lingers around these cherished scenes. I cannot resist the impulse which I feel to express to you personally my sincere regard for yourself. All our intercourse has been of the most agreeable nature. We have taken sweet counsel together as scholars and friends. Let me cherish the hope that our friendship may be perpetual.

I cannot, moreover, let this opportunity pass without saying how grateful it has been to my feelings to receive so many assurances of regret, on the part of all classes and denominations of christians, at my leaving Woburn. Again, Sir, I invoke upon you, upon those here assembled, and upon the large circle of my friends in this town, the choicest of heaven's blessing. May we all at length reach that blessed world where we shall part no more.

The meeting was closed by a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Stockbridge.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The election is the all absorbing topic of the week; when matters get calmed down, we hope for steady times.—An arrival from California brings plenty of gold, and various items on the state of the country.—300 passengers came in steamer Georgia, at New York, from Aspinwall; 2,000,000 in gold, beside a large amount with passengers.—The health on the Isthmus is good. The Panamanian railroad is in good order; the cars run twice a day to Baracoa. The news from California is generally favorable. The mining news is still exciting.—A specimen of gold from a mine in Downieville weighed 204 ounces.—The village of White Rock was destroyed by fire; the Indian's have become quiet; large numbers of emigrants are settling down on the fertile plains with their families; emigration still continues; reports of sickness and privations on the plains are heart-rending in the extreme; many deaths had occurred.—Latest dates from Oregon state discoveries of large quantities of coal; peaches, apples and every variety of vegetables were abundant.—John Hill's store in Stoneman was robbed last Saturday night; as also the Post office in the same building.—Robbers are about; our citizens must look out sharp.—Arrivals from Cuba bring nothing new.—The yellow fever at the South is abating.—The cholera has appeared in Quebec, and excited much alarm; many deaths had occurred.—Another shocking railroad accident on the New York and New Haven road, at Windsor Locks, Conn.; two men instantly killed, and several very badly injured.

Resolved. That we are deeply sensible of the loss which our state and country, and the world, has sustained in the death of a man whose talents, learning and eloquence, made him the foremost man of the age.

Resolved. That in the death of Daniel Webster our country has lost her ablest son, the constitution its expounder and defender, the union for which he periled, all its warmest advocate.

Resolved. That although we mourn his death, we feel that he "still lives," his counsels, his eloquence, and above all his triumphant Christian death assure us, that, "though dead he yet speaketh."

Resolved. That a copy of the foregoing resolutions, attested by the town clerk, be entered upon the records of the town.

PRESERVATION.

The Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, formerly Pastor of the First Baptist Church in this Town, at a meeting of many of his friends, was presented by Joshua P. Converse, in behalf of the donors, a beautiful portable Writing Desk, which was very appropriately furnished. The following are the remarks made upon the occasion:—

RESPECTED SIR:—Your friends in this Town learn with regret, your intention to terminate the relation which existed between you and your Church and Society, and to remove your residence from the Town.

They had hoped that a relation so profitable

to your congregation, so agreeable to them;

and they hoped, in some slight degree at least,

agreeable to you, would long continue. But

while they regret your departure, they hope

and trust that you have entered upon a larger

field of usefulness.

In their name and behalf, Sir, I offer to you

this small present as a momento of that relation,

and as a slight token of the respect which

they entertain for you as a man, a citizen, and a friend; and I will add to that their best

wishes for your future health, happiness, and

usefulness.

May a kind Providence ever smile upon

you and yours, and may your highest hopes

and aspirations be fully realized. While hope

and imagination point forward to a career of

usefulness, of happiness, and of honor, may

memory point backward to the scenes, the

lessons, and the friendships of the past. May

the truths which you shall hereafter preach,

and the lessons which you shall inculcate, be

enforced and illustrated by the constant,

living, eloquent example of a Christian scholar

and Christian gentleman.

To the mere formalist, religion is most at

tractive when she "goes forth in silver slippers,

when the sun shines, and when the people

applaud;" but to the sincere enquirer

after truth, she is peculiarly attractive when

she shines with the pure, Christian example;

and, as bodies upon this globe shine with a

light which is seen rather in its reflection than

in its passage from the illuminated body,—so,

sir, may you shine with the reflection of that

light which comes down from the Father of Light.

In this great school of time, may you, as a

student, deserve to be marked "excellent"

by that unerring pen whose marks will never

be effaced.

Mate Virtute, "Vives in amore, vive, vale;

si quid novisti rectius istis, condidus imparti; si

non, his utere nobis!

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Permit me, Sir, to express to you, and

through you to my friends in Woburn, my

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present, made to me this evening. Little did

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gathering at this time; still less that I was to

be the recipient of so beautiful a gift. I receive it as an expression of kind feeling and

Written for the Journal.

THE POOR INDIAN.

Boston, Nov. 2d, 1852.

DEAR F.—Allow me to correct one or two errors committed by Typo in "setting up" my communication, published in your paper of Oct. 30th. First, about the middle of the communication, instead of "prominent intellectual man," read "preeminent," &c. Second, a little further down, instead of "may never have a copy of the epitaph in his tomb," read "may never have seen a copy of the epitaph on his." But while I ask leave to correct these errors, I willingly acknowledge that the fault is entirely my own—my chirography is of such a character that many of my most intimate friends, and those with whom I am continually corresponding, are sometimes at a loss to ascertain my meaning; and this leads me to believe that many of the defective lines of poetry which are met with in the papers, should be attributed less to the author's defective ear or grammar, than to his or her defective penmanship; and hence I advise all, who permit me to say in relation to the editorial contributions of your journal. Its correspondents, too, are not to be "grinned at," except when they have the esteem to write some sketch that is laughable, they certainly do no discredit to your editorial discrimination.

Ever since the "Journal" was ushered into existence, I have been a subscriber to its honor.

It is now one year since the "Woburn Journal" (I reverence the name, because there is so much truth in it,) commenced its earthly career, and during that space of time, its weekly visits, to me have given no inconsiderable amount of pleasure, as well as an excellent share of substantial and healthful food, well adapted to the wants of the craving mind.

Really, it now seems like an old familiar companion, whose presence could not well be dispensed with. In fact I honor and respect the "Journal," and its editor, with so much esteem, that I cannot entertain the idea of cutting their acquaintance. All the correspondents of the "Journal," I prize as dear friends, although to my knowledge, I am not personally acquainted with a single one of them.

ELSIE THE PEASANT GIRL.—is prominent among the contributors of the "Journal."—

Her poetical pieces are especial favorites with me, they are so true to life. In fact, I sum up her a natural poetess, and think she could attain a lofty name if wished; this allow me to say without flattery.

"MAY RITCHIE," author of "A glimpse at city life," "The stolen necklace," and many other interesting stories, and choice poems.—

She is exceedingly ready with her pen, having an excellent supply of language. "May" is destined to make a considerable show in the literary world, for I see her writings in the *Star Spangled Banner, True Flag*, and other papers. My best wishes will ever attend the kind-hearted and gifted "May," and I would intimate that Heaven's richest blessings be showered upon her noble brow, through this vale of tears."

"H. A. K." of Charlestown, I like very much, as a poetess. She is a graceful writer, and a diligent reader and thinker; her style is transparent, correct, forcible and alive with thought. In a word I consider her one of the "Journal's" best poetical correspondents.

Mrs. MARY W. WELLMAN, of North Woburn, is a talented and gifted writer. She has a lively fancy, if not a strong imagination, and an instinctive talent for rendering her views plain to the general reader. I like her effusions much, and hope to have the pleasure of reading her muses for a long time to come.

"THE HERMIT," I regard as being a contributor of intrinsic worth, as his writings always convey the idea he intended; he is a lover of the antique, and curious, I should judge. May we often hear from "The Hermit," at his secluded retreat. If the kind-hearted old gentleman would leave his address with Mr. Fowle, with his permission, that he (Mr. Fowle) could forward the same to myself, under solemn secrecy, I would be most happy to occasionally visit the humble cottage of his hermitage, and

like the watchful minutes to the hour,

still and anon cheer up the heavy time!"

"COLEB," your rambling correspondent, is a promising young writer, most of his efforts have been of the playful and humorous cast.

I never tire of reading his productions, they contain so much wit and jollity, interspersed with solid sense. I would express a wish that friend "Coley," may at some future day find that *diamond*, for which he is in search.

"J. E." your southern correspondent, is an excellent composer. His writings contain a good share of originality, and therefore are, I doubt not, interesting to all. Let us often hear from "J. E."

"M." of Charlestown, whose contributions

always read with much interest, is an inimitable correspondent. Has he, (or she,) forgotten the "Journal" of late? Success to the talents of "M."

"JONATHAN," I should judge from his writings is a queer genius, I imagine some young ladies would jokingly call "Jonathan," one of the b'hoys.

"W. D. S." is a creditable writer, his poetry of a cast that will creditably speak for itself.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

TO THE READER.

Behold a bark on yonder wave,
Eagerly striving the storm to brave!
Kind hearted sailors raise their prayers
To faith to God, on midnight airs!
Nearing the shore what shouts of praise,
Do these brave seamen heavenward raise.

As the beacon bright, like the rising sun,
Nerves the course of their vessel's run;
Directing their bark by its golden ray.

Proudly she enters the peaceful bay,
Read the above, and may you find
Useful lessons to teach mankind.
Do you, my friend, by acts of love,
Eagle-like, soar the world above;
Never gain fruit, but as a light,
To guide some wandering soul aright.

Winchester, Sept., 1852.

ALBERT.

AGRICULTURE.

He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

THE FARM IN NOVEMBER.

And when NOVEMBER came, there fell
Another limning in, to tell
The month's employments; which we see
Providence was, for time to be."

Silently, stage after stage, the seasons roll along. The full flush of summer has yielded its tribute to our cares and passed away. The first stages of autumn have come and touched with gentle hand all that lately was so vigorous and gay. This month closes the harvest of the farm, and is peculiarly the season of ripeness. The grass, the grain, the fruits and the Indian corn have been gathered, but some of the vegetable productions capable of resisting the frosts for a season still remain to be collected. Nature gives out her bounties according to our wants, and at that period when it becomes necessary to lay them up for future supply. The inquiring mind will not fail to perceive that the ripening of corn and of various fruits immediately precede the sterility of winter, that man may hoard in his store-houses whatever is necessary during the unproductive season, for his own subsistence and that of the animals he domesticates for his use.

As the season advances, its character changes. At first there is an exhilarating softness in the air; the sky is bright and blue; the flocks graze on the hills and cattle ruminate on the shaded woodlands. Then, here and there, a tree sheds its leaves, disclosing the summer homes of the birds, and we are glad to see how near they have been to us. But towards the close of autumn a deeper sentiment occupies the mind. Warmth and brightness gradually diminish; night slowly steals on the day; the atmosphere becomes chilled, and leaves assume an endless variety of hues, thus presenting beauties even in their decay; the pastures have a darker hue, and the woods, although their varied and harmonizing tints are inexpressively beautiful, speak also of decay; and the sober stillness of an autumnal sky shed a gentle sadness over the scene.—Then follows blustering winds, snow flakes, pinching frosts and pelting storms.

The more pressing and active duties of the farm are over for the year. Other duties there are, and important ones, as there will ever be; but as there is a time for all things, so the farmers season of repose, of quiet reading and contemplation approaches, when he will gather around him the recorded wisdom of others, or, perchance, record his own, or mingle in grateful leisure, in the amenities and charities of life.

Now the busy flail will be in full employment and fill the air about the homestead with a pleasant sound, and invite all the passers by to look at the great open barn doors; while outside the poultry scratch for food among the straw, and the cattle ruminate beside the hay-rack, or lean with inquiring faces over the gate.

PRESERVATION OF DAHLIAS.

The complaint is common that dahlias lose their vitality during winter by dying or decay.

The truth is that many are overstocked with caution, and "kill their bulbs by kindness." A person who has sense enough to harvest a potato, and preserve it during winter, need meet with no disappointment by the failure of dahlias. To ensure success, it is only necessary for the bulbs to be properly ripened, and packed away in a dry, cool place. The following may be found a good treatment:

As soon as the frost has blackened the tops, draw the soil about the stocks to the depth of three or four inches to prevent the freezing of the tubers by any sudden change of weather. When it becomes unsafe for them to remain longer in the ground, say the last of October or first of November, select a pleasant day, cut the stocks an inch above the surface, and with a spade carefully raise the whole cluster of bulbs from their bed. They are very tender when green, and care must be exercised not to separate them from the crown. When the soil becomes dry remove it, and pack the roots on a shelf in the cellar; simply covering them with a little dry sawdust or sand. The bulbs ought not to be divided from the foot-stock until the eyes report themselves in spring.—*Ecclesiastes News-Letter*.

To BAKE APPLES.—Sweet apples properly baked and eaten with milk are delicious. The best method of baking tart apples is, to take the fairest and largest in size, wipe them clean if thin skinned, and pare them when the skin is thick and tough; cut out the largest portion of the core at one end, and place the fruit on well glazed earthen dishes or pans, with the end which has been cored upwards, and fill the cavity with refined powdered sugar. Then place them in the oven or other apparatus for baking until sufficiently cooked. Then take them out, and when cold they are perfectly delicious.

SINGULAR FACT—LARGE TREES.—There is now standing on the premises of John and Mahalon Carver, in Bayberry township, Pennsylvania, an elm tree that measures twenty-five feet in circumference one foot from the ground, and the trunk retains its size with but little diminution for over thirty feet, where the limbs branch. A curious incident is connected with the history of this

tree, in the fact that on the farm on which it stands was taken up by a patent from William Penn, by John Carver, who came over with him from England, and that the premises have regularly descended from father to son by will, and always to "John Carver," of which the seventh of the name is residing thereon at the present time. It is very doubtful whether there is any other property in the country which has never been sold. There are also growing on the premises two pear trees which came from England with the original John Carver, one of which has a plentiful crop or pears at the present time.

There is also standing on the premises of Alfred Worthington, in the same township, a chestnut tree that measures, one foot from the ground, 28 feet in circumference, and six feet from the ground 25 feet 8 inches. This tree retains its full vigor, and is probably the largest tree in the county.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

Seedlings and Cuttings should be protected by a coating of compost, or some light substance, such as leaves, hay, straw or shavings; but perhaps clear earth would be better, the we never have known mice attack such small plants.

PRUNING.—All hardy trees may be pruned this month, if the season is not very frosty. It is much safer to prune the apple tree now than in March or April. Bank them up as mentioned in last month's calendar.

And though mentioned last, it is not the least among every good man's duties in November to

REMEMBER THE POOR.—Some whose crusty hearts hug the world with a grip which death can only loose, declare that *want* springs from a lack of wit or wisdom. That is their way of excusing the conscience, but not that of the *good farmer*. He will visit the widow and the fatherless now, and give them a start in preparing for cold weather; find them employment and aid them in every way to fill the curse and barrel, and make their hearts glad.

"While chill November's sultry blast
Lays fields and forests bare."

Now the farmer finishes all his out-of-door work before the severe frosts set in, and lays by his implements till the awakening of spring calls him to his hand labor again.—*N. E. Farmer*.

HUSK BEDS.

No one who has not tried them, knows the value of husk beds. Straw and mattresses would be entirely done away with, if husk beds were once tried. They are not only more pliable than mattresses, but are more durable. The first cost is but little. To have husks nice they may be split after the manner of splitting straw for braiding. The finer they are the softer will be the bed, although they will not be likely to last as long as when they are put in whole. Three barrels full well stowed in, will fill a good sized tick, but it is valuable to all housekeepers.—*The Plough*.

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One other boy was struck by a fragment from the same blast, but was not injured. We understand the usual precautions were taken to prevent accident on the part of those engaged in blasting the ledge.—*Bangor Mercury*.

BASTOW'S BANNER STOVE.—S the latest pattern out, is remarkably stout, well made and durable, and is warranted the very best COOKING STOVE ever invented. For sale by E. COOPER, 300 E. TRULL.

TO BAKE APPLES.—Sweet apples properly baked and eaten with milk are delicious. The best method of baking tart apples is, to take the fairest and largest in size, wipe them clean if thin skinned, and pare them when the skin is thick and tough; cut out the largest portion of the core at one end, and place the fruit on well glazed earthen dishes or pans, with the end which has been cored upwards, and fill the cavity with refined powdered sugar. Then place them in the oven or other apparatus for baking until sufficiently cooked. Then take them out, and when cold they are perfectly delicious.

SINGULAR FACT—LARGE TREES.—There is now standing on the premises of John and Mahalon Carver, in Bayberry township, Pennsylvania, an elm tree that measures twenty-five feet in circumference one foot from the ground, and the trunk retains its size with but little diminution for over thirty feet, where the limbs branch. A curious incident is connected with the history of this

tree, in the fact that on the farm on which it stands was taken up by a patent from William Penn, by John Carver, who came over with him from England, and that the premises have regularly descended from father to son by will, and always to "John Carver," of which the seventh of the name is residing thereon at the present time. It is very doubtful whether there is any other property in the country which has never been sold. There are also growing on the premises two pear trees which came from England with the original John Carver, one of which has a plentiful crop or pears at the present time.

There is also standing on the premises of Alfred Worthington, in the same township, a chestnut tree that measures, one foot from the ground, 28 feet in circumference, and six feet from the ground 25 feet 8 inches. This tree retains its full vigor, and is probably the largest tree in the county.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

Seedlings and Cuttings should be protected by a coating of compost, or some light substance, such as leaves, hay, straw or shavings; but perhaps clear earth would be better, the we never have known mice attack such small plants.

PRUNING.—All hardy trees may be pruned this month, if the season is not very frosty. It is much safer to prune the apple tree now than in March or April. Bank them up as mentioned in last month's calendar.

And though mentioned last, it is not the least among every good man's duties in November to

REMEMBER THE POOR.—Some whose crusty hearts hug the world with a grip which death can only loose, declare that *want* springs from a lack of wit or wisdom. That is their way of excusing the conscience, but not that of the *good farmer*. He will visit the widow and the fatherless now, and give them a start in preparing for cold weather; find them employment and aid them in every way to fill the curse and barrel, and make their hearts glad.

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NO. 5.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

LINES TO ELSIE THE PEASANT GIRL.

BY BONNIE LASHIE.

May every sorrow earth can bring,
Be light, and soon depart;
And love and hope a halo fling,
Of gladness round thy heart.

And may each joy be pure and bright,
As morning dew on flowers;
Each gentle thought rich odors bring,
To cheer thy pensive hours.

Thus sweetly may thine hours glide on,
As most's are;—
When wandering zephyrs kiss the strings,
In bright perennial bower.

While many a cloud doth chase away,
Command many an ill depart;
To thee I write this hasty lay,
True poetess of the heart.

Now I would wish for thee a life,
Blest by the thoughts, so sweet, so dear;
That in a heaven beyond the sky,
There's rest from every trouble here.

"Hermit's Glen," Woburn Centre, Mass.

THE BOY AND THE PANTHER,

A WILD WESTERN SCENE.

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton, about seven years old, was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, and his mother almost idolized him. There he was, with his trowsers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's eye gleaming out from beneath his sun-burnt hair, and with some of his father's strength tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream.

"Samuel, you had better come in, hadn't you?" said Hannah, in a tone of half mother and half mate.

"No, I guess not," said Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the stream.—The boy took it up, looked at it, was pleased, and "reckoned" in his mind that there were more up the "gully," and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns.

The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter, had been formed (the work of many centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in; and walking on a level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side to the height of a hundred feet, composed of rocks and crags, fretted by decay and storm into fantastic shapes and positions. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and excepting their assistance, and the unseen source of the rock, this natural part seemed inaccessible but to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank east a deep gloom upon the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow up to the sky. Blue patches of water were to be seen peeping between them.

Hannah soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered to the field where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When it came, neither Josiah nor any of his men knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed:—

"He's lost! he's lost! my poor boy will starve in the woods!"

Gathering courage, she hastily summoned the family around her, and despatched them all but her husband, to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To her husband she said:

"Scour every field you call your own, and if you can't find him join me in the gorge."

"He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah."

"He would go anywhere."

She knew not why, but a strong presentiment that her boy had followed the course of the stream dwelt strongly on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband, as he joined her at the mouth of the gorge.

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself, "the dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces;" and frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the ravine echo back her screams for her offspring.

The only answer was the eternal thunder of the boiling cataract, as if in mockery of her woe, as it threw its cold spray upon her hot throbbing temples.

She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that peered through the mist, till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a woman can tell the feelings of a woman's heart? Fear came thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah.

"Oh, my boy—my brave boy will die!" and wringing her hands in agony, she sunk at her husband's feet.

The pain of hope deferred had strained her heart-strings to the utmost tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all.

The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove, by all the arts he knew, to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around, and then trembled to her feet. As she stood

like a heart-broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up. She was herself again; for half up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips, it turned into a note of horror. "Oh, mercy—mercy!"

The crag on which the boy stood, projected from the rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of the crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther.—The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy at about the same time.

He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained; and he now stood with another in his hand drawing it back, and looking at them as if to ask whether he would throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then the mother seemed immovable in her suspense; but conscious of the danger of her son, if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock. Yet, with the fearless mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious animal. It struck one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle, Josiah!"

The poor man stirred not. His glazed eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear.—His wife leaped from the stand, and placing her hands upon her husband's shoulder, looked into his face, and said:

"Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child?"

He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and was whispering the little prayers which she had taught him, not in cowardly fear, but a thought came across his mind that he must die. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. On, she struggled in her agony.

The ferocious creature paused a moment when he heard the wretched mother approach. True to his nature, he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag and fell backward, as Hannah ascended the opposite side.

"Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy; but we won't part." And sinking on her knees before him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unalterable in his ferocity, and his manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his situation. This time he was more successful. His fore foot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother, he will kill us!" and the boy nestled close to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body to the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face.

"Go away!" shrieked the mother, hoarse with horror; "you shan't have my child!"

Closer—still closer he came—his red eyes flashing fury, and the thick pantings of his breath came in very fast. At this awful moment she hears a faint report of firearms coming from the gulf below—the panther's toothhold fails, and his sharp claws loosen from the rocks, and his sharp claws roll down the precipice at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's rays last gleamed on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's hands raised over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for his mercy in thwarting the panther's leap.

THREE LOVERS.—Lady Gage, the wife of the first Baronet, Sir John, ancestor of Viscount Gage, when first a widow, was only seventeen, beautiful and rich; she was courted by her three husbands, Sir George French-ard, Sir John Gage, and Sir William Hervey, at the same time; and to appease a quarrel that had arisen respecting her between them, she threatened her everlasting displeasure to the first that should be the aggressor—which, as she had declared her preference for neither, by balancing their hopes against their fears, stilled their resentments against each other; adding, good humoredly, that if they would keep the peace and have patience, she would have them all in their turns, which, singularly enough, did happen.

BLOSSOMS AND FRUIT.—Upon the sight of a tree full-blossomed, Hall says: "Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms; it is not possible that all these should prosper; one of them must needs rob the other of moisture and growth. I do not love to see an infancy over-hopeful; in these pregnant beginnings one faculty starves another, and at last leaves the mind saps and barren. As, therefore, we are wont to pull off some of the too frequent blossoms that the rest may thrive, so it is good wisdom to moderate the early excess of the parts or progress of over-forward childhood. Neither is it otherwise in our Christian profession; a sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will not, at the last, fill the lap with fruit."

Written for the Journal.

THE PROPOSED TEN HOUR LAW.

Mr. Eborac:—Relying always upon your warm sympathy and ready co-operation in every good cause and just, I therefore solicit a small space in your Journal, through which to invite the attention of the voters of Woburn to the importance of a Ten Hours Law; a law not only regulating and defining the hours of labor necessary to constitute a legal day's work, but one prohibiting all manufacturers, their agents and officers, in any corporation, from employing any person more than ten hours in any one day. In favor of such a law primary meetings have been held in various towns and cities in this Commonwealth in years preceding, as also the present year, pledging their support; conventions held, at which spirited and able addresses have been read and adopted; petitions from many of the industrial interests in life, numerously signed, have gone up to the Legislature, and elaborate minority reports, together with a bill, have been submitted to the house, but hitherto has failed to receive its sanction. Here then we rest, as all rest presupposes labor, with our prayers unanswered, and our grievances unredressed, awaiting a new and untried field of operation. And shall we falter in our undertaking, because hitherto success has not crowned our efforts? or ought we not rather with increased zeal, and united and concentrated action, carry our cause directly to the ballot box? then and there can we be heard, our influence felt and acknowledged, and our demands responded to.

Inasmuch, therefore, as this subject will be presented for our consideration on Monday next, without distinction of parties, a few remarks in relation to its claims upon our attention and action, will not, I think, be regarded as inappropriate at this time, than which one more opportune may never occur. Party feelings and prejudices have somewhat subsided, or are so much intermingled and associated, that no distinct party action can, or ought to be had, on this question, hence we may reasonably infer that all parties will be willing to award long deferred justice to the working classes, by the enactment of a ten hours law, conformably to the laws of our Creator. That the Legislature has a constitution right to pass such a law, may be inferred from the fact that the same principle is already recognized and written on our Statute book, which says minors under 12 years of age shall not be employed more than ten hours in any one day. The Legislature of Maine, with a constitution similar to our own, in 1848 passed a law not only making ten hours a legal day's work, but also forbidding corporations employing minors under 16 years of age, more than ten hours in any one day, upon a penalty of \$100 for each and every offence.

Great Britain also, in this matter, set us an example worthy our imitation, in requiring the hours of labor in any one day to ten, and the results are mostly satisfactory, not only to the employees, but also to the employers, inasmuch as there has not been a reduction of wages, as predicted by the opponents of the short hour bill, neither in the products or dividends of the corporations, but in many instances a marked improvement in both. Above all other considerations, is that of the visible improvement of the health, intelligence and happiness of those compelled to labor for a subsistence, in rooms above a healthy temperature, but poorly ventilated, if at all, (from the cupidity of owners,) inhaling the vitiated air, together with the floating particles of cotton, oil, &c., always being disengaged.

Who is there in favored America, whose sympathy and aid cannot be elicited in favor of toiling, and in many instances of oppressed humanity? and who would not gladly ameliorate and elevate the condition, not alone of the factory operatives, but of all those daily and excessive toil is essential to sustain life; and which labor, if moderate and of shorter duration, would actually become a blessing to him so employed, when in accordance with the evident designs of our Creator, so as to afford time and disposition to exercise and develop all our faculties, in obedience to the laws of our organization, which is alternate exercise, recreation, and rest. This requisition of our physical, intellectual and moral natures, in totally incompatible with the present long hour system, where men and women, (too much like animals) are held to service from 12 to 17 hours a day, and are not only deprived of many of the comforts of life, but life itself is naturally abridged, health impaired, and happiness, our beings end and aim, is denied us. If to this life and generation alone all the evils justly complained of in reference to factory operative, and none the less so of those in the different trades, professions and occupations in our populous towns and cities, were confined, and no perpetuation ensured, we find consolation in the fact that disease and death would be the only penalty for the violation of our physical natures, but when we consider that the impaired health and broken constitutions of so many prospective parents inevitably transmitted to their offspring, then must we admit that this subject is to us all of the highest importance, not only to the present, but to future generations. Let us all believe and realize the truth, both laborer and employer, that this world is arranged on the principle of supremacy of the moral sentiments and intellect, (and not as too often practically affirmed, on the dividend and animal supremacy and intel-

lectual inertia;) "then in the various duties of life; in an active interest in the advancement of individuals and society, we duly exercise our various powers of perception, thought, and feeling, and promote the health of the corporeal system, invigorate the mind itself, and experience the highest mental gratification of which a human being is susceptible, in having fulfilled the end and object of our being, in the active discharge of our duties to God, to our fellow men, and to ourselves.

A reduction of the time devoted to manual labor would give tone and vigor to private and public enterprises, and I confidently believe no pecuniary loss would be sustained by the capitalist, but great good would accrue to all concerned, and especially to the operative, who, with more time, would naturally select their boarding places in less populous, and more airy and healthy locations, with ample time to take their meals and not retard digestion, for want of time to masticate their food, and from over exercise and anxiety; they would also form themselves into associations for social and intellectual improvement, have an opportunity to attend evening lectures on the various sciences and subjects which now occupy and interest the public mind, and devote a portion of each day to the cultivation of the moral sentiments. Under the short hour arrangement in England, wages have not only been sustained, but in some places advanced; the quantity and quality of the products improved, and dividends increased. Such is the general testimony of many individuals and firms in New England, who have voluntarily established ten hours as the measure of a day's work. The history and progress of the Mechanic's Lien Law, is a beacon light of encouragement to us enlisted in this enterprise, in this as in that; although often repulsed, yet never disheartened, and through our unceasing importunities and labors in this righteous cause, we must ultimately triumph.

In many places in this State meetings have been held, at which resolutions have been passed and constitutions signed, pledging their members, irrespective of party, to vote only for Senators and Representatives to the General Court who are not merely passive, but active and efficient friends of the Ten Hours Law. Although in Woburn we have no formal organization on this question, let every voter who is a friend to the working classes see to it, that his suffrage is not unworthily bestowed on any man who is not a known and tried friend of this great reform. Woburn, Nov. 4, 1852. L.

BENEFITS OF EXERCISE.

As a man is a compound of soul and body, he is under an obligation of a double scheme of exercise, and as labor and exercise conduce to the health of the body, so do study and contemplation to that of the mind; for study strengthens the mind as exercise does the body. The labor of the body frees us from pains of the mind, and this it is which makes the poor man happy. The mind, like the body, grows tired by being too long in one posture. The end of diversion is to unbend the soul, deceive the cares, sweeten the toils, and smooth the ruggish edges of life.

As the body is maintained by repletion and evacuation, so is the mind by employment and relaxation. Difficulty strengthens the mind as labor does the body. Life and happiness consist in action and employment.—Active as masculine spirits, in the vigor of youth, neither can nor ought to be at rest. If they dober themselves from a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion or pursuit. As the sweetest rose grows on the sharpest prickles, so the hardest labor brings forth the sweetest profits. The end of labor is rest; that brightness is the rust of labor is to idleness, idleness is the rust of the mind and the inlet to all misfortune.—Diligence is the mother of virtue.

When it is known, says Plato, how exercise produces digestion and promotes healthiness and strength, there will be no occasion to enjoin the use of exercise by a law, or to enforce an attention to it on the candidates for health, vigor and personal charms.

HOW TO GET A DINNER.—A day or two in a fashionably dressed young man went into an eating house in Brattle street, carrying under his arm what appeared to be a box, very carefully enveloped in a six-penny newspaper, and seating himself at one of the tables, and placing the box at his side, called upon one of the attentive waiters to furnish him with the requisites for a good dinner. These he disposed of in a manner that showed he knew where he was well served, while it indicated that he must have taken an exceedingly early breakfast. Having finished his meal, he walked up to the "captain's office," deposited the box on the counter, fumbled in his pockets, twirled an elegant watch-key, and exclaimed with great earnestness, "I declare I have no change—I have some business in the street, and will leave my box in security till I come back, when I will pay you." This the accommodating proprietor could not refuse, and the stranger walked out, with a polite bow and an affable smile. Supper time came, but the stranger did not, and the proprietor had the curiosity to open the mysterious bundle, which was found to be a cigar box stuffed with carpet-rags! That man has kept a sharp eye upon people carrying bundles ever since.

A SELF-MADE MAN.

In the year 1836, a young man, a mechanic, came to this place seeking employment as a journeyman. His trade was a tinsmith; he brought a letter of introduction to a citizen of this place, who interested himself in his behalf, and succeeded in getting him employment at his shop. He was without means, but by extending him he was enabled to open a small shop, where industriously work, trade, and adding a few articles of hardware to the stock of his shop, he did a small, but prosperous business in Milwaukee. By industry and economy he was soon enabled to extend his business very much, and finally became an importer of hardware. A few years of prosperous business made him independent. He then gave the superintendence of the business to others, and spent a couple of years in travelling; visiting England and other portions of Europe. He afterwards returned and purchased a valuable property in Madison, the Capital of Wisconsin, which he has rendered still more valuable by erecting extensive mills, and making other judicious improvements.

He has at different times been solicited to accept of positions of trust and honor, but has uniformly declined, giving strict attention to his own private affairs until he accumulated a fortune. His integrity and well established reputation for good business habits have now brought him a first-rate fortune, but political preference, and a distinguished position among the magistrates of the country. We have sketched a portion of the history of Mr. Leonard J. Farwell, the Governor of Wisconsin.—Lockport (Illinois) Telegraph.

LEAVING HOME.

I can conceive of no picture more interesting than one which might be drawn from a young man leaving the home of his childhood, the scene of all his early associations, to try his fortune in a distant country, setting out alone for the "forest." A father on the decline, the down-hill of life, gives his parting blessing, invoking the best gifts of heaven to rest on his beloved offspring, and to crown all his efforts with complete success. Tears gush from his eyes, and the words are forbid utterance. A kind, affectionate mother calling after him as he is departing from the paternal abode, and with all the dangers to which he is about to be exposed rushing into, and pressing upon her mind, she says, "Go, my son—remember that there is a right and a wrong way." Her advice is brief. Language is adequate to the expression of the feelings that there crowd on the mind of a virtuous child. Every reader has a case of this kind, and many have been the subject of one in respects similar. Here may be found eloquence more touching to him to whom it is delivered than the orations of Cicero or Demosthenes.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT—LOSS OF LIFE.—As the express train which left New York on Saturday morning for this city was passing over the bridge across the Canal and Connecticut River, a rail gave way, and the three last cars ran off, breaking up the tracks and tearing up the road. The last car ran into the Canal, in about twelve feet of water, and was literally broken in pieces. It contained eighteen or twenty passengers, two of whom were stunned and drowned. They were returned to California, and supposed to be brothers named Parker. A number of others were more or less injured, but none, it is believed, fatally. The two returning Californians told a passenger before the accident, that they were returning home unexpectedly, and intended to surprise their wives.

The track is so badly broken up that the cars cannot pass either way. Passengers are transferred from one set of cars to another. At the last accounts, they were drawing the water

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1852.

AGENTS.

NEW YORK.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Esteemed Friends.—There is much to commend in your poem; we always admire pure sentiments in poetry, and think yours will be appreciated; the lines are too long for our columns. Your request will be complied with.

Friends.—We are much pleased to add your name to our list of correspondents. We have a high opinion of your power of "Aspiration of a Lonely Spirit." The pile on our table is getting large, and our friends must be patient.

H. A. K.—Thank you for your beautiful lines; they will find a response in many a Christian heart.

S.—Ask me many questions about the late election. We must refer him to the political papers—in which he may find answers to his questions; whether they be true or false, is not for us to say.

Mary.—You will be offered to you, and others, to form a library, and other objects of your inquiries will, no doubt be answered there; go and take your friends, and aid in the good cause.

Excuse.—A very good shot, and will drive dull care away! "The Man of Courage" will appear soon.

J. A. G.—Your lines on the death of "Daniel Webster" are excellent, and are evidence of talent which should not be hid under the bushel. We ask for more.

FIRE.

On Wednesday night, at a little past 11 o'clock, a fire broke out in the old building on Main Street, just above Young's Hotel, and in less than an hour the building was entirely destroyed. The house was occupied by Irish families, and some of the occupants barely escaped with their lives; one woman and her husband were obliged to jump out of the attic window,—by so doing the woman broke her arms, and was severely injured; the man was somewhat hurt. It is almost a miracle they were not killed.

The engines in town were on the ground, and the engine from Winchester came up to render assistance, but fortunately there was no wind, and the fire was prevented from extending itself further, by keeping Mr. Trull's building opposite well moistened with water. It was truly providential that there was not a high wind at the time, for with the scarcity of water that exists in our midst, it would have been a difficult matter to have prevented an extensive conflagration; but we can soon breathe easier, for we are to have some large reservoirs built for the use of the town, which will greatly add to the security against fires.

We are glad to learn that the sufferers by the fire are being cared for by our citizens, who are liberally making them donations of clothing, and other articles they need. Mr. N. Wyman, Jr., has his store a subscription paper, for the purpose of aiding them, and we hope those persons who desire to contribute will call in, and add their names to the list of contributors.

The origin of the fire is unknown; it was reported by some that it took from the chimney. Mr. John Reed, who was coming down Union Street as it broke out, says that two men passed him running fast, but he did not take particular notice of them, suspecting nothing at the time. We hope nothing will transpire to lead any one to suppose it could have been the work of an incendiary.

LYCEUM LECTURES.

The course before the Lyceum will commence next Wednesday evening, in the Orthodox Vestry, at 7½ o'clock. The Committee have been fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Gannett, of Boston, to deliver the opening Lecture, and we are happy to learn that the Doctor is to give us his celebrated Lecture on NEW ENGLAND. This Lecture was given in Cambridge, on the occasion of opening the new Atheneum building, at that place, and deservedly ranks among the very best that can be delivered.

We suggested to our readers last week the importance of early procuring tickets, and we hope this season's course of Lectures will be fully attended, as we think the list of Lecturers, and the low price for tickets, leaves no excuse for any persons not attending. We hope this matter will receive the early attention of our citizens, as it will be necessary for the Committee to decide soon whether, from the sale of tickets, they can feel authorized to engage other Lecturers.

Our readers will see a notice of the Tea Party, in another column, to be held in the Town Hall, next Tuesday evening; the object—most worthy one—is to raise funds to aid the refugee slaves now in Canada. The attractions presented to induce every one to attend, besides the opportunity to do good, are all sufficient to draw a crowded house, and we hope the benevolent ladies who have undertaken this matter will not be disappointed in the result. Let all go, and they will be sure to get "their moneys worth."

We refer our readers to the communication on first page; it was written before the election, but received too late for insertion. We have given it as received, without erasing the remarks relating to the election, as our readers can readily understand the meaning.

The object of Phrenology has been presented to our citizens the past week, in a course of six lectures, and the best course that has ever been delivered here on that subject. Mr. Townsend deserves the thanks of our citizens for the instruction he has given them; he has left a lasting impression on many minds. We are glad to hear that he visits us again in

TOWN MEETINGS.

Proceedings of Town Meetings, Nov. 2d, 552. Presidential Vote.

Pierce and King, 319.

Hale and Julian, 193.

Scott and Graham, 97.

Whole number of votes cast, 609.

(We will publish the rest of the proceedings of this meeting next week.—Ed.)

Proceedings of Town Meeting, Nov. 8th, 1852. Governor's Vote. No. of ballots 611.

Horace Mann of Newton, 248; Henry W. Bishop, of Lenox, 225; John H. Clifford, of New Bedford, 136; William L. Garrison, of Boston, 2.

Lieutenant Governor. Whole number of ballots 610.

Amasa Walker, of North Brookfield, 240;

James D. Thompson, of New Bedford, 261;

Elisha Huntington, of Lowell, 107; Silas Lampron, of West Boylston, 2.

Senators. The whole number of ballots, 616.

Josiah G. Peabody, of Lowell, 347; William Claffin, of Hopkinton, 343; Daniel W. Gooch, of Melrose, 348; Edward Thorndike, of Charlestown, 314; John B. Fletcher, of Westford, 344; Obidiah W. Albee, of Marlborough, 345; Benjamin Adams, of Chelmsford, 100.

George W. Warren, of Charlestown, 130;

Sanford B. Perry, of Medford, 101; Winthrop E. Faulkner, of Acton, 130; Allen Cummings, of Dunstable, 130; Samuel D. Davenport, of Hopkinton, 101; James C. Abbot, of Lowell, 163; Gorham Brooks, of Medford, 163; John Henshaw, of Cambridge, 130; Joseph Barney, of Newton, 163; James Francis, of Wayland, 130; E. F. Perry, of Holliston, 130; J. G. Abbott, of Lowell, 2; Elbridge Trull, of Woburn, 2; Joseph Fuller, of Framingham, 2; Reuben Lock, Jr., of Stonham, 2; Caleb Wakefield, of Reading, 2; Asa G. Sheldon, of Wilmington, 2.

For Representatives to Congress, from old District No. 4.

John A. Bolles, of Winchester, 231; Charles C. Hazwell, of Concord, 98; Lorenzo Sabine, of Framingham, 112; James Russell, of West Cambridge, 126; John G. Palfrey, of Cambridge, 3.

Representative to Congress from District No. 7.

John A. Bolles, of Winchester, 233; Nathaniel P. Banks, Jr., of Waltham, 115; Luther V. Bell, of Somerville, 108; Gorham Brooks, of Medford, 121.

Yea and Nays on the Constitutional Convention. Yea, 427; Nays, 141.

Votes cast for Town Representative. Whole number of votes, 609; necessary to a choice, 305.

Joseph Dow, 317; Joshua C. Converse, 202; Horace Conn, 82; Scattering, 8.

Meeting dissolved. W.

We call especial attention to a notice in another column, for a meeting to be held after the lecture on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of considering the project of forming an association, having for its object a great public enterprise. The object in view is an excellent and most important one, being closely connected with the best interests of our town, and we hope to see the matter taken hold of in earnest.

Our views have been often expressed on this subject, and we will forbear saying more at present, desiring to see and know whether, in such an enterprise of this character, our town is so much behind the times, as is sometimes asserted by certain persons. Let all the friends of old Woburn, both ladies and gentlemen, remain next Wednesday eve, and take part in forming the association.

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WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The elections have passed, and people are settling down to business again.—We cannot complain of the weather, for we have had many days of Indian summer.—268 cars came over the Fitchburg Railroad, 248 cars over the Lowell road, last week, loaded with cattle, sheep, swine and fowls, for the Cambridge cattle market; they contained 2337 cattle, 9,982 sheep and lambs, 1614 swine, 11 horses; 2200 hogs sold for 6 to 64 cents per pound.—City of Louisville Kentucky, contributed \$205 at the polls on election day, for the Washington Monument.—A large planing Mill was burned in Spencer last week; the work of an incendiary.—A female dressed in men's clothing attempted to vote at the late election in New York.—New York City contributed \$1500 to the Washington Monument fund on election day; Buffalo contributed \$316; New Haven contributed \$171; this is a good beginning.—President Sparks of Harvard College has resigned.—Counterfeit \$5 on the Ocean Bank, Stonington, Ct., are in circulation.—A passenger on the steamer Forest City, running on the Wabash river, was robbed of money and jewelry to the amount of twenty thousand dollars.—The ten hour law is fast gaining advocates.—\$10 dollar counterfeits of the M-ranch's Bank Boston are in circulation.—The loss by fire in Boston for the year ending September 1st, was \$492,819.—Bills on the Naumkeag Bank, Salem, altered from one to ten, are in circulation.—A pedlar's horse, coat and stock was stolen in Boston, while the owner was absent making a trade.—Boston has become quite a place for thieving.—A valuable horse and chaise was stolen in Boston last Saturday while standing at the Fitchburg depot.—Deaths in Boston last week 66.—Mr. A. Bradford, of Turner, Maine, hung himself with a trace chain, last week.—Mr. W. S. Roberts' cottage house in Lowell, was burned last week.—A shipping house in Ohio has shipped the past season 405,000 pounds of butter to California; it cost in Ohio 12½ cents per pound.—No fires have occurred in Charlestown since September 1st.—Over one hundred certificates of marriage were issued in Boston last week, —More arrests of persons in Boston charged with receiving stolen property.—The Yellow fever at the South is nearly abated.—Bills of the Old Chelsea Bank, which failed some years since, have been lately put in circulation; people should look out sharp for these frauds.—Ohio sends 2 farmers, and 1 carpenter to the next Congress.—Advices from Mexico state that country to be in a very unsettled state, and the government in great fear; troubles are apprehended.—Gold has been discovered in the Island of Demarara; a quantity amounting to \$145,000 had been gathered, and increasing in abundance.—The health of Charleston, S. C., is completely restored, so say the physicians.—The Hon. Myron Lawrence, died at his residence in Belchertown, last Sunday, aged 53.—The population of the state of New York, according to the census returns, 3,097,353; of which 558,062 are of foreign birth. There are 313,111 Irish, 118,398 Germans, and 47,200 British Americans.—A special train on the Connecticut River Railroad, ran 51 miles in 57 minutes, with the returns of the late election—60 cases of yellow fever in New Orleans last week, and 26 from cholera.—A splendid clipper ship of 1190 tons, was launched at Medford last Tuesday for the California trade.—The first annual fair of the Ladies' New England Association, at Amory Hall, Boston, is now open; we advise all our fair readers to go and see it.—The sum of \$569,036 is required for school purposes in New York City, in 1853.—The Hon. Abbott Lawrence has been tendered a public dinner by the citizens of Boston which he very properly declined.—The India rubber shoe factory, in Malden was damaged by fire on Tuesday morning.—A large iron foundry, in Pittsfield, was destroyed by fire, with other out buildings last Sunday morning.—326 deaths in New York last week.—A new clipper ship is being built at Medford called the "Sea Fox;" a very poetical name.—30,000 miles are usually sent to market from the State of Kentucky.—A locomotive engine contains 5,416 pieces, all required to fit like a watch.—Arrivals from Mexico bring reports of an expected revolution; the affairs of state are very unsettled; some are for recalling Santa Anna.—Arrivals the last week from Europe bring nothing worth noting; peace and prosperity seems to reign throughout Europe.—Our elections having passed, people are getting quiet, and business is resuming its usual course.—Many buildings are being erected in Woburn.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS.—The number of handsome buildings that are being put up in the city give great promise of the future extent and magnificence of its limits. In almost every ward, there are in rapid progress large, spacious fireproof warehouses, built in the most secure and durable manner—calculated to bear, with out injury, all the attacks of that most fatal of all elements to California—fire. And they are, invariably, being built on a generous plan; not pinched and crowded in their capacity, nor stilted in their arrangements, but as to accommodate a large business, and allow ample room for its transaction.—*California Paper.*

ROYAL ROAD TO WEALTH.—We take the following almost incredible story from a New York paper:

A short time ago, a young man, clerk in a house in San Francisco, having \$5000 to spare sent it to China and invested it in rice. He sold the cargo (to arrive) at 22 cents per pound, and made the handsome sum of \$37,000 by the operation. The purchaser was a Chinaman, and it so happened that the cargo arrived the very day after it was purchased. The Chinaman made \$65,000, therefore on its bargain.

The large sum of \$102,000, therfore has been cleared on an investment of 5000.

THE MIDDLESEX EAST DISTRICT MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The Middlesex East District Medical Society held its annual meeting at the house of Dr. William F. Stevens, in Stoneham, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 3d. The following gentlemen were elected officers of the Society for the ensuing year:—Dr. William F. Stevens, of Stoneham, President; Dr. Alonzo Chapin, of Winchester, Vice-President; Dr. Truman Rickard, of Woburn, Secretary; Dr. Augustus Plympton, of Woburn, Treasurer and Librarian; Dr. S. Watson Drew, of Woburn, Auditor; Dr. B. Cutler of Woburn, Dr. E. O. Phiney, of Melrose, and Dr. J. D. Mansfield, of South Reading, Censors; Dr. W. F. Stevens of Stoneham, Dr. Horace P. Wakefield, of Reading, and Dr. S. Watson Drew, of Woburn, Counsellors.

The influence of this association has thus far been highly salutary. The physicians of the several towns, embraced within the limits of the society, have met frequently for the interchange of views in matters pertaining to their daily employment, and for the cultivation of a better acquaintance with each other. These meetings have done something, also, toward rooting out a low and sordid spirit of jealousy, far too prevalent in our profession, and the promotion of honorable conduct in the intercourse of physicians in matters both private and professional. In these days, when empiricism and pretension are attracting attention by noise and show, it becomes the members of a learned and liberal profession to unite firmly and heartily in disseminating the principles of truth and correct practice, based upon the immovable foundation of reason, common sense, and sound science. Let them labor for this, and truth must and will ultimately triumph over the numerous humbugs, that are becoming inflated almost to bursting.

THE PLUMES.

THE WEATHER.

Thursday, November 4.—Generally overcast during the forenoon, afternoon and evening quite clear and very fine; wind S. W., in the early part of the day, afterwards W. and N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 37; 2 P. M., 18; 10 P. M., 35.

Friday, November 5.—The sky had a gloomy and Novembris look, and the air felt snowy and chill; wind before 9 o'clock W. then N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 33; 2 P. M., 14; 10 P. M., 33.

Saturday, November 6.—Nearly clear in the morning; overcast after 10 o'clock. Commenced raining moderately about 8 P. M.; night very dark; wind until 11 A. M., N. W.; afterward easterly; thermometer at 7 A. M., 22; 2 P. M., 43; 10 P. M., 33. This was the coldest morning thus far during the autumn. There was a difference of 10 degrees between this town and Boston, there the thermometer only fell to 32.

Sunday, November 7.—The rain continued through the night and until 8 A. M., after which it was misty until 2 P. M., cleared away during the afternoon, and the evening was very bright and fine; wind in the morning S. E. after 10 o'clock W. and N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 42; 2 P. M., 49; 10 P. M., 40.

Monday, November 8.—Clear and very fine through the day, evening partially overcast; wind W. and N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 35; 2 P. M., 50; 10 P. M., 35.

Tuesday, November 9.—Partially clear in the morning until about 11 o'clock, then overcast with strong symptoms of a storm; wind in the forenoon N. N. W. and N., afternoon Easterly; thermometer at 7 A. M., 32; 2 P. M., 45; 10 P. M., 36.

Wednesday, November 10.—Alternately clear and cloudy; wind N. and N. N. W., evening clear; thermometer at 7 A. M., 32; 2 P. M., 44; 10 P. M., 30.

Roofs of buildings and other objects present a white appearance early in the morning resembling a heavy frost, but it was occasioned by a slight fall of snow.

November thus far has been rather less gloomy and harsh than usual. The grass is yet green and some hardy plants still show signs of vigorous life.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852.

soon have looms in order for making cotton cloth, which will be preferred here to northern manufacturers. This factory, when completed and in full operation, will consume 1500 bales of cotton per year, or 5 bales per day, and give employment to a large number of hands. I have not been informed whether the operatives are from the north; there is no fear from the climate of Georgia, as the interior of the State is healthy, at all seasons of the year; the low lands on the sea shore, with many of the rice and cotton fields, are sickly. Savannah has suffered severely this season, but is usually quite healthy.

There is quite a sensation in this Southern country about Mrs. Stowe; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is pronounced a complete fiction, and all the sober, reasonable class of society are lead in condemning it. They say it has been got up to make money, and to mislead people as to the real question of slavery; her pictures of slavery are not taken from actual life, but are drawn from imagination; many of the scenes in which she represents the acts and doings of slave masters are directly against the slave laws, and of course cannot be true, and many say that her representations of the good qualities and fine feelings of the slave, if true, are better qualified to redeem the south from slavery, by the slaves themselves than all the other influences of our good abolitionists together; they think that the "sober second thought" of the people will widely condemn this book. I of course only give you opinions as they are expressed to me. I have not read the book, not having any time as yet to spare; when I can find time to do so, I may give you some few thoughts of my own, as I have had a good opportunity to see much of slavery as it now exists in this Southern country.

The weather is delightful, you have no idea what a beautiful climate this is—it is warm, but steady and pleasant as our Indian summer; there are no sudden changes from heat to cold, no raw east wind to pinch the nerves, but one clear, steady, beautiful Italian sky, and cheerful matter.

I do not suppose you would thank me for any remarks on politics, your *Journal* being neutral would not look well with party items, and therefore I will not enter that field, but only remark that Daniel Webster is here considered the great statesman of the age, and when I hear his name mentioned, I feel a pride in my native New England.

I shall remain here until the fever has left Charleston, and then return there, where I shall remain during the winter, and you may occasionally hear from me. J. E.

THE LIQUOR LAW IN RHODE ISLAND.—The House of Representatives of Rhode Island has rejected, by a vote of 49 to 14, a bill to repeal the Maine Liquor Law, passed at the last session.

CALIFORNIA COAL.—We learn from one of our San Luis Obispo friends, that a vein of coal has been discovered on the rancho of San Simeon, in that county, belonging to Don Toyoy Pico, and situated within a short distance of the sea.

CALIFORNIA SALT.—We were shown yesterday a sample of beautiful rock salt, the produce of Lower California. As far as we are able to judge it is a very superior article, and will no doubt bring a fair price.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The opening Lecture before the Lyceum will be given next Wednesday evening, Nov. 17th, by the Rev. EZRA S. GANNETT, of Boston, at the Vestry of the Orthodox Church, to commence at 7 o'clock.

NOTICE.

A MEETING of persons favorable to forming an association for literary purposes, will be held in the Vestry of the Orthodox Church, immediately after the Lecture before the Lyceum, on Wednesday evening, the 17th of November, at 7 o'clock. JACOB W. WESTON, Chairman.

NOTICE.

THE Committee on Reservoirs are requested to meet at the Selectmen's Room, on Monday evening, November 14th, at 7 o'clock. JACOB W. WESTON, Chairman.

NOTICE.

ONE of the Philological Lectures, a black silk vest, will be given at the Town Hall, on TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 16, 1852.

The Public generally are invited to attend, and thus secure to themselves a pleasant entertainment, while at the same time, the profits of their cup of bleeding to the poor Refugees in Canada.

ADMISSION 24 CENTS. Doors open at 6 o'clock.

ENGINE NOTICE.

THE Members of the Engine Company, Nos. 2 and 3, are requested to meet on Park Street, on Saturday, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, for inspection and drill.

JACOB WEBSTER, Chief Engineer.

MARRIAGES.

There are moments in this fleeting life When every pulse beats *low*, and the soft air Is full of fragrance from a purer clime."

In Medford, Nov. 4, by the Rev. Joseph H. Clinch, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. Daniel. Also at the same time, at an place, Mr. James W. Deloria to Miss Elizabeth McCarthy, all of this town.

The printer acknowledges the receipt of a magnificent slice of the wedding cake.

DEATHS.

"And what's a life? the flourishing army Of the proud summer meadow, which to day Wears her green plash, and is tomorrow dry."

In this town, Nov. 3, Susannah Tufts, aged 69.

Nov. 5, Warren Cummings, aged 25 years 9 months.

Nov. 5, Wm. H. son of Daniel and Mary M. Gilman, aged 2 years 6 months.

Nov. 9, Dennis Devlin, aged 1 year 6 mos.

Nov. 10, Mrs. Elizabeth Jaquith, of Boston, aged 24.

Nov. 12, James T. son of James and Mary Newcomb, aged 11 months.

TO LET.

A TENEMENT on Pleasant Street. Enquire at this Office nov. 6.

WOBURN HIGH SCHOOL.

THE Examination of school children will take place at the Woburn School room, in District No. 1, on Friday, the tenth day of December next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

PERSONS interested, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to attend.

THE examination of candidates for admission into the High School, will take place at the High St. and room, on Saturday, the 27th instant, at 11 o'clock, P. M.

By order of the Superintendent, School Committee.

JOSHUA F. CONVERSE, Chairman.

Woburn, Nov. 13, 1852. 3w.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The Partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the firm of Martin & Burton, is thus dissolved, by mutual consent, on the 6th inst. The affairs have all been settled.

MARTIN & BURTON.

The undersigned will continue the Partnership, in the name of MARTIN & BURTON, in the same place, and hereafter to merit a share of public patronage.

Painting, Glazing, Paper Hanging, Graining, and Whitewashing, done in the neatest manner.

ALLEN MARTIN.

Woburn, Nov. 13, 1852.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

THE Officers of the LYCEUM give notice that they have arranged for a Course of Lectures the coming season, commencing WEDNESDAY Evening, Nov. 17th, and to be continued each succeeding Tuesday evening, to be given in the Vestry of the Orthodox Church.

The Officers of the LYCEUM will be the following Lecturers:—

REV. E. D. HUNTINGTON, Boston.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT, Miford.

Mrs. E. PIERPONT LEDGERNIE, Boston.

REV. J. C. DODWELL, Framingham.

REV. STOWE, Boston.

REV. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, Providence.

MR. OSGOOD JOHNSON, Woburn.

MR. WARREN BURTON, Cambridge.

MR. JAMES A. FOYLE, Woburn.

REV. R. C. WATERSTORF, Boston.

Season Tickets, 50 cents each, will be issued during the coming week, and will be for sale at the various stores; single tickets, 12 cents each, will be for sale at the door.

JOHN EDWARDS, GIO. M. CHAMPNEY, JOHN A. FOYLE, N. WYMAN, Jr., Committee.

Woburn, Nov. 3d, 1852.

READY! READY! READY!

Clayton's Rheumatic CURE.

WARRANTED a sure cure for the Rheumatic, and all nervous Ailments, and Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and Tooth-ache, and all Bilious Complaints, and it will cleanse the Blood of Humans of all their invincible medicine has been before the public for some time, and has been thoroughly tested in its treatment in all the above mentioned diseases, and highly recommended to those who have derived benefit from its use, as well as by physicians who have used it with success in the treatment of their patients.

From the most testimonial evidence which may be seen at the office of the proprietor, in Randolph, we select the following:—

JOHN C. WARREN, M. D., Boston.

CERTIFICATE.—The following certificate is from Prof. Sturtevant, of Amherst, who writes:—

The undersigned having occasion to employ Mr. J. Frederick Foster, of Boston, in making and fitting Trusses to the relief of herma, takes great pleasure in recommending him to the favorable notice of such persons as may be interested in such a service.

Mr. Foster is well acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments and ingenious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur. He is called upon to reconstruct and repair such instruments as his skillful brethren, and to the public as a person well fitted to supply their wants in regard to those important articles.

JOHN C. WARREN, M. D., Boston.

CERTIFICATE.—The following certificate is from the proprietors of the RHEUMATIC CURE, (manufactured by Mr. W. E. CLAYTON, Randolph,) is composed and from their well known safety and efficiency, excellently recommended for Rheumatic complaints.

E. A. ALLEN, M. D., Randolph, July 13, 1852.

Randolph, 10th ult. Sole Agent for Woburn, E. E. COOPER.

BEEF.

THOSE in want of Beef by the quarter, would do well to call on A. G. CARTER, Woburn, Nov. 13. ff.

LION BOOTS.

JUST received from the factory, a case of the celebrated Lion Calf Boots, a superior article at the store of nov. 13 ff AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

STARCH POLISH.—Tillotson's celebrated starch polish at oct. 30 ELLIS & CO'S

COLLECTOR'S SALE, FOR TAXES.

JUST received from the factory, a case of the celebrated Collector's Sale, for Taxes.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Wednesday, the 29th of November, next, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

At the Woburn School, in the County of Middlesex, so much of the Real Estate, (situated in said Town,) belonging to the following Resident of Woburn, and Woburn, and to the heirs of the same, as may be assessed thereon for the year 1852, and all legal costs and charges.

Said resident, Real Estate, and Taxes, are as follows, viz: REAL ESTATE of Charles R. Williams, Taxes paid, Town Tax, School Tax, State Tax, in District No. 1, 29, A portion of Land, with the buildings thereon situated in the eastern part of said Woburn, being Lot A, 60, on a plan of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company's, and being Lot A, 61, on said plan, one hundred and seven feet, east and west, by a street eighty-seven feet, west and seven feet, being a street one hundred and seven feet, south by a street eighty-seven feet, west by Lot A, 61, on said plan, one hundred and seven feet, and being Lot A, 62, on said plan, eighty-seven feet, east by a street one hundred and twenty-seven feet, and said street one hundred and twenty-seven feet, east and west, by Lot A, 63, on said plan, one hundred and seven feet, east and west, being a street eighty-seven feet, west and seven feet, being the same described in a Deed recorded in the Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book 638, page 516, if taxed, and all legal charges shall not be paid at or before said time of sale, so much of said Real Estate will then be sold as shall be sufficient to pay the same.

EDWARD SIMMONDS, Director of Taxes Woburn, October 30th, 1852.

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POETRY!

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.
A bachelor sat by his blazing grate,
And he fell into a snore;
And he dreamed that o'er his wrinkled pate
Had been thrown the nuptial rose.

And a rosy boy came to his side,
And bounded on his knee,
And back from his beaming face he shook
Fair curls, in childlike glee.

Then clear rang out his merry voice
He shouted loud, "Papa,
I don't love any body else
But you and dear mamma!"

Oh, the father's heart o'erran with joy,
So long by love unit,
And from its unseen depth poured out
Affection infinite.

Outstretching arms, of strength unshorn,
He hugged—*the old house out*,
Which, as 'twas wont, when master slept,
Had leaped upon his lap.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive."

Agricultural Progress of California.

The farmers in the Pajaro, Salina, and Pamaro valleys, and the rich lands of Santa Cruz, are making extensive preparations for the cultivation of wheat next year, and we have little doubt when this enterprising spirit extends itself over the State, California in five years will raise all her own breadstuffs, and thereby stop the great drain from our shores of gold, increase the value of land, reduce the price of living and interest of money—in fine steady and adjust our convulsive and distracting financial system on a moderate and permanent basis.

The men who now settle in the country with their families, and raise for themselves homes in the valleys of this beautiful land, will undoubtedly, with steadiness and industry, realize all reasonable expectation, at not one quarter of the expense, labor and ill health experienced in the fever-scorched swamps and wilderness of the Mississippi, with their steaming and stinking alluvial deposits. The great advantage of California and the west coast of North America is the volcanic nature of the soil and dryness of the air, with but little exception; while that of the Atlantic and Mississippi is alluvial, with muggy and impure air. High prices, a healthy climate, and labor competing with capital on equal terms, will bring the surplus population of the world to the Western slope of the American continent and the islands of the Pacific, in a comparatively short space of time. And all patriotic Californians will indulge in the noble and prophetic spirit of Bryant—our nation's first poet—when he says:

"The vanguard of the Sons of Men withdraw
Toward the great Pacific, marking out
The path to Empire. Thus in our own land
Ere long the better genius of our race,
Having encompassed earth and tamed its tribes,
Shall sit him down beneath the farthest West,
By the shore of that calm Ocean, and look back
On realms made happy."

Thus spoke the first of living poets of the English language in the year 1827, and how strangely, we may add, is it becoming realized every day. The Anglo-Saxon and Spanish races have met on the distant shores of this continent, and we may say also, on the continental islands on the eastern edge of the Pacific. The fate of these people have been commingled on this hemisphere since the days of Columbus and Cabot, and the new theatre of the world's dispute is now removed to a new and fresh field, whose spectators in Asia number hundreds of millions, and the master spirits but a few hundred thousands. It is almost impossible for us in California to realize that but four years have elapsed since the birth of a mighty epoch which is quickly influencing the population of our globe, and changing every relation of human life; and which will undoubtedly, more than anything else, tend to equalize and humanize the condition of our race. Such was the opinion expressed by the celebrated French *savon*, Dufreny, on receiving news of our discovery of gold in 1848—*San Francisco Herald*.

Property Statistics of Monterey County, California.

We have been favored by a friend with the following rough abstract of the statistics of this fine agricultural and pastoral county, taken from the assessors' books:

Amount of acreage of private land, 770,750, valued at \$457,023. Improvements on the same, \$73,634. Town lots valued \$203,703. Personal property \$363,703. Total valuation \$1,403,110. The private lands (in round numbers) may be estimated as follows: land in actual cultivation, 6,000 acres; land fit for the cultivation of grains, fruit and vegetables, 300,000 acres; pasture lands, 464,000 acres. Millions of acres of the forest mountain pasture lands fit for the raising of stock of all kinds, are yet belonging to the government.

Of stock (in round numbers) there are as follows: ranch cattle, 2,009; tame oxen, 300 yoke; mules, 304; tame horses, 700; mares and colts, 2,000; sheep, 1,000; hogs 500.

While the people of the mountain and valley counties of the North have been suffering from excessive heat, and fevers, dysenteries and other diseases, the health and temperature of this county has maintained its ancient standard of great salubrity and mildness. We are informed on credible authority that the number of deaths from natural causes, in that county, has not exceeded twelve within the last twelve months. Monterey escaped entirely in 1850 the scourges of Cholera.

SHEEP.—Our Colorado correspondent writes that 28,000 sheep crossed the Terry the week previous to his writing. These sheep belong to one drove, and are owned entirely by New Mexicans, making (with Coomb's 14,000 and

Lopez's 4,800,) upwards of 46,000 which have been brought into California from New Mexico during the present season.

LETTERS.—A correspondent of the *Star* writing from Los Angeles, gives the following interesting information:

Twenty-eight thousand sheep crossed here this week, an incident hardly worth notice, save for the fact of its having developed our old friends the Yumas. They were about to attack the sheep party in the junction on the morning of the 25th, when Major Heintzelman came down upon them unawares with ninety-four men. The Indians said they had eight hundred, of five tribes, Yumas, Mohaves, Apaches, Tontos, Papagos and Cuchanos. Be that as it may, they showed fight, and were about rushing into Heintzelman's force, when his men lost all control, charged bayonets upon them with a hurrah as put the savages into a panic. I have been told that the soldiers only fired three shots. One Indian was killed, and one wounded. Two soldiers were wounded with arrows. The Indians broke and were pursued about six miles on a run, when they rallied on the side of a large plain, and proposed a conference. This was acceded to, and they professed a desire to make peace at once. It is said a treaty will be made with them in a few days, when their chiefs, who have not yet stopped running, can be brought in. Meanwhile they go daily into camp with the utmost confidence, and renew their acquaintance with the old soldiers. They are a fine looking race of fellows, full of fun, and up to all sorts of devilry. Hooper says they spend lots of money at his store in trinkets and cottons. Probably they have made large sums of money out of travellers through this region. They have only to go into the woods a quarter of an hour to find where, in olden time, they had "cached" their cash.

To WHIPPING MOTHERS.—A little boy yesterday tumbled into the dock. A sailor sprang in and brought him out again, about half dead with fright and excessive drouths of salt water. When he recovered from the shock, he began to sob and cry most pitifully. He was assured that he was not hurt. "I know that well enough," said he, with a fresh burst, "but mother said she would lick me if I got drowned, and I know she'll do it, for she always does."—[Day Book.]

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.—Those who think that in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly or gaudily, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true femininity beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robed of its true effects by being overdressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloading beauty.—She stern simplicity of the classic tastes is seen in the old statues, and in the pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius.—In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies have ever excited more admiration. So, also, the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the hues of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess.

LETTERS.—Aunt Biddy, I've run all the way to bed you'll sew up these great holes in my old trowsers, before I go to school. I was the laughing-stock of the boys both yesterday and this morning."

"I'll do it, child; but why take so much trouble—why not get your mother to do it,—Cathie?"

"Cause she hasn't time. Yesterday she was at the 'Dorcas Sewing Society,' and this morning she went to the Orphan Asylum!"

CHINESE FILING THEIR DECLARATIONS TO BECOME CITIZENS.—Two intelligent Chinamen Tong Achich and another, who speak English fluently, filed their declaration before Judge Lake yesterday, to become citizens of the United States. Several shrewd Chinese capitalists are largely engaged in extensive merchandise operations here. They speculate with a keen appreciation of the chances, and many of them have made large profits. The Chinese purchaser of the rice by the North Carolina will clear a hundred per cent, on his purchase. This has excited the rivalry of others of his countrymen, and one of the leading Chinamen has inscribed his name as a subscriber on the books of the Merchants' Exchange, so that he may have full access to all the materials by which to be guided in his future speculations. What will our Atlantic friends think of a Chinaman on "Change?"

REMEDY FOR THE POTATO ROT.—Mr. E. C. Roberts, of Plymouth, Wayne County, Michigan, professes to have ascertained the cause of, and a certain cure for the potato rot, and asks the public to compensate him in case he shall prove his success. He says he has raised five perfect crops of potatoes, increased their size, and flavor, and has full confidence in his theory.

RAT STORY.—A Scottish journal tells the following:

A friend of ours lately received a package containing a few bottles of salad of the most savory kind. A few days after he found, to his surprise, that a small opening had been made in the bungs of the bottles, and a portion of the contents of the latter extracted from each. None of the holes were made large enough to admit either the head of a rat or a mouse. Determined to ascertain who the delinquents were, he secreted himself one night in the corner of the room, and soon a fine glossy rat made his appearance, approached the bottles, inserted his tail, drew it out gently, cleansed that member with his mouth, and thus germinated the pearl. And is it not, or may it not be even so with troubles and afflictions in our case? We, too, may turn even sickness and sorrow into pearls of great price.

TRUE.—Love, the plague, and the small pox, are often communicated by clothing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EFFICACIOUS CHASTISEMENT.—A most exemplary wife had the misfortune to wed a husband who, shortly after their marriage, became almost a sat. He was not a hard-hearted, nor an unjust man, but, like numerous others, could not resist temptation, and whenever asked to drink, had not the moral courage to say "no." His wife, whom he really loved, expostulated and reasoned, until he promised never to take liquor again; but as soon as thrown into company, his resolutions were forgotten, and he fell into his old degrading habit. She wept bitter, bitter tears, and began to despair of ever weaning him from his monstrous vice, especially as she had implored one of his false friends in vain not to lead her husband into evil company. Regularly, however, the corrupting associate called, and, despite of her tears, solicited her husband to visit such and such a place. The infatuated man could not resist, and went, and came in a beastly state of intoxication.

The wretched woman, wrought to frenzy by the seeming ruin that awaited her, determined upon some plan to free her liege lord from the importunities of his deceitful companion. One night, while her husband was asleep, she heard the well-known footstep and knock at the door, and, opening it carefully, with a stout horsewhip in her hand, and seized the unwelcome visitor by the hair of the head, and inflicted upon his body a chastisement of the most severe character. As soon as she released him he ran off, and has never since returned to sow thorns in the domestic *parterre* of her once peaceful home.—Her husband was so impressed with her strength of mind and courage, that he resolved to be as much a man as she, and has since been abstemious and happy.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

NO. 6.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

"Oh Death, what art thou? a husbandman, that respect always, out of season as in season, with the sickle in his hand."

HE'LL COME NO MORE.

Written on the death of Mr. Warren Cummings, and affectionately inscribed to his bereaved widow.

How short a time since thou, a young bride entered Upon the varied, checkered scenes of this short life; With all thy young heart's love so strongly centred, On him who fondly call'd thee by the name of wife.

But he will come no more, though thou mayst listen, The sound of those dear footsteps once again to hear; He'll come no more, though tears of love may glisten Within thine eyes; no more thou'll meet him here.

He'll come no more. That heart, once fondly beating, Has ceased to beat, and now lies cold and still in death. That manly form is in the cold grave sleeping, Faded, like flowers that wither at the north wind's breath.

No more those eyes will beam with sweet affection, No more those lips to thee will whisper love; But be thou not overwhelmed with sad dejection, He's happy now in that bright world above.

He'll come no more, but thou to him art going, Soon wilt thou meet him on that blissful shore— Where bitter scalding tears no more are flowing, And sighs and partings are known no more.

And there, with bright wing'd seraphs circling round thee, Their music echoing o'er the heavenly plain, While friends that dearly loved earthward surround thee, May thou at last with thy dear husband meet again.

ELsie, THE PEASANT GIRL.

North Woburn, Nov. 1852.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

BOARDING-SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.

Many years since I attended a boarding-school taught by a maiden lady whom I will designate by the sobriquet generally bestowed upon her by her scholars,—"Miss Tabitha Screw-Mouth." The good lady was a tall, lean, spectral-looking personage, and was rendered still more so by her dress, for she had a strong dislike to all innovations, and professed to think the modern style of dress extremely ridiculous. She generally wore a stiff black cambric dress, the sleeves of which fitted so nicely that she could scarcely bend her elbows, and the skirt of which was guiltless of all plaits and gathers; a stiff lace ruff around her neck—a little close crowned cap, which made her long visage ridiculous enough, and very high-heeled shoes, with pointed toes, which were very useful in preventing her from coming upon us unexpectedly, as they were audible at a considerable distance. Unfortunately, her mouth had the appearance of a very strong disposition to communicate some very important information to her right ear, and thence this her nickname of "Screw-Mouth," and this was still more apparent when she was in a passion.

There was about a dozen of us, and she taught us what she knew of geography, arithmetic, and writing, though her own knowledge was by no means extensive. We played numberless tricks upon her, some of which I will relate.

As all who have been, or are school girls will allow that "school is a hungry place," but this Miss Tabitha firmly denied, both in precept and in practice. She seldom gave us enough to eat, though she took excellent care of herself, and we all unanimously declared that it was past endurance, when after our breakfast of mouldy or sour bread and weak tea, over which the milk pitcher and the sugar spoon had been shaken for forms sake, and with due care not to subject the contents to the attraction of gravitation; we saw Miss T.'s table, in her inner sanctum, where she refreshed herself after mortifying our appetites, loaded with all sorts of "good things." I volunteered one day to find the key to her closet, where I knew she kept such dainties as never gladdened our sight, except in the dim distance; and while she was occupied in scolding one of our number for some minor offence, I with a beating heart loosened the strings of her red and yellow calico reticule and secured the prize. I ran off delighted to relate my success, and Miss T. did not suspect us, though I heard her muttering about "the plaguy things going off nobody knew where. We waited impatiently for the night, and after Miss Tabitha had retired to rest, and all was quiet; three of us arose silently, took a candle which we had in readiness, and stole softly down the stairs, posting our number, as sentinel, to give the alarm, if she should hear Miss T. coming. We were in such haste that our candle was extinguished, and alas! dear reader, in those days friction matches were among the things yet to be—but we determined not to go back. After groping about some time, to the danger and detriment of our countenances, (the most prominent feature wherein suffered severely, as the deponent can testify, being, from nature's prodigality, peculiarly liable to catastrophes of that sort,) we succeeded in unlocking the closet, whence issued an odor far sweeter, in our estimation, than gales of Arabys the brest, and thereupon we entered. But, while groping about in the dark, my hands came in contact with something so cold, so chill, I shuddered even now at the recollection!

I uttered a piercing shriek, and rushed out of the closet, half frightened to death, to inform my companions. One of them, more cour-

ageous than the rest, went to the fire-place, and succeeded in finding fire enough among the ashes to relight the candle. We returned to the scene of action, and found that I had only immersed both hands in an enormous punkin pie! But now we heard Miss T. calling Polly, the servant girl, and each of us seizing what we could, returned to our chambers, where much mirth was excited by our stay.

And now let me say one word for myself.—Let no one accuse me of cowardice for risking such a clamer about nothing. It is no joke for a person exploring the unseen recesses of a dark closet, with the fear of detection, feeling a little conscience-stricken, and an indefinable sort of dread from the stillness of the midnight hour. I repeat, it is no joke for a person in this situation to plunge both hands into a cold squash pie. Let no one ridicule my fright, who has not fairly tried the experiment, but I'll wait for the trouble before I give up tears."

The next day our venerable preceptress, with a woe-begone visage, informed us that "she was awakened the preceding night by a piercing shriek, and while she listened in breathless terror, she heard a rushing sound on the stairs, and then all was still again.

That it must be a judgement for our many misdeeds, and moreover there was strange work in her pantry. That the ashes and brands were scattered about the kitchen, and it was her firm belief that she had been visited by spirits. But," observed Miss T., very sagaciously, "I never knew before of a ghost that took anything to eat. The next day we were visited by the minister and deacons, who came for the purpose of "laying the ghost," as was the custom in that remote place, and as my was supposed, it never re-appeared.

We ate our stolen provisions in bodily fear, for as sure as we were busied in discussing them, clatter-clatter would sound the high heels just at hand, and one would seize a loaf of cake, another the sweet-meats, and vanish speedily by the most speedy means which were available. We made only one other attempt, and by daylight, when we narrowly escaped detection by hiding in the charcoal bin; entering it with white dresses, they were

SELECTIONS.

PESTMENTS--NOT TROUBLES.

The word is not in Webster, but very likely it is in your house; or if not there, it is in your personal history, written on many pages. We once called on a lady who had just received news that her husband's long whaling cruise was likely to prove a failure. Her three small children were sick with the measles. The butcher had run off without paying for her pigs, and a late fire had damaged her furniture. Coming in and learning the whole chapter of misfortunes, we condoned with her remarking that her troubles had come like a troop, all at once upon her.

"Troubles," said she; "these are not troubles—these are pestments. When William, or one of my little ones dies, then I shall see trouble. These troubles make me nervous, but I'll wait for the trouble before I give up tears."

In our meet friend's sense of the word, the world is not so very full of trouble, after all—Nine-tenths of the annoyances that look like troubles, are only wholesome experiences, with solemn masks on. If you look afraid, the little rascals will torment you with their long faces, till you get close to them: yes—the scamps!—if you shrink off they will keep face to you as they pass by, and dropping their blessing by the way, go scowling out. A brave bearing toward them sets them to laughing so heartily that they expose themselves. But there are troubles, real troubles enough, as all the children of men have discovered. Death, and those sorrows which follow the wake of sin,—they are regular breakers. You cannot laugh, frighten or reason them away. But there is a panacea even for them, constraining afflictions into joys, working all sorrows together for good.

But of these, nothing now. We treat of pestments. Like mosquitoes, they come most frequently upon those least able to defend themselves. Yet all are subject to their attacks. How can they be averted?

By keeping busy. At the court within us, only one suitor can plead at once. Keep the honest tasks of the day before the mind, and these vagrants, after a while, become discouraged and slink away.

By keeping them to ourselves,—giving them no air;—by treating them as we treat children when their clothes are on fire—rolling them in the blanket till the fire is smothered. Or, if it is impossible to do that, call in a trusty friend. Set the thing in its length and breadth before him. Separate from it all that is distinct in reality, and very possible, if your friend is judicious, it will lose half its terrors simply by reciting it. Seen clear of all that assisted to make it formidable, you may feel disposed to laugh it off—it seems so punie and harmless.

But no, in spite of all your efforts, it wakes you with in the morning, and stands by your pillow at night. It obtrudes itself at your meals, spoiling your appetite. It shrieks in your ear, and becoons to you while you sleep. It is a ghost. Well, you know how to treat ghosts. March boldly up to it. If he is a sham, and no real ghost, tweak his nose, and send him about his business. If genuine, get him to tell you what he is after. Perhaps he is after something. If he only wishes to remind you of some old sin, promises him, on your honor, that you will do so no more, and do as you promise, and he will let you off. If he is making all the trouble about some body else's sin, remind him of SUREN'S ALLEN's maxim, that "your character cannot be essentially injured, only by your own acts." Make friends with him, and you will find him very gentlemanly. Ghosts are not such unreasonable things as is generally supposed.

But this is really the most serious little thing that ever afflicted you. Ah! Is it than, when a youngster, you fired into a flock of sheep, and, to your dismay, not unsuccessfully? Greater than when you had a blow-out with your land-lady, and a law-suit on you, that would get it into the papers? Greater than the careless trick that brought the ridicule of the whole village, and a law-suit on you, that squeezed fifty dollars out of your very lean purse? Greater than when ALICE, after the cooling off of a very slight flirtation, threatened to prosecute for breach of promise? You laugh; but you did not laugh then for four weeks. And did she ever withdraw her threat, or did you settle it? No. You outgrew that, and if this is never plucked out, you will outgrow this. You remember the old buttonwood before your father's door, how by degrees the iron staples in it were grown over, and are in the heart of the old tree yet, unbarming it. Pluck up, my dear fellow; the days have winged feet and shoulders. Look out well for your business, and when a little while hence, you look around for this awful trouble, it will be as far past recalling as the day itself.

Ah! but this interloping trouble intrudes everywhere. You have thrust it under several times, and thought it drowned, when up again it came, threatening to live endlessly to torment you. My dear fellow, your digestion is disordered. Take a blue pill to night, and a Seidlitz in the morning. Get an additional hour of sleep for several nights. Work the bile out of your eyes, and the gloom aspect of things will marvelously change.

Possibly it is a real swashng trouble.—Well, then, be a philosopher for once, and rejoice that you have something to consume your petty annoyances. A good, rousing,

radical trouble is as serviceable to dispel the vapors of the mind, as is a thunder-storm to clear the sky. Like a plaster of flies on your side, when shooting pains continually trouble you, it absorbs all the minor pains into its own. It is bitter to the taste, but it will cure you of scores that were becoming chronic.—Bear the blister, and when it heals, you will be well of them all. Have patience, and believe that you will be the better for the experience. The advice is good, we know—though we confess we never could follow it ourselves.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.

One morning there was a little girl sitting on the door steps of a pleasant cottage near the common. She was thin and pale. Her head was resting on her slender hand. There was a touching expression in her sweet face, which the dull, heavy expression about her jet black eyes did not destroy.

Her name was Helen. For several weeks she had seemed to be dozing, without any particular disease; inconstant in her attendance at school, and losing gradually her interest in all her former employments. Helen had one sister, Clara, a little older than herself, and several brothers.

This day she seemed better; but something her sister had said to her a few moments before gave that expression of sadness to her face, as she sat at the door of the cottage. Clara soon came to her again.

"Helen," said mother say so?"

"Clara," said she. "Yes, she did. You are well enough, I know, for you are always sick just at school-time. Get your bonnet, for I shan't wait."

Helen got up slowly, and wiping with her apron the tear that had just started in her eye, she made her preparations to obey her mother's command.

Now Clara had a very irritable disposition. She could not bear to have Helen receive any more attention or sympathy than herself; and unless she was really sick so as to excite her terrors, the never would allow that she was sick at all. She had determined not to go to school alone this morning, and therefore had

persuaded her mother to make her sister go with her. In a few moments they were both ready. Their dinner had been packed in a large basket which stood in the entry.

"Helen," said Clara, "I've carried the basket every day for a week; it's your turn now."

"But it's twice as heavy now," said Helen, "I can't but just lift it."

"Well, I don't care," said Clara, "I've got my geography and atlas to carry; so take it up and come along—I shan't touch it."

Helen took up the basket without saying another word, though it required all her little strength, and walked slowly behind her sister. She tried hard to keep from crying, but the tears would come as fast as she could wipe them off. They walked on thus, in silence, for about a quarter of an hour. Clara felt too much ill-humour to take any notice of her sister. She knew she had done wrong, but was too proud to give it up, and was determined to "hold out;" excusing herself by thinking,—well, Helen is always saying she is sick, and making a great fuss. It just good enough for her. When she had reached the half-way stone, she had half a mind not to let her rest there, as usual; but the habit was too strong to be easily broken, and she sat down suddenly to wait for Helen to come up.

The broad flat stone was shaded by a beautiful weeping willow, and around the trunk of this tree ran a little brook. It would seem as if the beauty of this place must have charmed away the evil spirit that was raging in Clara's breast—but no! This cool shade brought no refreshment to those evil passions. She sat down suddenly till Helen came up, and then commenced to scold her for being so slow.

"Why don't you come along faster, Helen? You will be too late to school, and I don't care if you are; you deserve a good scolding for acting so!"

"Why, Clara, I am very tired, my head does ache, and this basket is very heavy; I do think you ought to carry it the rest of the way."

"Do give it to me, then," said Clara, and she snatched it away from her with such violence that the cover came off—the apples rolled out, and fell into the water, the gingerbread followed, and the pie rolled into the dirt. It has been truly said that "anger is a short madness," for how little reason have those who indulge in it. Helen was not to blame for the accident; but Clara did not stop to think of this. Vexed at having lost her dinner, she turned and gave her sister a push, and then walked on as rapidly as possible.

Clara was entirely overcome; she could only weep; and as she stooped to kiss her sister's white lips, the child drew her still nearer. It was a long embrace—then her arms moved convulsively, and fell by her side—there were a few struggles—she gasped once or twice—and little Helen never breathed again.

Days, weeks and months rolled on. Time had somewhat healed the wound which grief for the loss of an only sister had made. But it had no power to remove from Clara's heart the memory of her unkindness. She never took her little basket of her dinner to school, nor passed the half way stone, without a deep sigh, and sometimes a tear of bitter regret. Children who are what Clara was, go and be now what Clara is, mild—amiable—obliging and pleasant to all.

Clara could not play with the girls as usual. Her heart was full, and she was very impatient to be once more by her sister's side. O, how eagerly she watched the sun in his passage around the school-house; and when at length he threw his slanting beams in through the west window, she was the first to obey the joyful signal, and books, paper, pen, ink and slate, instantly disappeared from her desk.

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Clara did not longer on her way home. She even passed the half-way stone with no other notice than a deep sigh. She hurried to her sister's bedside, impatient to make up by every little attention for her unkindness—Helen was asleep. Her face was not pale, but flushed by a burning fever. Her little hands were hot; and as she tossed restlessly about on her pillow, she would mutter to herself, "stop, stop," and then again beg her not to throw her to the fishes.

Clara watched long in agony for her to awake. This she did at last, but it brought no relief to the distressed sister and friends. She did not know them, and continued to talk incoherently about the events of the morning. It was too much for Clara to bear; she retired to her own little room and lonely bed, and wept there. By the first dawn of light she was at her sister's bed-side, but there was no alteration. For three days Helen continued in this state. At the close of the third day, Helen gave signs of returning consciousness—recognized her mother, and anxiously inquired for Clara. She had just stepped out, and was immediately told of this. O! how joyful was the summons.

She hastened to her sister, who at her approach looked up, and smiled; the flush in her cheek was gone, and her face was deadly pale. Clara was entirely overcome; she could only weep; and as she stooped to kiss her sister's white lips, the child drew her still nearer. It was a long embrace—then her arms moved convulsively, and fell by her side—there were a few struggles—she gasped once or twice—and little Helen never breathed again.

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A Teacher in a Sunday school was lecturing a class of little girls on the influence of pious instructions in the formation of youthful character. "Ah, Miss Caroline," said he to one of the class, "what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?" "I suppose sir," answered Miss Caroline, "I should have been an orphan."

NEVER TOO LATE.—It is never too late to do right; as, for instance, a gentleman in this city began the study of grammar, after he had written for the press ten years. It is never too late to get married; Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, took her first husband at five hundred and eighty.

It is never too late to drop any bad habit; James, the novelist, wrote six-nine volumes, before he could shake off his "Solitary Horseman." It is never too late to be a "wide-awake" character; an old gentleman who has ceased to read the political journals, has entirely recovered from the sleepiness that used to afflict him.—*Yankee Blade.*

WOBURN RECORDS

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Carter Margery, d. of Samuel and Margery, b. Jan. 19th.

Burdeen Paul, s. of James and Mary, b. Apr. 6th.

Simonds Benjamin, s. of Benjamin and Abigail, b. June 1st.

Tatman Henry, s. of Henry and Eunice, born Mar. 6th.

Reed Joshua, s. of Ralph and Mary, b. June 1st.

May 9th

70
15
160
900
2400
2150
500

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1852.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“MAY RITCHIE.”—We would be pleased to receive that new “Tale” when convenient. Your lines of poetry are received, and, as usual, are very good—please place them here.

“CIVIL.”—Your caution should put our citizens on their guard; there are, no doubt, thieves and robbers lurking around in our vicinity, and we hope our vigilant officer will ferret them out.

“ICHARD WINEGAR.”—Typo was a little ahead in No. 4, but, he says, “many a man counts his chickens before they are hatched. Your remarks about ‘Mass. Anti-Slavery’ will, no doubt, attract his attention. Your good opinions of ‘Eliza, the Peasant Girl’ is a correct one.”

“HERMIT.”—Our old friend will excuse us this week as we are short of room, and have quite a pile on our table.

“L. D.”—We have duly considered the propriety of admitting your article, and must decline it; strong allusions are, by many, considered personal, and such communications may lead to unpleasant feelings; they may popular in large cities, but in small communities, where we are familiar with all, it is not advisable to open a field for personal controversy. L. D. will fully understand our meaning.

“LA PLUME.”—We have read your article with attention; it is well written, and will have an early insertion. Your commendations of the Journal, and manifest literary improvement of its contributors, are received with pleasure; we think, our young poets deserve praise. We note your remarks about receiving the Journal earlier—we have been short of hands, and could not get it out in time formal.

HOME.

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

Reader, we are again with you in the domestic circle; we admire to be there, because we consider it the only spot on earth where we can find and enjoy those charms and pure feelings which surround these domestic scenes, like the heavenly circle spreading its beauty around the noonday sun.

“It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Conforts and virtues never known beyond
Its sacred limits.”

How many endearing ties and how many beautiful associations are comprised in that ever to be cherished name of Home! No one, perhaps, knows its real value until they are deprived of it; if driven from it by necessity, or lost by some of the unforeseen vicissitudes of fortune, the heart feels all the bitterness of woe, and becomes almost desolate; the wanderer from his native home never loses the impressions of his early years—they are the guiding star of his future life; if the impress is from lessons and examples of parents, who knew the responsibilities of their charge, and who practiced in every day life those moral principles which alone can carry us with credit through this glorious world, then there is happiness to be derived in the contemplation of the past, and in that one word, home, the mind revels in all the enjoyments which flow from memory; then the future opens to us like the maturing rose, in its purity and beauty. There may be thorns to obstruct us in our progress, but the sure foot-steps of a christian life, will subdue them all.

Who has not visited the old homestead where he lived in his early years. On every side he meets with objects which remind him of the golden days of youth. There hangs the “old oaken bucket” over the familiar well curb; there stands the well recognised barn, upon whose oaken doors the flail sounded the sweet music of the beaten sheep, while the remembered husks of the golden corn told of the harvest home; there are the weeping willows still shading the grave of an honored parent or beloved relatives; the green meadow—the orchard—and then the wistful look for that revered family room wherein the annual meeting of the household gathered for an old-fashioned Thanksgiving. All these are cherished by those who know the value and retain the beautiful impressions of home.

“They cottage homes, New England,
How beautiful they stand,—
Amid the green wood trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.”

Now, kind reader, if you have taken upon yourself the responsibility of a parent, let us impress on your mind the importance of your duties and your examples in the domestic circle, at your own fireside; it is from this sacred spot you are rearing human minds, which are to go out into this wide world, bearing on them the strong impress made by you in teachings and examples, and their future existence will feel the good or evil resulting from those impressions; home will be a delightful sound or a shuddering thought.

These are no idle thoughts; they come home to us all, and are well adapted, at this approaching season of the annual Thanksgiving, to remind us of our duty; these every day familiar fire-side gatherings cannot be referred to too often; they serve to strengthen the domestic ties, teach us our obligations to each other, and in our own sacred dwelling make it a pleasing task to learn our children those moral and virtuous principles which adorn a christian life.

We are sure our readers will unite with us when we speak of the joyous gatherings of families at the festival of the New England Thanksgiving. The bountiful spread of the old table, the well-fed turkey, the pumpkin pies, the puddings, and all the best rarities which the old farm affords, and above all, the mother's affection in arranging the chairs; the extra tart and figured pies prepared for the absent, who are expected to come, like the gathering of the rich sheaf of harvest, at the happy home, diffusing joy and comfort to all around.

All these we feel will be enjoyed in New England at the coming annual festival, where

family incidents of the past year will be related in language coming from the heart; some may present the sunny side of life—others of sorrow. Our earnest wish is that every chair may find an occupant, and each moment of a mother's affection may find its intended object, and all may know and duly appreciate the happiness of a New England home, and feel grateful to our Creator for his goodness and mercy.

These thoughts are interrupted by a still small voice asking—“What is the Thanksgiving day of the poor?” While in the enjoyment of associations of kindred and friends; while the table is spread with the bounties of heaven, and our hearts are made glad by the greetings of long absent relatives, and the gay and ardent feelings of children are bursting forth in youthful passion around the home, let us not forget the poor.

The cold, unfailing charity of the world makes many a bleak heart and an unspreadable table. How pleasant it is on such a day to make the cold fireside warm with charity! one dash of joy, bursting down the paled cheek of the poor, drawn by an act of charity, is like the sparrows which never fall to the earth without its heavenly father's notice.

“Thy free, fair homes, New England,
Long, long at freedom's call,—
May hearts of native proof be reared,
To guard each hallowed wall.”

MILITARY FUNERAL.

Mr. Sumner Young, who was buried on last Wednesday, was a member of the Phalanx, and in accordance with his own wishes and request, they turned out in full numbers, and he was buried under arms with full military honors. The Company formed at their Armory, and we noticed as delegates from other Companies, who acted as Pall-Bearers, Lieuts. Ellis and Brown, of the Charlestown Navy Guards; Lieuts. Smith and Bates, of the Cambridge Guards; Lieuts. Gardner and Whitney, of the Winchester Guards; and Capt. Dyke and Lieut. Gould, of the Stoneham Light Infantry. There was also present a large number of military friends from other towns in this vicinity, also many of our citizens. The Hearse was tastefully decorated, and this, with other arrangements, was under the supervision of Mr. D. D. Hart. The procession was quite an imposing one, and moved to the Cemetery, where the body was deposited.

Mr. Young has thus passed from our midst, while yet in the prime of life, one well known to all, as an active citizen, and it whispers to us a lesson of the uncertainty of life, and of the necessity of keeping in view our end. We publish a series of Resolutions from the Phalanx:—

“Armory of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Nov. 16th, 1852.”

At a meeting of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, held this day, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:—

“Resolved, That the Members of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx learnt, with deep regret, the death of Sumner Young, an officer of said Company.”

“Resolved, That in Lieutenant Young we recognised an intelligent, enterprising and respected citizen, a sincere, warm, and social friend, and a prompt, efficient, and popular officer.”

“Resolved, That while, for ourselves, we lament the death of a worthy member of our Company, we offer to the family of the deceased our sincere condolence for the great and irreparable loss which they have sustained.”

“Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased.”

“A true copy, Attest:

A. S. WOOD, Clerk.

“Had it not been for the benevolence of our enterprising friends, E. & L. Cooper, we should not have been able to get out our paper this week at all, for our press broke down, (a very serious matter in a printing office) and we had about concluded to order new fixtures from Boston, which would have delayed us 2 or 3 days, when Cooper stepped in, and thro' his ingenuity, we got repaired, and did he not make any testimony in his favor, we could say he is in every sense a mechanic and a mechanist of the first order.”

“It will be seen that Mr. Bouteille has moved his residence, and our readers who desire to avail themselves of his services as writing teacher (and we hope they will be many) will call on him as directed in his advertisement in another column.”

“At the Lyceum Lecture of last Wednesday evening, part of the time was occupied in considering the subject of forming an association, having for its object the building of a new Hall, founding a literary Society and Library. Rev. Mr. Edwards made some appropriate remarks, and Geo. M. Champney, Esq., stated the objects of the meeting, and in some forcible arguments clearly proved the reasonableness of the scheme. Hon. A. H. Nelson, also, expressed an earnest wish that the matter might be taken hold of in earnest by our citizens.”

“After further remarks by other persons, all in favor of the plan, it was voted to leave the matter in the hands of a Committee, for them to examine, and report at a future meeting of the citizens of Woburn. The Committee appointed have already gone to work in earnest, and we hope soon to be able to give an account of the results of their labors. We fully believe that, after investigating the matter, it will be found that the project is a feasible one, and one in which all our citizens, who have the good of old Woburn at heart, can unite in, and we hope soon to see our Town improved by the erection of a neat and convenient Lyceum Hall.”

“We learn that a Young Peoples Union Prayer Meeting will be commenced on Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Vestry of the Orthodox Church. We hope it will be fully attended.”

ENGINE MEETING.

In accordance with the Engineers notice, last Saturday afternoon, Washington Company No. 3, and Veto Company No. 2, came out to try their Tubs; and after marching through some of our Streets, accompanied by our band, (who, by the way, did themselves great credit,) performed with their machines, and showed that they were well prepared to do battle at any time with the fiery element. After their work the companies proceeded to the Mishawam House, where they partook of a fine supper at about 6 o'clock, and we regret that we were unable to accept of the polite invitation extended to us to be present. We learn that the occasion was a very pleasant one, and a “feast of reason and flow of soul,” mingled with the other good things in good style; the company present numbered about one hundred and fifty. The occasion was enlivened, also, by a brilliant display of fireworks from Hovey's factory, and on the whole we suspect a pleasant gathering has not taken place in town for a long time, and when next they meet “may we be there to see.”

There was one providential circumstance connected with this affair, which we must not forget to mention. It seems that Capt. Richardson, of No. 3, had occasion to go up stairs to look at the chimney, when, to his astonishment, on looking into one of the closets, there was presented to his view a large assortment of stolen articles, such as silks, all kinds of dry goods, a hubba robe, a large cheese, and a jug of rum. The goods were soon overhauled, and it was found that some \$500 worth of articles were deposited there for safe keeping by some robbers; and since the supper it is ascertained that nearly all of them were stolen from John M. Seward & Son, of Natick, and the company have restored them to the owners, receiving the reward which has been offered for their recovery; as we said before, this was providential, and we are glad that these companies should be the means of dis-covering this nest of deposit.

Beware of Thieves!

There is reason to believe that this town has been visited by a gang of Burglars this week and it is important that our citizens should be on the alert; and by some caution, and great vigilance they may be detected.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1852. CIVIC.

“Our town ought to employ, at least, four good watchmen, whose duty it shall be to nightly go through the most thickly settled parts, watching for the many scamps who are now so plenty in the country.”

“We are glad to learn that the Ladies' Tea Party, on Tuesday night, was quite a successful affair, realizing a handsome sum for the benefit of the fugitives in Canada.”

“The opening lecture of the Lyceum on Wednesday evening, was fully attended. We are gratified to learn that more tickets have been sold, and the attendance was larger at the commencement for this course of lectures, than at any previous year; this is as it should be. It shows an improved and correct taste on the part of our citizens, and proves that they are ready to sustain the present course of lectures. Dr. Gannet, of Boston, gave the opening lecture, and pleased an attentive audience by discussing of Old New England times, drawing a vivid and interesting feature of our Pilgrim Fathers, of their principles, ideas and institutions, and giving some practical thoughts of value, and clothed in language of beauty. We wish our space would admit of giving a more extended notice of the lecture.”

“We are glad to learn that the Ladies' Hotel and entry thieves.—Carter potatoes are selling in New York for \$1.50 per bushel. The stamped envelope for the new Postage Law will be ready 1st of January next.”

“The state of Ohio was 50 years old on the 2d of November last.—The Cholera is still raging in the West Indies.—There are but two paintings in the President's house at Washington; one a full length portrait of Washington, the other of Bolivar.—John Sweeny fell into a kettle of boiling dye, at the Woolen Factory in Worcester, and is not expected to live.—A young man 22 years old, has been arrested at Riveshead, N. Y., charged with the murder of his father.—Look out for Hotel and entry thieves.—Carter potatoes are selling in New York for \$1.50 per bushel. The stamped envelope for the new Postage Law will be ready 1st of January next.”

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1852.

predicament in which we are at this moment placed. Never have the necessities of life been so high and scarce, and never before have we been able to pay such price as are demanded for them. We speak now of a nation, not of isolated districts. There is due a large fleet of vessels, which months ago cleared for this port, and they are laden with every description of merchandise which can contribute to the need or luxury of a civilized people.— That they will arrive, no man can doubt; but we begin to fear that if they do not come in very speedily, this winter will witness much suffering in our distant mountain districts.

HEALTH OF SACRAMENTO.—The weather during the past week, especially during the earlier part, has been cool and agreeable. But owing to the prevalence of west-north-west wind the simeon of our locality, for the last two or three days there has been rather an increase of sickness among us. We are happy to perceive, however, by Mr. Youman's report that the proportionate mortality continues to decline; and this gives us reason to hope that as soon as the present impure stagnation of the air is removed by a return of our refreshing southerly breezes, a more improved sanitary condition will obtain. *Union.*

A VALUABLE SPECIMEN.—THE GREATEST DAY'S WORK OF THE SEASON.—Mr. Wescott, of El Dorado county, exhibited to us yesterday a splendid specimen found on Spanish Bar, on the Middle Fork of the American. It weighs 85½ ounces, and is so nearly pure gold as to be worth the highest market price. Mr. John Bonser was the lucky finder. It was taken out within six inches of the surface, and where it was not more than eighteen inches to the bed rock. These diggings are famous for producing such lumps, several large ones having been taken out in 1850 by the Spaniards who first discovered them.

Mr. Wescott also informs us that those companies, which have succeeded in getting into the river, are generally doing well in that section, some of them exceedingly well. The Empire Company, working just above Spanish Bar, took out with ten men and three rockers on Thursday last, what was estimated by all present, at \$9,000 to \$10,000. It had not been weighed when Mr. W. left. It is the greatest yield for one day which has been reported this season.—*Union.*

SPECULATION AND PIETY.—We are very much afraid that the citizens of San Francisco are in danger of losing the character for piety which they have so deservedly held in past times. Splendid brick and stone edifices, for stores and private residences, are being erected in different parts of the city, but as yet the places of worship of all denominations are nothing but shanties, made of wood, galvanized iron or some other cheap material. It is said that preparations are being made to erect one or two fire-proof churches, but at the same time contracts are being made every day for brick and stone stores, hotels and theatres. This looks as if the people of this city were more addicted to speculation than piety.

WOBURN LYCEUM.—The next Lecture will be given on Tuesday Evening, Nov. 23, at 7 o'clock, in the Vestry of the Orthodox Church, by the Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, of Boston.

JOHN A. FOWLE, Secretary.

DEATH.—Mr. J. S. GANNETT, of Woburn, died on Saturday evening, Nov. 20, at 8 o'clock, in his 75th year.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

POETRY.

CORN SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.
Heap high the farmer's wintry board!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn pour'd
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass, and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew bright and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon,
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away its frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gifts,
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let rapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of sump and milk,
By homespun beauty pour'd.

Wher'er the wild old kitchen hearth,
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls.

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root.
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

AGRICULTURE.

*'He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'*

BARKBOUND TREES.

Some over-wise people have an idea that when a tree gets mossy and bark-bound—the latter another term for the want of growth and weakness, consequent upon neglected cultivation—it is only necessary to slit the bark up and down the stem with a jack-knife, and it will at once spread out and grow. This is sheer nonsense. Dig about and cultivate the roots, and the bark will take care of itself, with a scraping of the moss, and a washing of the stem with ley or soap suds, or chamber slops; which last is quite as good. The increased flow of the sap, induced by a liberal feeding of the roots, will do its own bursting of the "hide-bound" bark, which is simply its enfeebled condition as a consequence of its poverty of root. No one thinks of turning out a bony, half-starved calf in the spring into the clover field, with the skin on its sides all split through with a knife in order to add to its growth. But this last proposition is quite as sensible and philosophical as the other. Nature takes care of itself in these particulars. Sap in plants is what the blood is to animals. Its vigorous flow reaches every part of its composition, and gives to each its proper play and function. We can show frequent instances of a decrepid, shrivelled branch, by the throwing open and manuring of the roots, and a thorough pruning of the whole top, increasing from an inch to two inches in diameter in a single season; and without assistance it grew, bursting and throwing off its old contracted bark as freely as the growth of a vigorous asparagus shoot will develop itself during a warm shower in May. Such nostrums are only the invention of the head to the laziness of the hands.—Anonymous.

PRESERVATION OF PLANTS IN WINTER.

Some years since, the celebrated savant, M. Victor Paquet, communicated to the Horticultural Society of Paris, an interesting fact relative to the preservation of plants in the open ground, during winter. According to the rule presented by him, the branches are to be secured by tying them together, and, should circumstances render it necessary, which is indeed quite probable, two sticks are to be placed in the ground as supporters. Around the plant there should be deposited straw, haulm of buck-wheat, or refuse hay, and a sack or other covering thrown over the whole. To impart the desired efficiency to this protection, the whole mass should be thoroughly saturated with water to insure its freezing on the first advent of severe frost. The *rationale* of this theory is, that the severe frost will not admit, within the interior, a cold so intense as itself, and that the shrubs, plants, or trees, thus hermetically sealed, will, as a natural consequence, be completely and wholly preserved from its effects.

The surest way to baffle false reports, and disappoint those grovelling souls who raised them, is to despise them, and seem as though they had never reached you.

SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE.

Look at that wide valley, with its snow-clad summits at a distance on either hand, and its glassy river flowing cribbed and confined in the lowest bottom. Smiling fields and well-trimmed hedgerows, and sheltering plantations and comfortable dwellings, and a busy population and abundant cattle, cover its undulating slopes. For miles industrious plenty spreads over a country which the river formerly usurped, and the lake covered, and the rush tufted over, and bog and mossy heath and perennial fogs and drizzling rains rendered inhospitable and chill. But mechanics have chained the river, and drained the lakes and bogs, and clayey bottoms; and thus giving scope to the application of all the varied practical rules to which science has led, the natural climate has been subdued, disease extirpated, and rich and fertile and happy homes scattered over the ancient waste.

Turn to another country, and a river flows deeply through an arid and desolate plain—Mechanics lift its waters from their depths, and from a thousand artificial channels direct them over the parched surface. It is as if an enchanter's wand had been stretched over it—the green herbage and the waving corn, accompanied by all the industries of rural life, spring up as they advance. Another country, and a green oasis presents itself, busy with life, in the midst of a desert and sandy plain. Do natural springs here gush up, as in the ancient oasis of the Libian wilderness? It is another of the triumphs of human industry, guided by human thought. Geology, and her sister sciences, are here the pioneers of rural life and fixed habitations. The seat of hidden waters at vast depths was discovered here. Under her directions mechanics have bored to their sources, and their gushing abundance now spreads fertility around—Such are the more sensible and larger triumphs of progressing rural economy—such as man may well boast of—not only in themselves, but in their consequences; and they may take their places with the gigantic vessels of war, as magnificent results of intellectual effort.

DISEASED SWINE.

I am a farmer by occupation, and better qualified to hold the plow than the pen, but as my brother farmer solicits you or your readers to give the disease among his pigs a name and a remedy, I take the liberty, for his consolation and others, to call it the *Blacktooth*. The remedy is to extract them; the disease is not confined to any particular breed. I have different breeds, and none exempt by reason of the blood, as some whole litters are attacked with it, others only in part, and others not at all. The operation varies, sometimes it causes fits, oftentimes debility of limbs; sometimes the whole system is affected, at others loss of appetite, dizziness and shortness of breath.

I have had considerable experience this season as well as before, and have had no trouble after following the above directions.

HOLLOW HORN.—This troublosome and not unfrequently fatal disease may be prevented simply by putting a table-spoonful of spirits of turpentine in the cavity or hollow behind the horns, during the severe weather of winter and early spring. Liberal feeding and good protection, however, will, as a general thing, obviate the necessity of the foregoing application. It is rarely the case, indeed, that cows which are well kept and comfortably lodged become subjects of this disease.

An entirely new feature was introduced at an agricultural fair, held at Batavia, N. Y. Nine fair equestriennes, attended by their cavaliers, entered the ring, and competed for the honors awarded to the best horsemanship.—The first prize was a silver cup.

REMARKABLE SALE OF IMPROVED SHORT HORN STOCK IN OHIO.—A new importation of short horns, by the Scotio Company of Ohio, were lately disposed of at auction. The prices were unprecedented—not justified, says the Springfield (Ohio) *Gazette*, by any common sense estimates, whatever fancy breeders may say. Good judges and good breeders were in attendance. The bids averaged over \$1300—the whole sixteen bringing \$21,782. The highest price given was \$251. Mr. Alexander Waddle, of Clark county, purchased three of the best—Alderman for \$1100; Moss Rose, \$1200; Mary, \$1650. Though there were many bidders from Kentucky, not one was sold out of Ohio.

EDUCATION.—Every boy should have his head, his heart and his hand educated. Let this truth never be forgotten. By the proper education of the head, he will be taught what is good and what is evil, what is wise and what is foolish, what is right and what is wrong. By the proper education of the heart he will be taught to love what is good, wise, and right; and to hate what is evil, foolish, and wrong. And by proper education of the hand, he will be enabled to supply his wants, to add to his comforts, and to assist those around him. The highest objects of a good education are, to reverence and obey God, and to love and serve mankind. Everything that helps us in attaining these objects is of great value, and everything that hinders us is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head, and love in the heart, the man is ever ready to do good; order and peace smile around, and sin and sorrow are almost unknown.—*Blackwood*.

EDUCATION.—The best medicine in the world for most complaints is abstinence. Upon the first symptoms of disease stop eating and drinking, kiss your wife and children, take a pleasant book and remain quiet. If you have no wife and children, put your feet into a pair of soft slippers, make a good fire and take an easy chair by it, and dream of them in perspective. You have no idea how like a charm this prescription will work until you try it—and it isn't all in the "doctor books," either, good as it is!

For this little piece of medical advice we make no extra charge to our agricultural readers, seeing we are seeking their good in every thing!

ASHES.

Ashes, according to the most accurate analysis, contain a valuable proportion of sulphates, silicates, phosphates and carbonates of lime, with phosphates of potash, soda, lime and magnesia, together with certain other substances in smaller yet important quantities.—An accurate and critical examination of them also reveals the presence of a considerable quantity of imperfectly constituted carbonaceous matter, (charcoal). In ashes, therefore, the scientific reader will at once discover that we have all, or nearly all the materials of which some plants, and especially wheat, are composed. "It will seem," remarks a distinguished writer on Agriculture, "that ashes, mixed with the soil, will supply the quarter part of the distance of wheat." We are acquainted with several intelligent agriculturists who refuse to dispose of their house ashes on any terms. Formerly they were in the habit of selling them at a merely nominal price—about one shilling per bushel, and were glad to get rid of them at that rate, but now they are willing to purchase at twice that price.—As a stimulant for Indian corn, we consider ashes of a good quality, worth fifty cents per bushel. As an ingredient in the compost heap, they are an inestimable value, and also as a dressing for turnips, cabbages, beans, &c.—Even leached ashes are now bought up by farmers, and applied as a top-dressing to lands in grain and grass. They are also used with success as an ingredient in compost, and for giving increased energy to fruit trees. There is scarcely a single modification of vegetable life which is not essentially and powerfully benefited by their application.—*Norway Advertiser*.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

Resse's Medical Gazette, referring to the numerous cases of burns and scalds occasioned by steamboat explosions bursting of spirit lamps, &c., and their frequent fatal termination, says that nearly all the sufferers might be preserved from a fatal result, were it not for *mal-treatment*. The application of cold water, lead water, molasses, oils, cotton, "pain extractors," &c., is denounced, and the very simple remedy of wheat flour is recommended instead. The editor says:

Now, it ought to be promulgated to the profession, and for humanity sake be known to the whole people, that in any case of burn or scald, however extensive, all the acute suffering of the patient may be at once and permanently relieved, and that in a moment of time, by sprinkling over the injured surface a thick layer of wheat flour by the hand, or what is better, by a dredging-box. Every vestige of pain produced by such injuries is instantly removed, and the sufferer not only escapes the shock to the nervous system accompanying such torture, but will generally fall into a quiet sleep the moment the atmospheric temperature is thus excluded from the wounds."

GROWTH OF WOOD.

An exchange paper says:—The season of the year in which forests are cut out is believed to have an influence on the succeeding growth. To give some test of this matter, the Plymouth County (Mass.) Agricultural Society offered several premiums. A report was made last year, which set forth the conclusion that the nearer the season of the ascending sap (spring) wood is cut, the more flourishing will be its succeeding growth. The person who received the premium for the experiment states that he is satisfied the nearer the wood is cut, the better; the better the wood, the more it will stand, and the better the growth of wood, the better the wood.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Forrige Leeches constantly on hand.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852

N.O. 7.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Lines, expressive of the anxiety experienced by those persons, who were at Marshfield, during that memorable night, when, "*All that was mortal of Daniel Webster, ceased to exist.*"

What of the night?

Shines still that star with wondrous light?
Yes, strong & go, the stranger tell,
Saves the man they love so well;
And of the pray'rs breathed with heart,
His Country shares a noble part.

What of the night?

Shines still that star that beacon light?
Yes, neighbor go, the tidings give,
His own last words yet, "*Still I live!*"
Angels wait the high heast,
That they may wait him to his rest.

What of the night?

Shines yet that star so clear and bright?
No, Postman, no! the message bear
Webster is dead!— behold him there,
With paid check and stately form —
His spirit fled, beyond life's storm.

Heavy the night!

The nation mourns, "*'tis meet, 'tis right;*"
But God yet lives, and cares for all —
Does He not heed the sparrow's fall?
Then trust in Him! He'll light the way,
And turn this darkness into day.

Woburn, Oct. 1852. J. A. G.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

OUR YOUNG POETS.

Geniuses of all kinds are every day born into the world, and when these geniuses arrive at the age of prattling childhood, the particular bent of their minds begins to become manifest. I intend to speak now only of those who have a genius, or perhaps more properly, a talent for one or other of the fine arts.

What are the fine arts? Augustin Thierry, arranging them according to their relative dignity, names them thus:—1st, history; 2d, poetry; 3d, sculpture; 4th, music; 5th, painting. All, excepting historians, may quarrel with this arrangement; but it is not our purpose to settle the relative value or dignity of the arts, or to answer the enquiry, is there any art of history?

Talents for the arts begin usually to display themselves at a very early age. We see one minute specimen of humanity delighted with accounts of battles, of the state and pomp of royalty, of floating banners and besieged cities. Another we discover repeating hymns, reading and committing to memory whatever rhymes he may meet, with suited to his youthful comprehension; a third moulding statues out of a snow bank, or making images in soft clay. A fourth singing his school lessons over and over to a favorite tune, and thus committing them to memory. A fifth, making caricatures of his schoolmaster with a piece of chalk, and occupying his holidays with slate and pencil, or perhaps a box of paints valued at sixpence, making "counterfeit presents" of horses, dogs, houses, and pigs with curling tails.

These signs generally indicate a particular taste or talent, but the fine arts are emphatically arts, and all arts must be learned; they never display themselves naturally; they must be learned by hard laborious study.

The child painter, with his sixpenny box of colors, may produce something sufficiently like the old barn, or the homestead to excite the admiration of his particular friends and relatives, yet not until he has by study and practice become able to mix his colors, so as to produce upon his canvas the variations of light and shade, and the delicate tints he everywhere meets in nature, and to handle his pencil so as to be able to delineate something like the rich conception in his mind, does he exhibit his production to the world, and claim the world's admiration for a work of art.

The same ideas, with slight variation of terms, may be expressed concerning all the fine arts, *excepting that of poetry*. The youthful poet, unconscious of the unpleasant consequences which must certainly follow, rushes headlong to the press, and, through the instrumentality of printers ink and paper, renders indistructible the mere froth and effervescence of his untutored spirit, and is laughed at for his pains. Does poetry, which holds the second rank among the fine arts, require less study—severe, persevering study—than our neighbour Brackett's? Has bestowed upon his noble art of sculpture? I do not feel competent to criticise Mr. Brackett's great work, "The Ship-wrecked Mother and Child," but I do feel competent to say, judging from the impression which it had on my own soul after long hours of acquaintanceship with it, that it is a great work of art; a poem in marble, by a master. It were something worth while to remain secluded, for a season, until having by study and practice developed the talent which lay within concealed, it is time to produce a work of which the author, however much he may improve, need not be ashamed in after years. This was the course pursued by the author of the ship-wrecked mother, and it is the true course for our young poets.

The sculptor or the painter of the human form, must study human anatomy. The poet, or rather he who wishes to become a poet, must study the anatomy of verse. Observe this verse from Shelley, "To a skylark."

Teach me half the gladness,
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness,
From my lips would flow;

The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

How easy to read this stanza! the accent is perfect—it can hardly be read unmusically; here, as well as in the other verses of the beautiful poem, is true art, an art acquired by study and long practice; not very long, however, for Shelley, whose harp was tuned so sweetly, was drowned when only twenty-six years of age. He must have been bountifully endowed by nature to have sung so much and so well, and to have died so young.

The power of versification, however, will not alone make a true poet. The sculptor may be able to imitate the human form almost to perfection, but as the marble cannot breathe and speak, cannot be endowed with human life, the artist must give it a life out of his own soul; he must render it expressive of some deep sentiment or grand idea of his own mind, if he desire that his work should be the subject of admiration and praise. Thus with the poet. If his lines flow never so harmoniously; if his words are never so nicely selected, yet, if he has failed to breathe into his production some deep feeling of his own soul; some part, as it were, of his own being, it is entirely worthless as intellectual food. A man, to be a poet, must be a thinker; and to the thinker the study of versification is useful, inasmuch as it enables him to wield his instrument, *language*, with facility, to express actually what lies in him, and not wander from his idea, or gabble his sentiments, for the sake of perfecting his rhyme.

Rhyme is an instrument to be used, not an end to be attained; and as an instrument it should not be used to express these ideas which can be expressed equally well in prose. This principle is but very little attended to by our young poets. As far as their actual sentiment is concerned, three out of every four of the poems, (so called,) with which the columns of our "weeklies" are filled, might as well be in prose; and better still, as far as public taste is concerned, if they were kept in the writers' private desks.

But to return to the subject of versification. Our young poets need not want for models of versification among our contemporaries. For the verse of energy, strength, pathos of the highest kind, let him consult the works of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, now published in this country; for the verse of beauty let him read Tennyson.

Tom Moore was, perhaps, one of the most musical of poets; his *rhythms* are admirable than his *ideas*, generally speaking; his works may be studied advantageously by those who desire to become acquainted with the mere art of rhyming. Moore treats everything musically. For instance, "Non-sense":—

"Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow
The mermaids with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow;
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirits vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore;
If you have seen, th' igh mid of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave
Glancing along the spangled green;—
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me! what a deal you've seen!"

I would not propose the the above to my young friends as a model, but would advise them to *think* better and *rhythm* as well; neither would I recommend any very close or protracted study of Moore's poetry; there is too much sweetness in it; it cloys the intellectual stomach when taken in too large quantities, and renders it incapable of digesting more solid food.

There can be no objection brought against the study of Burns. The Scottish minstrel excels Moore in ease and melody, and in the true sense of the term is a much greater poet. Burns "had the gift;" his songs may be studied as models by all writers of short poems. Burns was a true natural poet; his poems could not have been expressed at all in prose; he was born to revel in rhyme and melody. When he stirs the hearts of his countrymen with his battle song:—

"Scots wha ha w'! Wallace bled,
Scots wha haft often led."

or when he excites their rizibilities with—

"Kings may be bled, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the illis of life victorious."

he is alike full of melody; rhymes by necessity, and never halts in his rhyme. His Pegasus had no spavin. What Burns seems to have had by nature, our young poets must endeavor to acquire by laborious study, if they wish to wear the laurel.

I have already rendered my letter longer than I at first intended, and shall, therefore, omit many things that I should much like to say, reserving them for a more convenient season.

In the fine arts, as in everything else, excellence comes by study and practice. Milton did not begin by writing "Paradise Lost," or Shakespeare by writing "Hamlet." Michael Angelo labored long before he moulded his sublime statues, "Night and Day." And Raphael had daubed, perhaps, whole acres of canvases, before he painted his cartels. Let considerations like these, while they encourage the young artist, whether painter-sculptor, or poet, to labor vigorously, deter him from venturing too soon before the public.

Winchester, Nov. 16th. LA PLUME.

SELECTIONS.

THE LONDON BEGGAR:

Or, the Caprice of Fortune.

BY LUCY LINTWOOD.

In no place on earth are the extremes of wealth and poverty brought in so close contrast, as in the densely populated city; where every grade and condition of man seen, of necessity, crowded in to make up the grand tableau of city life.

Familiarity begets indifference; and it is quite as much truth as carelessness, that the remark is often repeated: 'one half the world knows not (and cares less) how the other half exists.'

Tales and scenes of misery depicted in the story of fiction are too often regarded by the reader as mere pictures of the imagination—too vivid to be true, while perchance, within the range of their daily walks, there exists in the shape of humanity pictures of wretchedness to which even the hand of fiction could scarcely do justice in delineating!

Poverty is common, and oftentimes an hereditary evil; and that fact alone frequently serves as paltry excuse for its sufferance. Among the very last resorts to which the destitute are driven for sustenance, is that of street-begging. In London, this branch of "business" is carried on to a great extent, and it is now a vocation which meets with very little sympathy.

An old man, who, from misfortune and sickness had been compelled for many years to gain his daily bread from the charity of the world, one day ventured to enter the residence of a gentleman of wealth—an unusual thing for a beggar—and one involving some risk.

The rich man reclined upon a velvet couch before the open door. It was midday in summer; and the cool shade of the massive trees which surrounded the mansion, and the degree of comfort and happiness within, which the lonely exterior seemed to indicate, tempted the poor man almost to believe that none but warm hearts could dwell in such a paradise.

He approached the door with trembling steps; but before he had time to present his plea, his ear was greeted with the harsh, but to him, familiar word "*begone!*" from the lordly proprietor of the establishment, accompanied with a severe rebuke for daring to intrude upon a rich man's premises.

Without reply, the old man turned and retraced his steps to the street; and leaning upon his staff for a moment, he raised his hand to brush a tear from his care-worn cheek; and then he wended his way—the distance of half a mile—to a miserable shelter in the rear of an old court.

The circumstance was of common occurrence, and the poor beggar would probably never have been thought of again, had not the scene been witnessed by a third person. A young man in the employ, and a resident in the family of the wealthy gentleman, chanced to be the looker-on, and he was forcibly impressed with the idea that man was no ordinary professional beggar. His curiosity induced him to follow and ascertain from him, his true situation.

Passing down a dark and dilty lane, he entered the ruins of a once habited dwelling, which now would scarce serve as a comfortable lodging for beasts! Seating himself upon a rude block—the only article of furniture to be seen—he turned, and with a look of astonishment, encountered the form of the young man, Edward, who stood before him.

"What dost thou here, young man?" said he, gruffly. "Even in this forsaken den, may not a poor beggar be allowed to claim a home—a place to hide himself from the scoffs and jeers of the wide world?"

"Fear not, good sir," answered Edward. "I have not come to disturb you, but to befriend a beggar. You jest, young man! The beggar's friend dwells not in London."

"It is not strange that you are led to that conclusion, my poor friend; but let me assure you that no idle curiosity has brought me hither. Tell me what means that tear on your cheek! I cannot see an old man weep. It bespeaks sorrow that Heaven never decreed to man. Speak, and tell me frankly why you suffer; and aid shall be provided for you."

"Ah! my young friend," said he, sadly, "I would take many words to relate all my sufferings; but it is not that which starts the tear. I can bear to suffer, for I deserve it, but when a rich man spurns the plea of a beggar, I pity him. None so rich but he may become poor. I once possessed wealth, myself. I know its value, and I know its frailty, too!"

"Can it be possible that you were ever rich? What then has brought you to this degradation?"

"I once turned a beggar from my door. If I never live to do a good deed again, let me leave one spark of virtue behind me. Young man, be kind to the poor! If you die a beggar, have not the bitter remorse in your dying hour that your sin has reconciled upon your own head?"

The old man ceased speaking, and motioned to Edward to retreat; but after much persuasion and assurance of friendship, the beggar was induced to continue his history.

"And at that trifling circumstance are you

indebted for this destitution in your old age?" continued Edward.

"Speak not to me of trifles, young man. There are no such things in my life. But sit here, since you are so kind, and listen," said he, widening the rough seat on which he rested. "I will tell you the tale of a beggar's life, and the lesson may one day be of use to you."

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

"I was reared upon the lap of luxury. My father was prospered in business, and spared no pains in educating myself and my only brother. He afforded an ample means to establish ourselves in business when we became of age. My brother chose the seafaring life, and I the mercantile business. For many years, he commanded a fine ship from this port, but he never returned from his last voyage, to my knowledge. The ship was wrecked, and none returned to tell the story! After I was fairly established in business, my father failed and became a bankrupt. The change and disappointment wrought deeply upon his spirits; his health failed gradually, from that time, and two years afterwards he died. My mother survived him but a few months, and I was left without a relative in the world, save my wife, to whom I had been married some two years, and my little son, then an infant.

"I sat one day in my richly-furnished parlor, amusing myself with my prattling boy, when a servant informed me there was a beggar at the door wished to see me. I took no notice of the request, farther than to hear it and order the beggar to be sent away. You may think this a very 'trifling' circumstance; but I would give worlds to recall that order. That simple act has been the source of much misery to me—misery which will continue to the hour of death.

"It was a cold, dreary night that followed that day; and on the following morning, the beggar was found dead at my gate! But that was not all. An old wallet was found in his possession, which was owned by my father, and which bore his name in his own handwriting. I have every reason to believe that the beggar was my brother! I did not see the body. I knew nothing of it until he was buried; but the descriptions were in accordance with what I should have expected him to be, after a toilsome sailor's life. I shall never know his history; but it is possible that he was saved from the wreck, and returned penniless to his deserted home. I had removed to a different location in the city during his absence, and was entirely disconnected with my father's old associations. I cannot tell you how much I loved my brother, or the unspeakable happiness of which I derived myself by that single act."

"The result was melancholy, surely," said Edward. "But what had that to do with the change in your own pecuniary affairs?"

"Perhaps nothing; but I shall ever believe that it was the sole and immediate cause of my subsequent failure in business. I was naturally of a very nervous temperament, and often found it hard to overcome imaginary trouble; while real ones preyed like a canker upon my mental and physical strength. To the effect of that event, I attribute a sickness which shortly followed, in which I suffered a shock of paralysis that deprived me for some time of my reason; and forever of the use of my right arm, which you see is entirely helpless. My sickness occurred at a most unfortunate crisis in my business; and for want of proper arrangement, my property was finally claimed by my creditors. From over exertion and anxiety during my sickness, my wife took a fever of which she never recovered. After a severe illness of six months, I arose from my bed to find myself a friendless, penniless man. Ill luck and misfortune continued to follow close upon my track. Owing to my infirmity I was unable to perform any kind of labor, except to carry small packages about the streets. In this way I earned a comfortable living, until decreed old age rendered me useless to any one; and since then this place has been my home, the ground has been my bed, and my food the scanty crumbs of charity."

"A tale of woe, truly," sighed Edward, "but you have not told me what became of your little son."

"O, my dear little Edward! God grant he may never know that his father lives—a beggar! I gave him to a kind lady, who promised to protect and find him a home."

"Edward—did you call him a name?"

"Yes. We named him for his father, and here are my initials," said the old man, exposing his withered limb, which bore the letters E. H. M.

"Would you know him now, should you see him?" asked Edward.

"I remember his features well, but he must have changed greatly in twenty years. His hair and eyebrows were of a glossy black, like yours; and his countenance bore a similar expression. He carries but one mark, however, by which I could identify him. When a mere child I foolishly bought him a toy hatchet, with which he inflicted a severe wound on his right foot. That scar he will probably carry to his grave."

"Was it like this?" said Edward, quickly, exposing his foot, and exhibiting the unquestionable trace of a deep wound!

"Your name!" said the old man, nervously. "Edward Herman Mercer."

"My son!" whispered the beggar, as he fell exhausted to the ground.

It was a thrilling moment to Edward. His progenitors had ever been clouded in mystery. He was taught to believe that his parents died in his infancy, and the only friends he ever knew were his employer's family. Once during his life, however, he overheard a suspicion that his father lived, and the thought never escaped his mind until the hope of once more hearing a parent's voice was realized in the old man's story.

As soon as he had partially recovered from the shock, Edward provided a conveyance and removed his father to his own residence.

"O, carry me not there!" earnestly spoke the old man, as they entered the gate, leading to the beautiful residence which he had entered but a few hours ago as a beggar. "Let me entreat you my son, not to expose your beggarred father here! It will prove your beggarred father here! It will prove your

beggarred father here! It will prove your

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1852.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIRE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W.—Says we must hint to the Lowell Railroad folks that more cars are wanted on the Woburn Branch; the 5 o'clock train from Boston is generally too much crowded, as many have to pay for standing up; our attentive Conductor will, no doubt, take the hint.

J.—Your query article appears well, as far as we can read it;—we cannot make it out; the paper is poor, and written on both sides, and our "Typo" says he cannot put it in type without an explanation; you had better correct it.

F. S. Jr.—The Journal will be forwarded as you direct; thank you for your compliment—it is too flattering to publish.

JUNIUS.—Your strictures on the supposed somersets of certain political men are not admissible in our columns; we have declined all such communications, because we know our readers do not wish to read such articles, neither can we vary from our determination when we established the "Journal"—not be drawn into party politics."

SIDNEY.—We are pleased to hear from our old correspondent, your description of Wyoming Valley might have been more glowing, but being a sort of matter and fact, man, you have not put on the colors of a painter; let us have that deer hunt.

—We have many favors on hand, and our correspondents must not think that we neglect them; they will all receive attention.

EDITORIAL.

Fishery Question!

We noticed a few weeks since, a letter from Capt. Small, of schooner Caroline Knight, which vessel had been captured and sold at Charlottetown, P. E. Island, for fishing on forbidden ground. Capt. Small in that letter, charged all manner of abuses against the officers and men who captured him, and also other wrong doings, after his vessel arrived at Charlottetown, and before a trial was had. We did not like to see such charges made and suffered to be spread before the American people, without a fair hearing, and therefore we made some strong remarks, provided those charges were true.

We have received the *Islander*, published at Charlottetown, P. E. Island, in which those charges are noticed, and we give the editor's remarks on the subject, and if we can receive any contradiction from Capt. Small, we will with pleasure notice it.

There has been too much latitude given in these reports, they have been exaggerated, and mountains have been made out of mole hills, all calculated to widen the breach on the subject of the Fisheries; no doubt there has been errors on both sides.

We are satisfied from what we know of the people of P. E. Island, that they would not knowingly, do any acts of injury to Americans, and we also know, that much sympathy was manifested for Capt. Small at the sale of his vessel, and the merchants in Charlottetown, gave evidence of that feeling by refraining from bidding on his vessel, at the sale, knowing that he wished to purchase for himself.

Many of the citizens of P. E. Island, have paid a visit to Woburn, the past season, and we have been pleased to meet with the editors of the *Royal Gazette* and the *Advertiser*, while at Boston, and we hope, as travelling facilities improve, that the intercourse with the British provinces will become more general. We have frequently adverted to the fine scenery, soil, and excellent harbors, which are to be found in the provinces, and we fully believe, that when that country is fairly opened, by its projected improvements in railways, that Agriculture and Commerce, will soon extend their influence and bring out the hidden resources of one of the finest parts of North America.

The following is the extract from the *Islander*, on the subject of Capt. Small's letter; after publishing the letter, the editor says:—

"We observe in the above article, published in the *Woburn Journal*, of Mass., U. S., that Capt. Small, of the Fishing Schr. 'Caroline Knight,' whose sale for a breach of the Fishery Convention we noticed last week, states that the Captors, on her arrival in Charlottetown, 'cut up the rigging, stove the water casks and empty barrels, unheaded and carried away the mackerel, stole their bread and insulted the captain and crew, by calling them 'thieves, rascals and robbers.' The editor asks if this is true? and we feel happy in being enabled to give the whole an unqualified contradiction; now, we feel assured on the contrary they were treated by the officer in charge Lieut. Rathbone, with every courtesy, as we have heard him express his sympathy for the said Capt. Small, who had a share in the vessel, and speaking of him in a manner, it would seem—by the tenor of his letter—he did not deserve; and we cannot allow such a reflection as is attempted to be cast on the whole community, to pass unnoticed; and as Capt. Small, we understand, is now in this Port, we call upon him to make good his assertions, if he can."

WARRIOR ACADEMY.

The annual meeting of the Trustees of this Institution was held on Tuesday of the present week. After hearing and acting on several reports, and electing Rev. Jos. L. Bennett, of East Cambridge, a member of the Board, the following gentlemen were chosen officers for the year ensuing, viz:—G. Washington Warren, Charlestown, President; Abijah Thompson, Treasurer; Benjamin Cutler, Secretary;

Jonathan Edwards, Francis Horton, of West Cambridge, and W. I. Budington, of Charlestown, Committee of Arrangements; Joseph Gardner, G. W. Warren, and Benj. Cutler, Committee of Finance; Jonathan Edwards, G. W. Warren, E. W. Clark, of Reading, G. T. Dole, of North Woburn, and R. T. Robinson, of Winchester, Examining Committee.

The examination of the school occupied the major part of the day, and gave the best evidence that the pupils had been thoroughly trained in their several studies.

It is the earnest wish of the Trustees, to whose care this Institution is entrusted, to carry out the design of its liberal and pious founders, and furnish to this community a place where their children may receive a thorough Academical education.

Capable and efficient teachers have been engaged. The interior of the Academy has been renovated, and two large school rooms furnished with modern conveniences. Apparatus to illustrate the subjects of Natural Philosophy and Mechanics is amply provided, and will be used whenever needed.

LYCEUM.

Rev. F. D. Huntington delivered an able and interesting lecture last Tuesday evening, before the Lyceum, and although the evening was unpleasant, the lecturer was greeted by a large audience, and all who attended were well repaid by the brilliant lecture they listened to.

Next Tuesday evening Rev. J. Pierpont will deliver a poem, which is highly spoken of by those who have heard it, and we hope to see a large attendance.

—Last Sabbath Rev. J. Edwards preached on the subject of Church Colonization, and recommended that the Orthodox Church, under his care, should colonize, and form a new Society, the call and necessity for which was clearly proved by Mr. Edwards. We learn that the suggestions are well received by our citizens generally, and we hope the project will be a successful one.

—The obsequies to the memory of Daniel Webster, in Boston, on Tuesday the 30th inst., will be a great display, from present appearances; a large number of persons from the New England States will join the procession, and no doubt many strangers and citizens from other States and cities, will be in attendance. This is very appropriate, and evidence of the high character of the deceased. Why not estimate the value of men while living, instead of waiting until they are dead, before we pay such tributes of praise to their merited talents? The age is progressive, and great men not able to keep up with it.

—The exhibition of needle work at Amory Hall, Boston, is well worth a visit, and we think the ladies should give it encouragement.

There is some splendid work among the many pieces on exhibition; one of the most prominent is the mammoth piece of "Mary Queen of Scots," which contains some twenty-six faces, and is valued at \$1000; another one represents the last scene in the life of Charles the 1st, after parting with his children, previous to his execution; indeed all the pictures are entitled to notice, and as works of art, should receive encouragement. Go and see them.

MELANCHOLY CASE OF DROWNING.—We are pain to announce the death, by accidental drowning, of Col. Amasa G. Smith, of Somerville, formerly Colonel of the first regiment in this city, and a gentleman extensively known and esteemed. On Monday evening, about 5 o'clock, Col. S. hurried from the city to be in time to deposit his vote in Somerville, and choosing the nearest route, took the Lowell Railroad bridge. Arriving at the draw, he found a vessel in the act of passing, and he took a seat on the railing to wait until the draw should be closed. While in this position he lost his balance and fell into the water.—Notwithstanding the utmost exertions to save him were made by the persons on board the vessel, and also by Messrs. McGlenan and Dolbear, who happened to be present, he sunk to rise in life no more. After falling into the water, he seized a spile, but before assistance could be rendered he lost his hold. Col. Smith resided with his family in Jay Street, Somerville.—*Boston Times.*

SAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. George L. Cade, foreman of Engine Co. No. 6, and employed at Davenport's Car Factory, while adjusting some of the machinery yesterday morning, was caught in the belting and carried around the shaft. He made it, is said, one hundred and sixty revolutions, striking his feet in three different places at each revolution. Drs. Allen and Wyman were immediately called, who found the bones of the right foot badly crushed and the ligatures torn. The left foot escaped with the dislocation of a single bone. Strange to say, his body escaped without injury.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

WORCESTER COUNTY PRISON FIRE.—The jury of inquest on the bodies of the sufferers by this fire, have returned a verdict in accordance with the facts, and exonerating the jailor and his assistants from blame. They say that though the cold air box where the fire originated may have been constructed in the usual manner, they still deem it unsuitable for a building intended to be fire-proof.

The funeral of the unfortunate men who perished was attended yesterday afternoon by Rev. Mr. Higginson. Three of the bodies were claimed by their friends. The others were interred without being claimed.

—Summer Street would answer for a model Street, if some improvement was made on the lower north side, from Mr. Holden's line. Will our Selectmen give a look at the needed improvement.

TOWN MEETING.

(Continued from last week.)

On Art. 4th. Voted to accept the Report of the Selectmen on Franklin Street.

Abstract of the Report.

Beginning at the westerly corner of G. R. Gage's Wyman Place, at the corner of Franklin Street and Franklin Avenue, the line runs thence north 68° degrees east, on the line between said Gage's land and said Franklin Street, 7 rods and 2 links to the land of Joseph Stowers; thence, same course, on the line between said Stowers' land and said Franklin Street, 5 rods and 17 links to Park Street; thence, same course, across the end of Park Street, 2 rods and 15 links to the land of Hiram Whitford; thence, same course, on the line between said Whitford's land and said Franklin Street, 3 rods and 11½ links to land of Edward Simonds; thence, same course, on the line between said Simonds' land and said Franklin Street, 4 rods to land of R. M. Gage; thence, same course, on the line between said Wyer's land and said Franklin Street, 3 rods and 12 links to an angle; thence north 78° degrees east, 12½ links, then south 83° degrees east, 14½ links, then south 64° degrees east, 13½ links, and then south 53° degrees east, 1 rod and 6 links to land of Samuel G. Neville, the last four courses being on the line between said Wyer's land and said Franklin Street; thence south 53° degrees east, on the line between said Neville's land and said Franklin Street, 5 rods and 10 links to land of George Flagg; thence, same course, on the line between said Flagg's land and said Franklin Street, 10 rods and 21 links to a marked fence post at Main Street said road is to lie on the left hand or northwesterly side of said lines, and to be of the following widths, to wit:—At the place of beginning 27½—10 feet; at the line between G. R. Gage's Wyman Place and Joseph Stowers' land, 2½ feet; at the line between said Stowers' and Joseph Wim's land, 30 8-10 feet; at the west corner of Park Street, 30 2-10 feet; from the same point to the other corner of Johnson Street, 31 4-10 feet; at the pump by George Flagg's land, 25 feet; said widths being connected in all cases by straight lines.

On Art. 5th. Voted to accept the Report of the Selectmen on Park Street.

Abstract of the Report.

Beginning at the westerly corner of said Park Street, on the southerly line of Franklin Street, the line runs thence south 68° degrees west, on the line of Franklin Street, 10 6-10 feet to a post at the corner of Joseph Wim's land; thence south 35 degrees east, by and with said Wim's land, 63 4-10 feet; to the westerly side of said Park Street as originally laid out; thence north 25½ degrees west, by and with said Park Street as originally laid out, 62 feet to the point of beginning; it being a small triangle of land formerly belonging to a passage-way to lands now accommodated by said Park Street. No damages were demanded and none are awarded.

On Art. 6th. Voted to accept the Report of the Selectmen on Wyer's Court.

Abstract of the Report.

Beginning at the north-westerly corner of the house lot of James M. Randall, Esq., on Summer Street, at the corner of the passage-way, called Wyer's Court, the line runs thence between said Randall's land and said Wyer's Court, 8 rods and 24½ links to land of Joseph Armstrong; thence, same course, on the line between said Randall's land and said Wyer's Court, 8 rods and 24½ links to land of George Wyer; thence south 15½ degrees east, on the line between said Wyer's land and said Wyer's Court, 7 rods and 15 links to land of Mr.

Goodell. Said road is to lie on the right hand or westerly side of said lines, and to be of the following widths, to wit:—At the beginning on Summer Street, 27 feet and 8-10ths of a foot; at 2 rods and 18 links from Summer Street, 21 feet and 8-10ths of a foot; at the southerly corner of said Armstrong's land, 24 feet, and at the south end of said course, 23 feet wide, which said widths cover the whole of said Wyer's Court as now found.

On Art. 7th. Voted that the Town choose a Committee to consult with the proprietors of the Baptist Meeting House, on removing the sheds belonging to said proprietors, and report at some future meeting.

The Committee were Cyrus Thompson, George Holden, and G. R. Gage.

On Art. 8th. Voted to choose a Committee of five to construct such Reservoirs, (not exceeding three,) as they may deem expedient and proper for the use of the Town.

Chose Jacob Webster, Joseph Kelley, John Wade, Horace Conn, and Bowen Buckman.

On Art. 9th. Voted to accept the Report of the Engineers on Rules and Regulations for the government of the Fire Department, and the Extinguishment of Fires.

Voted to publish the Report.

Dissolved.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The weather, elections and Thanksgiving, have been the principle topics of the week—nothing very exciting to note.—The Iron Bridge at Nashua, N. H., is completed, and is said to be a graceful and ornamental structure, and very strong.—The Mayor of Providence testifies to the diminution of drunkenness and vice, under the Liquor Law.—Miss Shanner, of Philadelphia, while closing the window-shutters in the fourth story of a house, fell out on the pavement, dashing out her brains and causing instant death.—A Maine Liquor Law has been introduced into the Vermont Legislature, and numerous petitions continue to be presented for its adoption.—It is estimated that \$12,000,000, will be expended this year in New York, in the construction of Railroads.—One of the water pipes leading to the Beacon street reservoir, Boston, burst last Thursday morning, doing damage to the common.—Ten deaths last week in Charleston, S. C., from yellow fever.—The Cholera is making dreadful ravages in the West Indies.—Two firms in Cincinnati, have cut up and packed 5000 hogs this season.—A farmer in Canton, has a Cranberry meadow of 12 acres, from which he has raised this season, 1000 bushels of cranberries, which sold for \$3000.—691 inmates in the Deer Island Hospital last week.—An extensive Paper Mill was destroyed by fire, at Coopersburg, N. Y., last week.—A woman has been arrested in New York, charged with smothering her child to death, while intoxicated.—An Aleator 11 feet in length was caught under a wharf in New Orleans.—A laboring man has been sentenced to 40 years imprisonment, for rape.—\$5000 has been raised in New York, to indemnify the owner of the 11 slaves set free by the judgement of the superior court, they having become free by passing through that state for Texas.—72 deaths in Boston last week.—The Obsequies of Daniel Webster, will take place in Boston, on Tuesday, the 30th inst., it will probably exceed all others.—Prairie fires are prevailing to a great extent in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota; they are very destructive.—Timothy Baily, Esq., president of the Maiden Bank, died at his residence, on Friday last, 19th inst.—The shoe and leather business is increasing every season in Boston, and will become extensive and an important branch of trade.—A company have obtained a charter to build a Railroad through Broadway, New York, over the heads of foot passengers—what next.—California contains 90,000 square miles of territory.—Counterfeit twenty dollar bills, on the bank of South Carolina, are in circulation.—The Shah of Persia, has caused the execution of 400 persons, accused of an attempt against his life.—A class of thieves in Boston, are robbing the copper from the gutters and spouts of buildings.—A man who was severely injured by falling into a cellar hole, in New York, has recovered \$4000, damages against the owners of the hole.—Seth Metcalf, Esq., of Newport, N. H., in a fit of insanity, committed suicide last Tues day morning.—The military pay, and an allowance of the late Duke of Wellington, amounted to \$47,000 per year.—Cambridge contributed \$67,50, to the Washington Monument fund, by contributions on election day.—They have now Musical Hall in Cambridge.—Forty thousand persons, eight hundred wagons, and sixty thousand cattle, have crossed the plains going to California this year.—In the late gale on Lake Erie, 26 Schooners, 6 Steamers, and 3 Brigs were either wrecked or badly damaged; 21 lives are reported as lost.—Look out for your clothes lines, clothes line thieves are about.—150 tons of fish were taken by fishermen in the town of Swamps, last week.—Adeline Phelps of Northfield, has been arrested on a charge of poisoning her father.—Joseph Paul, of North Adams, got drunk and froze to death last week.—The citizens of Windham County, C. T., are taking measures to erect a monument to the memory of Gen. Putnam, a hero of the revolution.—Over 2000 emigrants left New Orleans for the western cities, one day last week.—A daughter of John McMullen of Cincinnati, while playing with shavings, her dress caught fire, she was burned to death, before assistance could reach her.—Susan M. Learned, recovered \$3,500 from Alfred Watkins of Albany, for a breach of promise of marriage on the 18th inst.; people should be careful how they make promises.—A clerk in the Post Office at Washington, has been arrested, charged with robbing the mails.—The Fire Department of Philadelphia, are preparing a block, with beautiful designs for the Washington Monument.—Over ninety-three millions of letters passed through the Post Office of the United States, during the last fiscal year.—Hon. John Sargent, an eminent citizen of Philadelphia, died last Wednesday, aged 73.—Snow fell in Chicago on the 16th inst.—Late arrivals from Europe, bring advices of the new Empire in France.—England is quiet; parliament in session; the Queen's Speech speaks of America as the "Great Republic."—In our own vicinity we find a few new buildings, with improvements, and we suppose our neighboring towns are doing likewise.

AN UNKNOWN MAN KILLED.—A man was found dead upon the track of the Boston and Providence railway, in the town of Mansfield, on Saturday morning, supposed to have been killed by the express train. On his right arm, which was cut off, were impressions with India ink, of the following letters, in capitals, "M. I. S., 1821," which is supposed to be the initials of his name and the year of his birth. He had a wallet about him containing seventy-one cents in change, and a bill of goods, headed "Thomas Wilson to M. Tarr," to the amount of \$65. A check for baggage to New York was also found upon him. He had formerly lost one joint from the middle finger of the right hand.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.
THE MAN OF COURAGE,
Or Jim Simpson's Training.

BY FERGUSON CAP.

concur with "Maura" in all he says in regard to "ELISE, THE PEASANT GIRL." In my humble opinion, she is the best poetical writer among the contributors to the "Woburn Journal." Of the others I shall not speak now. They write well.

Mr. Editor, I suppose it wont do for me to say much respecting your "Typo," but this much I beg liberty to say: It seems and appears to me that he is getting ahead a little too fast in numbering the "Journal." If I mistake not, No. 3 of the present volume has been crowded out "entirely." I hope he wont call me a "would-be-critic" for saying this, but try to forgive your (and his) meddling old friend,

ICHABOD WINEGAR.

Written for the Journal.

CONSOLATION.

BY MAY BITCHIE.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852.

Terrible Catastrophe!—Fire at the Worcester Co. House!—Four Men Smothered to Death!

At half past twelve o'clock this morning, after our paper had gone to press, a fire broke out in the Worcester County House, in this city, by which four lives were lost. The fire occurred in the new north wing of the Prison, and in the basement beneath the lower tier of cells where the furnace is located. It was communicated to the air box of the furnace, and thence to the surrounding wood work. The fire department was on the ground as soon as the alarm could be given, and succeeded in preventing the fire from communicating to other portions of the Prison. Before anything could be done, however, to arrest the flames, to release the persons in confinement, the smoke and heat had ascended through the iron gratings, to the cells above; the doors and fastenings of which had become so much heated, and swollen in consequence, that it was impossible to open them. Capt. Lamb, the architect of the prison was sent for, and succeeded in removing some of the fastenings so that the doors were forced open as speedily as possible, but not till four insane men had been smothered to death by the dense smoke and heat which poured through the gratings into their cells.

In the several tiers of cells in this wing, there were in confinement 5 men, 24 women; one woman had an infant child. Fourteen of the women were in confinement for various offences; the other 10 women and the 5 men were insane persons, who had been recently removed to the Prison for safe keeping, in consequence of the over crowded state of the Lunatic Hospital. The whole were safely rescued, except the four men before mentioned; the other man possessed sufficient reason to wrap himself in a blanket, and his life was thus saved, although he came near perishing. The bodies of the other four which we have just seen, present a most ghastly spectacle, although they were burnt but slightly. The following are their names:

William O'Keefe, an Irishman, aged 14; had been in the hospital since 1849.

Thomas Downs, of Worcester, aged about 40 years.

James Fitzpatrick, Irish, aged 50 to 60; had been an inmate of the hospital since 1845.

The Coroner, General Day, is now holding an inquest on the bodies.

Such in brief are the particulars of this shocking catastrophe, for the occurrence of which we are happy to say that no blame can be attached to the keeper of the prison or his assistants.—Worcester Transcript.

Written for the Journal.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the \$3 subscription to the Ladies Book like a Chinese Temple?

How does the Irishwoman who cleans a church become one of the congregation?

How does the nest box in a fowl establishment differ from a church?

Charlestown, Mass. M.

THE potato crop has almost entirely failed in Newfoundland. They have good sleighing in Fredericton, N. B.

MARRIAGES.

There are moments in this fleeting life When every pulse beats here, and the soft air Is full of fragrance from a purer clime.

Nov. 22, by Rev. J. W. Holman, Hanson B. Lewis, of Woburn, to Miss Frances Ann Barker, of Cambridge.

DEATHS.

And what a life? the nourishing array, Of the broad summer meadow, which to day Wears her green plumb, and is tomorrow hoy;

On board the U. S. Ship Ohio, 23d inst, Mr. Stephen P. Brownell, seaman, of Andover Mass., aged 42.

LYCEUM LECTURE.

THE REV. JOHN PINEPORT, of Medford, will deliver a POEM before the Lyceum next Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Warren Academy.

The Winter Term will commence on Wednesday, December 8th, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and continue fourteen weeks, under the charge of OSGOOD JOHNSON, B. A., Principal.

E. CUTTER, B. A., Teacher in English.

Prospects of the course and terms, may be had of the subscriber, BENJAMIN CUTTER, Sec'y, Woburn, Nov. 27, 1852. 4w

Vocal Music.

MR. E. CUTTER is happy to announce, that the proposed Class in Vocal Music will be formed. The course will consist of twenty-four lessons, and is designed to be thorough and systematic. The sessions will be on Monday evenings, in the Orthodox Vestry, commencing next Monday, Nov. 29, at 7 o'clock. All interested are invited to attend.

TERMS, \$1.00 for Gentlemen; 75 cents for Ladies. TICKETS may be had of Mr. Munson Johnson, Jr., and of Gage and Fowles' Store.

Woburn, Centre, Nov. 27, 1852. 4w

NOTICE.

The Schools in District No. 1, will commence on Monday, December 6th, at 9 o'clock.

Nov. 27 2w

Scales and Patent Balances.

TEA SCALES and PATENT BALANCES, for family use, for sale low, at the Hardware Store of Nov. 27 1f L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Table Cutlery.

IVORY, Horn, Cocoa Wood and Bone tipped, Carvers, Dining and Dessert Knives and Forks; best patterns, for sale, lowest prices, at the Hardware Store of Nov. 27 1f L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Oysters—\$0.00 cts. per Dozen!

The subscriber will sell Oysters in large and small quantities, at the above price. Also, will be found at my place, Fresh Fish of all kinds.

A. F. ONION.

NOTICE.

The subscriber has heretofore administered to the estate of S. NEWELL, deceased, in the court of Middlesex, Probate, deceased, interred, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of S. NEWELL, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons, indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to JOSHUA P. CONVERSE, Adm. Woburn, November 16th, 1852. 3w

PENMANSHIP.

THE subscriber has lately removed to Salem street within a few doors of Main street. Latitude 42° 27' 45" Long. 71° 10' 45".

He will give instruction in Penmanship, will please call on him on Monday, Nov. 29, 1852, at 3 P. M., or at 7 in the Evening.

J. A. BOUTELLE.

1000.

STRAYED away from the subscriber, in Woburn, on Saturday last, an A. BLACK DUCK, up, his white breast ring round his neck, tip end of his tail white. Whoever will return the same to the subscriber, will be suitably rewarded.

JAMES M. DRAKE.

Wilmington, Nov. 29, 1852.

SLEIGHS, SLEIGHS.

20 SINGLE and 2 double sleighs of the latest and most approved styles, for sale by

Nov. 29 4f J. F. & J. PARKER.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

THE Officers of the LYCEUM give notice that they have arranged a Lecture to be delivered the coming evening, on WEDNESDAY Evening, Nov. 29th, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday evening, to be given in the Vestry of the Orthodox Church. The Officers have engaged the following Lecturers—

Rev. EZRA S. GANNETT, Boston, F. D. HUNTINGTON, Boston, Rev. J. C. BROWN, Woburn, Rev. E. PIERPOINT LESDERNER, Framingham, Rev. J. C. BODWELL, Framingham, Rev. HENRY GILES, BuckSPORT, Prof. STOWE, ... Andover, Rev. J. C. BROWN, Woburn, Mr. OSGOOD JOHNSON, ... Woburn, Rev. WARREN BURTON, Cambridgeport, Mr. JOHN A. FOWLE, Boston, Rev. R. C. WATERSTON, ... Boston.

See the Lyceum Circular for the time of the coming week, and will be for sale at the various stores, single tickets, 12 cents each, will be for sale at the door.

JOSEPHAN EDWARDS, GEO. M. CHAMPEY, JOHN A. FOWLE, N. WYMAN, Jr., Committee, Woburn, Nov. 3d, 1852.

WOBURN HIGH SCHOOL.

THE Examination of this school will take place at the Grammar School room, in District No. 1, on Friday, the tenth day of December next; at 11 o'clock, P. M. PERSONS interested, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to witness the same.

There will be a class of candidates for admission into the High School, will be held at the High School room, on Saturday, the 27th instant, at 11 o'clock, P. M.

By order of the Superintending School Committee, JOSHUA P. CONVERSE, Chairman, Woburn, Nov. 13, 1852. 3w

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE Partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the firm of Martin & Burton, is thus dissolved, by mutual consent, on the 6th instant. The affairs have all been settled.

ALLEN MARTIN & BURTON. The undersigned will continue the PAINTING & STUCCO, in all its various branches, at the place of the late firm, and hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Painting, Glazing, Paper Hanging, Graining, and Whitewashing, done in the neatest manner.

ALLEN MARTIN, Woburn, Nov. 13, 1852.

READ! READ! READ!!

Clayton's Rheumatic Cure.

WARRANTED a sure cure for the Rheumatic, and all other Ailments, and Croup and Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, and Troat, and all Bilious Complaints, and it will cleanse the blood of Humors of all kinds.

The invaluable medicine has been before the public for some time, and has been thoroughly tested in its treatment of all the above mentioned diseases, and highly recommended by those who have derived benefit from its use, as well as by physicians who have used it with success.

From the numerous testimonies, which may be seen at the office of the proprietor, in Randolph, we select the following—

RECOMMENDATION.

This is to certify that I am acquainted with the ingredients of which the RHEUMATIC CURE, (manufactured by Mr. W. E. CLAYTON, Randolph,) is composed and from their well-known safety and efficiency, excellent for Rheumatic complaints.

E. A. ALLEN, M. D.

Randolph, July 13, 1852. 1000

Having an occasion to observe that persons afflicted with Hernia, have suffered much from the want of proper medical advice, and from the want of proper medicines, I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr. J. F. Foster, to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr. Beale. After consulting him, and ascertaining that he is well acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments, and ingenious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur, I feel called upon to recommend him to the public, and to call upon all who may be in need of medical attention, to resort to him for his skill and experience, and to publicize as a person we trust to supply their wants in regard to this important article.

JOHN C. WARREN, M. D., Boston, Correspondent. The following certificate is from Professor Sturtevant of Harvard University, to Mr. J. F. Foster, of Boston, in making and fitting Trusses for the relief of Hernia, makes great pleasure in recommending him to the public, as one of the best and most skillful operators in this field of medical practice.

The undersigned, to whom he has received, together with the recommendations of that eminent surgeon, Dr. J. C. Warren, as a sufficient guarantee for all who may favor Mr. F. that his instruments will give entire satisfaction, will vouch for his skill and dependability.

Also, to those who are in search of a good surgeon, I would recommend Dr. J. C. Warren, as a man of great skill and experience.

ANDREW M. STUART, Andover, May 4, 1848.

The above Trusses are to be found by Dr. John C. Warren by Oct. 18 4f E. COOPER.

lion boots.

JUST received from the factory, a case of the celebrated Lion Club Foot, a superior article at the store of Nov. 13 4f AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

STAR POLISH.—Tillotson's celebrated starch polish at Oct. 30 4f ELLIS & CO'S.

PECTORAL BALM.—Dr. S. O. RICHARDSON'S Pectoral Balsam, a compound of the Throat and Lungs, to be sold at J. S. ELLIS & CO'S.

FOWLER & WELLS CO'S., PHRENOLOGICAL ROOMS, 143 Washington St., Boston.

PROFESSIONAL Examinations with charts or written description of character, are furnished at all hours, including directions to suitable occupations, the selection of partners in business, and congenital and hereditary dispositions of faults, etc., etc.

ALSO, all books, Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Physiognomy, Psychology and kindred subjects, for sale wholesale and retail.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

X Heavy, XX Fine call Books, W. Proof, for sale by AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

MUSLIN DELAINES, a large assortment, at Oct. 29 4f H. FLAGG'S Dry Goods Store.

FLANNELS, Woven, Cotton and Wool, and Cotton, all colors, at H. FLAGG'S Dry Goods Store.

FOR SALE!

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL, VOLS. 1 AND 2.

THESE pictorial illustrated volumes are both new and in perfect order, elegantly bound in a superior manner, and will be sold at the price of the office for the same, \$1. Address J. W. HARRIS, North Woburn, Mass., personally or postpaid.

PRIME BUTTER, J. S. ELLIS & CO, have just received a Dairy of Extra Butter.

ALSO, a superior lot of Cheese, for sale at the lowest market price.

MOREY & OBER, (Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)

MANUFACTURERS OF BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA, AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE, Nos. 3 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.

Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, or made to order at short notice. Also, Repair all kinds of the above ware.

D. B. MOREY, Dealers are invited to call and examine, Oct. 18. 1 year

FOR SALE!

A PEW in the gallery of the Rev. Mr. Edward's Church, No. 33, Inquire of W. M. WESTON.

DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Orders left at Amos Walker's, 43 Brattle St., Boston, Powle's Book Store, Woburn.

EDWARD E. COOPER, agent, Nos. 5 & 6 Wade's Building, Woburn.

J. H. EVANS, NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES, Cambridgeport, Mass.

For sale, for low prices, at the Hardware Store of Nov. 27 1f L. THOMPSON, Jr.

NEW FLOUR.

J. S. ELLIS & CO, have constantly on hand a good supply of the most approved brands of Family Flour, ground from new wheat.

CERTIFICATE.

We have had an opportunity to test the Patent Safety Lamp, and find it a safe and good lamp, and the best in its class.

The subscriber will give a certificate to any person who may be interested in buying a lamp, as the law directs.

The principles adopted by Mr. Newell is that of the well known Davy Lamp. He has combined the parts that we are satisfied that all risk of explosive action is removed.

CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D., AUG. 4, 1852.

NOTICE.

The subscriber will sell Oysters in large and small quantities, at the above price. Also, will be found at my place, Fresh Fish of all kinds.

A. F. ONION.

NOTICE.

The subscriber will exhibit to the public the same, as and when required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to JOSHUA P.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852.

Written for the Journal.
ILL ALWAYS PRAY.

When morning dawns upon the hills,
When greets the eye the light of day;
When sunshine bright my bosom fills,
Then to my God I'll kneel and pray.

When twilight glimmers o'er earth's scenes,
And darkness creeps along the way;
When stars shoot out their twinkling gleams,
I'll lift my heart to God, and pray.

If sorrow ever lurks along,
The path of life that's carved for me;
If aught shall hush my heart's glad song,
I'll pray to God on bended knee.

And when my soul with hope is gay,
When all the world seems bright and fair,
And pleasure comes in one bright ray,
I'll lift my thankful heart in prayer.

Father in Heaven! when lowly laid,
Measuring upon my couch of pain;
My spirit long to be free,
Stay but a pray to thee again.

Charlestown, Mass. H. A. K.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT AMONG FARMERS.

The advantages of intellectual improvement among farmers, are (some of them at least) as follows:

1st. The sounder the root, the more vigorous is the tree; the firmer the foundation, the more steady the building; the purer the fountain, the clearer the stream. The improvement of the agricultural mind strengthens this root, consolidates this foundation, purifies this fountain. Hence the whole nation is benefited.

2d. The improvement of taste in the fine arts, developed in landscape gardening, architecture, &c., will beautify the country, draw closer the cords of patriotism around every heart, and exalt and purify the feelings connected with our native land.

3d. It will greatly increase the respect with which the American character is regarded abroad.

4th. It will have a moderating effect on political contentions, when the public mind is less liable to imposition; more determined in having men of integrity and worth to represent it in our national assemblies; and better capable to judge of that worth.

5th. Prejudice, that mighty opponent of all reason, improvement and truth, will be in a great measure abated.

6th. Sound literature will be circulated and read to a greater degree than has yet been attained, instead of the poisoning trash now so widely disseminated.

7th. We shall have a national literature.

I now proceed to show the *perfect* effect of carrying out this improvement of the agricultural mind; and when I have to say will be applicable to every farmer in the land, and involves the highest and most precious interests of our beloved country.

The soul of all success in any business is method. What would become of the merchant if his day-book and ledger were not kept with the most methodical accuracy? What would befall the banker, the tradesman or the scholar, if all their operations were not conducted by the same regular processes? And what is so powerfully suggested to the farmer, as this very method, by her with whom he holds constant communion—dame nature herself? The seasons, spring and summer, autumn and winter, roll round in an eternally regular succession. The seed germinates, the blade appears, the ear, the blossom, and the grain—each in its turn, succeed the other by the same unvarying method. Animals are brought forth, nourished and matured by the same unchanging law. The rain and sunshine, the frost and the dew, the storm and the calm, are always punctual in their season. Why therefore should the farmer, in the midst of all this regularity, be the only thoughtless, irregular, confused being existent? Why, on the contrary, may not all his operations be conducted by a fixed plan from year to year; his farms be laid out in a regular number of fields, in which a regular rotation of crops may follow one another in regular order; his time and that of his laborers disposed of according to a regular system; his family and household operation conducted by the same regular method from day to day? All this planning may be done with an immense saving of time and thought, compared with the usual rambling, shambling way of doing business, and when once it is settled there is no more thought about it. All is as regular as clock-work.—*Abbaye Cultivator.*

POULTRY RAISING.—A Constant Reader makes three enquiries in relation to poultry raising. I shall answer them, according to my *experience* in the order stated. In relation to food there are two considerations—whether you wish the hens to lay eggs, or fatten for market, because food which produces one result, prevents or will not facilitate the other. To bring about either result, the best food is the *cheapest*, whether it cost more or less per bushel. During summer, if chickens run at large, and have access to the barn, especially if any scattered grain remains, they will require very little, if any, extra feeding to make them lay; but to fatten specially, of course it is necessary, before harvest. After that time, if they frequent the stubble and corn fields, they fare sufficiently sumptuously for both requirements. The fact that chickens lay most profusely whilst they visit the oat and wheat fields, convinced me that those grains were the best for that purpose; although they will not fatten, even with full satisfaction, but remain in fair order only.—**Aside** from this, wheat is the very best food for young chickens, because it prevents entirely, and universally, the "gepes." Formerly I lost a great many young chickens, and had

much trouble from this, what I then supposed, epidemic. But for the last three years I have mixed wheat with their food, and have not had a single invalid from that cause, which, I have learned, arises from feeding too much moist material. The result of my experience is that a mixture of equal parts of wheat and oats will make hens lay most eggs; and with proper care they will continue to lay the entire winter.

For fattening, corn is the best food, for either summer or winter. The best manner of preparation is to have it chopped about as fine as for mush, and make a stiff paste, mixing in the summer with cold water, and in the winter with warm water. They should pick it off the ground, in winter as well as in summer, and it is better to have a dry spot, as under a shed, than to shovel away the snow. A gravely spot is best. On this food, prepared and fed in this manner three times a day, chickens will get fatter than upon any other, and in a shorter time.

In relation to *lice*, I answer, *grease*—the application of which will utterly destroy them. Proceed as follows—Procure any kind of oil, or prepare soft grease by heating about milk warm; then take chicken by chicken, and, by a warm fire, grease all over with the finger, laying the feathers back and coming in contact with the skin. Let it remain at the fire an hour, to soak in, and then turn loose. If the weather is cold, hard grease should not be used, because it makes the feathers stiff and the chicken cold. I have had them so droop from this cause as to be unable longer to follow the mother, and in four hours after the application they were as lively as crickets.—But without proper care they may return again; because, in many instances, the mother, and even the roost, will become lousy, and must be thoroughly cleansed; or after cleansing her, change the roost to another place.—*Moir's Rural New Yorker.*

CASTOR OIL.—The growth and consumption of castor oil in this country are nearly very surprising. The article is now used for various purposes, not only as a medicine but for burning, greasing machinery, and in many other ways. We are told that one firm in the West uses two hundred barrels a year for mixing with bear's oil and like preparations. We learn that already such is the demand, that castor oil is becoming scarce, notwithstanding the large castor-bean plantations in the State of Illinois and other portions of the West.

On Jan. 17

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DANIEL

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1852.

NO. 8

POETRY!

LINES,

In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Jaquith, of Boston, who died in Woburn Nov. 10th, 1852. Dedicated to her bereaved husband.

She hath gone home! oh who shall tell
Thou sorely-stricken heart,
How dark the shadow on thy home,—
How desolate thou art!
Gone home! and thou alone must stay
The little ones beside,
Who know not how they are bereft
Of counsellor and guide.

Through weary days and wearier nights,
Her presence then dost miss,
How hope seems quenched when such a light,
Leaves such a world a this!
Thy strong arm who have shielded her,
Where her feet might roam,
But angel voices called thy love,
Bidding her welcome home!

Gone home: no more of toil or care,
No more of pain and sin,
And death or partings are not known,
That glorious home within.
No envious eye upon her brow,
Shall write its wrinkle lines,
The angel crown her forehead wears,
With heavenly beauty shines!

Then courage take, oh! sorrowing one,
Though desolate and lone,—
And tread like her the narrow path,
That leadeth to the throne.
The hand that smites is ever kind,
His own beloved to bless,—
That hand it wounded heart shall bind,—
Shall guide the motherless!

Her spirit, hovering round thy way,
Thine angel guide shall be;
And in her radiant home above,
May she not welcome thee?
Thou and thy little ones bereft,
To her embraces given;
Where tears and grief may enter not,
To dim the light of heaven!

H. W.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

BOSTON, Nov 1, 1852.

DEAR F.—In looking over the works of the old writers, we are sometimes amused at their scientific explanations of natural phenomena; for instance, Herodotus, who was born before Christ 484, says, Book 2d, Chap. xxiv.:—"But as I have mentioned the preceding opinions, (concerning the phenomena of the River Nile,) only to censure and confute them, I may be expected, perhaps, to give my own sentiments on this intricate subject. It is my opinion that the Nile overflows in the summer season; because, in the winter the sun, driven by the storms from his usual course, ascends into the higher regions of the air, above Libya. My reason may be explained without difficulty, for it may be easily supposed that to whatever region this power (i.e., the sun,) more nearly approaches, the rivers and streams of that country will be proportionately dried up and diminished." I need hardly say that the preceding opinions referred to are scarcely less ridiculous. One of them is that the *Etesian* winds (a North-East wind which prevails during "dry days") keep back the water, and that when they cease, the accumulated flood comes down. Another, that the melting of the snows accumulated upon the mountains near the source of the river, causes its rise; upon this latter explanation, Herodotus discourses in this wise:—"But how can this river, descending from a very warm to a much colder climate, be possibly composed of melted snow?" * * * "The first and strongest argument may be drawn from the winds which are in these regions invariably hot; it may also be observed that rain and ice are here entirely unknown. Now, and here is the clincher, if in five days after a fall of snow it must necessarily rain, which is indisputably the case, it follows that if there were snow in these countries, there would certainly be rain." It may as well to remark in passing, that it is now well known that from June to September, rain falls in Ethiopia and Abyssinia, the countries in which the Nile takes its rise, in perfect torrents. The historian's idea of snow being necessarily followed by rain within five days, was undoubtedly derived from his acquaintance with the climates of Asia Minor, and of Greece.

Let me give one other instance of the astronomical knowledge of Herodotus. Having been told that certain Phenicians, under orders from Dekos, king of Egypt, sailed from the Red Sea and circumnavigated Africa, returning to Egypt by way of the Straits of Hercules, he says:—"Their relation may obtain attention from others, but to me it seems incredible; for they affirmed that, having sailed round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand," i.e., on the north. It is now considered that this story is sufficient proof that the voyage was actually made, as not having crossed the Southern Tropics, such an idea never would have entered the minds of the Phenicians. This voyage was performed about 600 years before Christ. Vasco de Gama, starting from Lisbon, again circumnavigated Africa, A. D. 1498, 2,098 years after the first circumnavigation by the Phenicians.

But while in geographical sciences the ancients were but little advanced, yet in some others they were considerably enlightened—During the last century certain astronomical tables were discovered in India, carried to Europe, and their accuracy tested by the most celebrated astronomers of England and France. I acted a part.

"One set of these tables profess to go back as far as the year 3102 before Christ. Examination was instituted by M. Baily, (a celebrated French astronomer,) and the result of his inquiries is asserted to be that the astronomy of India is founded on observations which cannot be of much later date than the period above mentioned, for the Indian tables represent the state of the heavens at that period with astonishing exactness; and there is between them and the calculations of our modern astronomy such a conformity with respect to these ages, as could result from nothing but from the authors of the former having accurately copied from nature, and having delineated truly the face of the heavens in the age in which they lived."

The above is quoted from Dr. Robertson's Disquisition upon Ancient India, Appendix. An admirable work, containing very much that is interesting and instructive concerning the progress made by the ancient Indians in civilization.

If such testimony as can now be obtained may be relied upon, India had advanced to a high state of civilization while yet Greece was inhabited by barbarians ignorant of the alphabet, and before Romulus and Remus were born. The earliest account we have of the Indians, that given by the followers of Alexander the Great, represent them as already highly civilized, skilful in arts, advanced in science, and living under a political and religious constitution highly refined in its character, and reverenced and obeyed as having been derived from ages of remote antiquity.

In all ages since India was made known to Europe, gold and silver have perpetually been flowing into the country to be exchanged for her suices, precious stones, and exquisite fabrics. Since Vasco de Gama's voyage India has been plundered by the Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, French, and lastly and most shamefully by the English. Our own treatment of the North American Indians was not so cruel and dastardly as that of England toward the Hindoos, when she offers up prayers in her churches for the slaughter of ten thousand Sikhs, guilty of the crime of defending their native hills against the invader.

Since Vasco de Gama's voyage, what a wonderful change has taken place. An English colony is now planted about the *stormy cape*, an object of so much terror to the Portuguese voyager, and London and Paris fashions now come and go periodically on the banks of the Ganges and Indus. Calcutta, the seat of Brahmin learning, is now Calcutta, the principal *factory* of the East India Company.

But I cannot pursue this subject further, and fearing I have already wearied you with my gossip, I subscribe myself Yours,

LA PLUME.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 20th 1852.

MR EDITOR:—Since you heard from me, I have been sojourning in the country, passing my time in the pleasures of hunting, fishing and other sports, which are only to be found far removed from cities; it has been a great relief not only to my body, but also my mind. The short time I spent in Washington, last winter, came very near putting me under the doctor's prescriptions, but I escaped it by changing the scene and air. I am inclined to think there is a fatal something about the atmosphere of Washington, very injurious to health and especially to those who have not been accustomed to being confined in rooms heated with hot air, and breathed through so many assorted lungs as are to be found in Washington. We have lost many of our eminent men from disease originating there. It may be my case this coming winter, as I shall no doubt spend some time amongst the big ones, and of course expect to be present on the 4th of March next to witness the incoming of the new President.

I have taken quite a tour this last summer, I have always had an inkling to see "Wyoming Valley," that beautiful spot so celebrated by Campbell in his poem, of "Gertrude of Wyoming;" and I started last July from New York by the Raritan river to New Brunswick, thence to Easton in Pennsylvania—of course I had to stage it. I passed through a fine country well stocked with German farmers, large barbs, and plenty of sour-crout. The farmers in the interior of this State seem to regard their barns as the first and most material object, and if they can get a large stone barn about 100 feet long, it matters not what kind of house they live in. You have probably heard of the six horse teams of Pennsylvania, and I am sure I have seen them to perfection.

Arriving at the foot of the Pokono mountains, I found we had an ascent of 5 miles to mount before we could find a platform at the top. These mountains are full of wild scenery, and the traveller sees much to admire; we passed the carcass of a large wolf hanging from a tree, killed the evening before while attempting to get at some sheep; wolves are plenty on these mountains. The Pokono mountains are noted for grouse or as some term them the prairie hen; large numbers of which are taken by parties from Philadelphia, who come here and remain during the shooting season for these birds, which is early in the fall; they inhabit the clearings which are generally filled with low, tender brush and a coarse grass; they are shot on the wing, and it is rare sport. I may give you a description of a deer hunt on the mountain in which I acted a part.

About the middle of these mountains you descend to a valley through which runs the Lehigh river, so celebrated for its coal mines. Travelling onward we came in sight of Wyoming valley from the brink of the mountain 7 miles from the Susquehanna river, which runs through Wyoming valley. It was a beautiful view; we saw a number of towns on the river, and Wilkesbarre, situated at the foot of the mountain, is a large town. We descended 7 miles in a circuitous road which brought us to the valley, and you may be assured it is all which Campbell has described it, but he never saw it, and of course, could not describe its intelligent faces.

At dark the eldest daughter returned, and with a beautiful smile she said, "mother, I saw father at the corner of the street, and what do you think? he had a lobster in his hand for supper, and he was as sober as he could be. He didn't notice me, but I heard him say with a laugh, that if he couldn't get liquor in Portland, he was sure that he shouldn't go out of the way for it; and the man he was talking with, was Mr. L., President of the temperance society.—O! it does seem as if we should be happy once more. And how nice everything looks, not nicer than usual," she added quickly, "but we see through different eyes this night, I suppose."

The mother was still silent, but how high was her poor heart beating with new and joyful hope. It seemed as if that heart would at times leap from its enclosure; and when the husband and father neared home, she sank pale and trembling upon her seat.

SIDNEY.

SELECTIONS.

Chapter from the Life of a Port-land Dram-Drinker; Or, how the New Law works.

"It's almost time," said little Elsie, fixing her troubled eyes on the old church clock opposite the window where she sat, and then turned her sharp but sickly glance on her pale-faced mother.

"Yes, Elsie; but don't be alarmed if he should not be himself," replied the worn-looking woman, with a heavy sigh, "the fight you took lately has injured you more than a thousand colds. No one shall harm you, dear; I will defend you to my death," she added with determination and as if speaking to herself.

"I don't care for me mother, a bit, but when he tries to strike you, oh! how I shiver, and how I almost hate him. I can't help it, mother, indeed I can't," she quickly continued, as her mother looked up uneasily, "just think of that sweet patient little sufferer, a cripple perhaps for life, how pale and helpless he lies there, my dear darling little brother."

The mother turned her head slowly, until her two dim, blue eyes rested fully upon an emaciated child, sleeping uneasily in a broken cradle.

"Your father was good and kind once," she murmured, even while a frown gathered on her brow at the sight, "and now, when he makes one of his resolves, which alas! is but of short duration, his old nature comes out like sunshine. Poor little Henry, that was a cruel blow given by a father's hand; but who is responsible?" she exclaimed, suddenly starting from her seat, while her temples and cheeks were crimsoned; "oh! had I the power, not a rump should stand in this city by nightfall."

"Mother, don't look so angry," said little Elsie, with a quivering lip.

"God forgive me," replied the woman, stooping and kissing the bluish forehead of her child, "but when I think what he has been."

The door was pushed violently open and a girl of some fifteen summers burst into the room. Her fine face was lighted up, and her eyes shone like two brilliants as she exclaimed, with vehemence, "oh! mother, mother, can you imagine what news I have for you? It is so good, so glorious; the new liquor law has passed, and they say that within one week not a glass of intoxicating drink can be had for love or money. I felt so delighted when I heard it," she continued as the tears struggled with her smiles, "that I left the shop on the instant, and hurried home to tell you. Now I must be back again; it's worth a thousand dollars to see that smile on your face," and she hurried again back from the room.

The drunkard's wife sat down dreamily. She could hardly bring her mind to the truth of what she had heard; presently the consumptive child at her side pressed the trembling hand of her mother, and in sweet but faltering tones, uttered the simple sentence, "God is good, mother."

Instantly rising, the poor woman laid aside her work, and hurrying to her little narrow room adjoining, she fell upon her knees, completely overpowered by her emotion.—An hour passed before she rejoined her sick children. The hours had been spent in prayers of thanksgiving and tears of joy.

With a more cheerful heart than she had known for many years she hurried about her work. It was impossible to make the room neater, for the most battered furniture shone with cleanliness; but she went out herself and purchased some luxuries, such as none but Elsie had enjoyed for many a day, and drawing the table to the middle of the floor, she set it out with all the ware that her closet contained. Elsie looked on, pleased and happy, only asking her mother if she thought that her father would be home to supper.

"I know he will," was the firm answer.

When the two little boys came from school,

towards evening, they crept around the table, peeping at the pie, and asking all sorts of questions; whether that was really tea that stood on the stove, and if they might have butter on their bread; and when they were assured that they might, they moved around on tip-toe, for fear of disturbing their sick brother, talking to each other with the delighted glances of their intelligent faces.

At dark the eldest daughter returned, and with a beautiful smile she said, "mother, I saw father at the corner of the street, and what do you think? he had a lobster in his hand for supper, and he was as sober as he could be. He didn't notice me, but I heard him say with a laugh, that if he couldn't get liquor in Portland, he was sure that he shouldn't go out of the way for it; and the man he was talking with, was Mr. L., President of the temperance society.—O! it does seem as if we should be happy once more. And how nice everything looks, not nicer than usual," she added quickly, "but we see through different eyes this night, I suppose."

The mother was still silent, but how high was her poor heart beating with new and joyful hope. It seemed as if that heart would at times leap from its enclosure; and when the husband and father neared home, she sank pale and trembling upon her seat.

Eddy and Willie, the oldest boys, stood in the door-way; the father caught Eddy and swung him up with a "hi-yah sonny," then breaking off claw after claw of the huge lobster, he felled their hands. He entered the room carelessly, and glancing at the table, deposited his burden upon it, taking off his hat and for the first time for five months sat down by the window beside the sick child. He occasionally threw out a handful, and the turkeys marched after, not reflecting on the many hungry appetites they were destined to satisfy on Thanksgiving. There were 750 in the drove, and they came in that novel manner all the way from the northern part of Vermont, where live turkeys are worth from 8 to 10 cents per pound.—*Boston Journal, 19th.*

A CURIOUS SIGHT.—A few miles from Boston, this morning, a curious sight was seen, being a drove of turkeys, not driven, but led or coaxed by a man with a basket of corn.—He occasionally threw out a handful, and the turkeys marched after, not reflecting on the many hungry appetites they were destined to satisfy on Thanksgiving. There were 750 in the drove, and they came in that novel manner all the way from the northern part of Vermont, where live turkeys are worth from 8 to 10 cents per pound.—*Boston Journal, 19th.*

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—WATCHMAN BURNED TO DEATH.—By an extract from the office of the *Loyal News*, we learn that the flannel mills of Messrs. Stott & Crosby, in Belvidere, were consumed by fire about 4 o'clock yesterday morning. From these mills the fire extended to the bedstead factory of Messrs. Comins & Crosby—a three story building erected last year—which with its contents and machinery, was also burned. A storehouse and a building used as a sorting, dyeing and packing room for the flannel mill, were also destroyed. The flannel mill was an old building, and was equally owned by Mr. Stott and parties in Boston. On the mill and machinery there was \$5000 insurance at the Manufacturers' office, in this city. The stock in the storehouse and mill was insured in two of the Hartford offices, and the North-Western office, New York. The loss of Messrs. Comins & Crosby is estimated at from \$1000 to \$5000; insured for \$1000 in the People's Mutual, Boston, and \$1500 in the Chelsea Mutual, Chelsea.

Among the ruins of the mill was found in a shockingly disfigured condition, the body of Mr. James Law, who for four years has been employed as a watchman on the premises. His head and feet were entirely burned away, and the trunk discovered among the remains of a lot of flannels which had fallen through from the second story. There are many rumors about that the deceased was *dead* and asleep. The evidence before the Coroner's jury showed that up to 11 o'clock on Wednesday evening he was perfectly sober. The jury rendered a verdict that he came to his death from suffocation from smoke and fire while *asleep*. Law was about 35 years of age, and has a wife and family. He was seen smoking late in the evening. There are many rumors in circulation in regard to the origin of the fire, but none of them seem to be well authenticated.

In addition to the loss reported above, Mr. Heneage lost about \$2000 worth of machinery which was in the basement of Crosby's building, and on which there was no insurance.—*Boston Journal.*

A RACE OF RED MEN REPORTED IN WESTERN AFRICA.—*Le Nouvelles Annales des Voyages* for June, contains a translation by Ciceron, Professor of Arabic at Constantine, of the journal of a traveller named Tugurt, via Timbuctoo to the Mountains of the Moon. These mountains, however, according to this account, do not lie in Middle, or rather Eastern Africa, as laid down in our geographies, but among the western highlands, which fill the space between the middle course of the Niger and the Atlantic Ocean. The route taken was from Timbuctoo to Dschenne, up the Niger, then for some time upon the Niger, and finally by land to Bambara, Sakay, Maika and Sakat. Then follows the ensuing passage: "Beyond the circle of Sakat begins, so to speak, a new world; the people have a red color, of whom a part are herdsman, possessing innumerable herds of camels and flocks of sheep; the remainder are husbandmen. One travels some two months upon the territory, and then comes to a salt lake, called Schakat Schanscha. This lake loses itself in the sands of a boundless desert, in which one finds no trace of vegetation. Across this desert, the passage of which occupies five weeks, dwell nations of a red color, living in tents made of buffalo skins, and subsisting on dates and camel's milk. Then comes a second waste, which can be crossed in fifteen days; after which occur the first oases, which belong to the Mountains of the Moon, and are inhabited by red men."

Are these accounts actually based on facts? The journey, as described, is long enough to bring one to the Atlantic.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.—The identical pulpit in which George Whitfield delivered his powerful sermons in England, was brought over to this country a few days ago, and is now deposited at the *Tract House*, New York.

"EDWARD makes a man wise, not rich."

WOBURN RECORDS

MARRIAGES CONTINUED.

Timothy Fairbow of Billerica and Abigail, Foster of Woburn, m. Nov. 1st.

Isaac Walker and Margery Bruce, both of Woburn, m. Feb. 26th.

1705.

Samuel Peirce and Abigail Johnson, m. June 14th.

Thomas Bartlett and Mary Sergeant, of Malden, m. Sept. 23rd.

Richard Belcher, of Charlestown, and Ruth Knight of Woburn, m. Oct. 11th.

Daniel Peirce of Woburn, and Dinal Holt of Andover, m. July 3d.

John Reed and Abigail Baldwin, m. Dec. 4th.

Samuel Trumbull of Charlestown, and Hannah Faule of Woburn, m. Dec. 25th.

Timothy Snow and Lydia Peirce, m. January 16th.

Thomas Dill of Cambridge farms, and Mary Peirce of Woburn, m. Jan. 17th.

Josiah Johnson of Woburn, and Martha Whittemore of Melford, m. Jan. 24th.

Joseph Hartwell and Ruthanna Cutler, m. Feb. 1st.

1706.

Thomas Frost of Billerica, and Hannah Richardson of Woburn, m. Mar. 28th.

Isaac Kendall and Hannah Walker, both of Woburn, m. Oct. 9th.

Lehabod Pierce and Sarah Walters, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 24th.

Josiah Converse and Hannah Sawyer, both of Woburn, m. Dec. 30th.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—WATCHMAN BURNED TO DEATH.—By an extract from the office of the *Loyal News*, we learn that the flannel mills of Messrs. Stott & Crosby, in Belvidere, were consumed by fire about 4 o'clock yesterday morning. From these mills the fire extended to the bedstead factory of Messrs. Comins & Crosby—a three story building erected last year—which with its contents and machinery, was also burned. A storehouse and a building used as a sorting, dyeing and packing room for the flannel mill, were also destroyed. The flannel mill was an old building, and was equally owned by Mr. Stott and parties in Boston. On the mill and machinery there was \$5000 insurance at the Manufacturers' office, in this city. The stock in the storehouse and mill was insured in two of the Hartford offices, and the North-Western office, New York. The loss of Messrs. Comins &

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1852.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EWY.—Your tale of "Alice Vinton" is a fair production for a young mind. Direct your thoughts to some active scene in life, and let your description be life-like. You have abundance of material in New York; will publish as soon as we have room.**T. A. E.**—There is something pleasing in your style of poetry. "Snow" is a cold subject, but may be warmed by the harmony of verse. It is on file.**ELsie, THE PEASANT GIRL.**—Sometimes hearts meet from the sympathy of poetry; stranger things have happened. Your lines to "Bonnie Lassie" are accepted.*******.**—We return many thanks for your kindness; you have made us quite a creditable acquisition. Your request shall be complied with.**Lucy.**—We are pleased to add your name to our list; from the two specimens you have sent us we discover talent which we hope, will frequently grace our columns. "Passing Away," we insert to-day.**MARY RITCHIE.**—Our Woburn readers will be much interested in your "Tale of Woburn," we shall commend it to their special notice. Will commence it next week, if possible.**EMMA.**—The granite hills of New Hampshire are not barren of intellectual merit, and we have a fair proof of this in your "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." We have added your name to our list; last, though not least.**H. W.**—We comply with your request. The subject is impressive, and on such occasions we must allow a preference.**MARY O'QUELL.**—Your lines, addressed to "Ihabod Wingate," are not of sufficient interest to our readers for us to crowd out others long on hand; therefore, you must excuse us for the present. You tell him that you had seen the articles he alluded to, took them as guides, and used a small portion of them without giving the usual credit. If you wish us to publish your article when we have room, we will do so. A letter-box would be too conspicuous.

EDITORIAL.

Taking the Head of the Pew.

This may be thought by some a singular subject for our remarks; as society has, by long custom, made it a law for the gentlemen to occupy the head of the pew at church, and, of course, no one should think of attempting to alter it.

We are fully sensible of all the force of custom, and we know, and so do our readers, that many of the foolish forms now existing in society, owe their present existence to the want of independence of character, which would lead those who still themselves the supporters of these customs, to remodel them according to the progress of the times. We are afraid of making ourselves too conspicuous, thinking we may be called singular, and wanting in good sense, if we attempt to remedy these defects by any act of an individual nature, and so we must bear all the ridiculous inconveniences of this custom, because we don't like to begin a reformation.

We are led to make these remarks by witnessing a scene in a church, where several gentlemen had seated themselves in a pew, and late in the service a lady came to the door, and instead of quietly seating herself at the head—made quite a flourish, and obliged all the gentlemen to rise and fill the aisle in front, for her to squeeze through to the pew—thereby disturbing the whole congregation, and appearing very ridiculous.

These occurrences are of every Sabbath, and we wish they could be remedied. Of what consequence is it who takes the head of the pew? We don't go to church for that. Age, we acknowledge, should have the preference, but the custom of making such a useless disturbance should be stopped.

The custom of gentlemen taking the head of the pew originated in the early settlement of this country, when it was necessary to carry muskets to the church, as a defence against the Indians. As there is no necessity for such implement now at church, there can be none for the custom.

EW We would give notice that it has been decided to award to the following correspondents of the Woburn Journal, the Books promised in the 1st volume, and if they will call at Fowle's Book Store, on the 1st of January, they will receive the prizes. We do not know the names of some of the contributors, and shall be obliged to give their signatures:— "Mrs. M. W. Wellman," "Elsie, the Peasant Girl," "Mary Ritchie," "Hermite," "H. A. K.," and quite a number of others might be mentioned, who deserve each a book, but we have already rather exceeded our first promise, and feel obliged to curtail our wishes to the above named five.**EW** We are unable to state before going to press, who will lecture before the Lyceum next Tuesday evening. The evening was assigned to Prof. Stowe of Andover, who was to give a lecture which we understand will be quite interesting. The lecture committee having just learned that there is a chance of obtaining the services of J. G. Saxe, Esq., the celebrated poet, are endeavoring to make arrangements for a poem from him, on next Tuesday evening; but a decision cannot be made, till after our paper is published. In either case our readers will be treated to an intellectual repast worth getting.**EW** We regret that we were unable to attend the exhibition at the Stoneham High School; we understand that the whole affair passed off most satisfactorily, highly gratifying to all the interested parties. We hope some of our Stoneham correspondents will give us an account of the exhibition.

ASTONISHING RESULTS.

We take the following accounts from the "Dunkirk Journal," published at Dunkirk, the termination of the great Erie Railroad at Lake Erie. We knew Dunkirk when it could boast of not over 30 dwellings; it was a small forwarding depot, for salt and merchandise; the whole village hardly worth its taxes; now read the account of produce arriving and departing; it is almost beyond belief. That Western World, bordering on the lakes, is destined to raise a surplus produce, sufficient for Europe and America:—

PAONCE GOING FORWARD.—As the season of lake navigation approaches to a close, freight is plenty, and every thing afloat is crowded to its utmost capacity. During the week, a large amount of flour and other rolling freight have arrived. The Detroit boats, and Toledo and Cleaveland propellers, all arrive loaded to their utmost capacity. The Key Stove State, from Detroit, discharged the largest load of freight which ever floated into this port, consisting of four thousand three hundred bbls. of flour, and several tons of pork, in hog. We give the freight in the article of flour alone, of some of the steamers:

Key Stone State,.....	4,300
Lady Elgin,.....	3,300
Niagara,.....	3,000

These are only the receipts of two days, by the company's boats. The receipts of flour for the week ending on Wednesday, foot up thus, in barrels:

Per Detroit Line Steamers,.....	20,000
" Cleveland Line Steamers,.....	5,000
" Propellers,.....	15,000
" Transient Steamers,.....	5,000

Total bbls.....45,000

In addition to this, the receipts of beef, pork in the hog, butter and cheese, have been large.

The operations of the New York and Erie Railroad, during the week, in the movement of freight, have also been heavy, averaging five thousand bbls. a day, besides several butter and pork trains. The receipts of the road continue to show a large increase of business over last year, those of October exceeding last year by \$20,000; while those of November and December will show an excess of nearly, if not quite seventy-five thousand. Up to November, the years increase was over eight hundred thousand dollars.

EW We are requested to state that the committee appointed to look into the matter of a new Hall, &c., will be ready to report next Tuesday evening, and our citizens are requested to assemble en masse, half an hour before the lecture, to hear the report. Don't forget the hour, 7 o'clock, and come prepared to take an active part in this good enterprise.**EW** We notice in several of our exchanges, accounts of an earthquake that was felt last Saturday night; and we learn from Mr. Kendall, who lives on the plains, that about half past eleven o'clock on that night he felt it quite perceptible; he was awakened from a sound sleep, and could not account for the strange noises he heard. We understand that it lasted about two minutes at Newburyport; here it was felt for nearly a minute.**EW** The report that the editor of the *Clinton Courant*, and him of the *Cambridge Chronicle*, had ordered "pistols and coffee for two," on the result of a "flurry" about Ensign Stubbins not being fairly treated in the late vote at Hull, is said to be untrue. Mrs. Partington exclaimed, when she heard of it, "Oh, Tempus! Oh, Moses!" Rumor, says the *Carpet Bag*, was not in or-consulted.**EW** The Webster Osequies in Boston.—We cannot say much in praise of the parade in Boston, in memory of Daniel Webster. We expected something beyond all former processions, but we were disappointed. The eulogy will be read by millions; it is a merited production. Daniel Webster's fame stands out bold relief; nothing in these displays can add to it, or even reach it.**EW** We are very glad to perceive that the process of ventilating our school-houses is now completed, in two of them; this is really a great improvement; we think the benefit will soon show itself in the ease and comfort to be enjoyed by the scholars and teachers at the school-houses, where the change has been made.**EW** We would remind those subscribers who have not paid for their last year's subscription to the Journal, to call and settle for the same, at Fowle's Bookstore.

DUNKIRK JOURNAL is before us, and we are perfectly astonished at the increase of that place. We have a friend who can give us some pleasant recollections of Dunkirk, and vicinity, when Col. Bird's mail stage used to get mired in the 4 mile woods, and the Cataragus Creek; we shall have to hunt him up.

LIVING AGE.—We have not received the two last numbers of this valuable publication. What is the reason we miss it from our table?**EW** Mr. Townsend is in town, and is stopping at Rev. Mr. Fuller's residence, for a few days only. All those who wish a Phenological examination, would do well to embrace the present opportunity.**WOBURN HIGH SCHOOL.**—The examination of the High School will take place on Friday the 10th inst., and we hope it will be well attended. It is of the highest importance to the rising generation that education should be well encouraged, and parents, in all cases, should attend these exhibitions. We refer to the advertisement for particulars.**EW** We regret that we were unable to attend the exhibition at the Stoneham High School; we understand that the whole affair passed off most satisfactorily, highly gratifying to all the interested parties. We hope some of our Stoneham correspondents will give us an account of the exhibition.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Thanksgiving day passed off pleasantly, the weather was good; the railroads did a great business, and passed free from accidents.—The Steamer Buck-eye Bell, burst her boiler on the Ohio river, killing 22 persons.—Hon. Chas. G. Atherton, has been chosen U. S. Senator from New Hampshire.—The Maine Liquor Law has passed both branches of the Vermont Legislature.—The Mormons have appointed 37 elders as missionaries to Europe, for the spread of their doctrine.—The New York Battery is to be enlarged to double its present size.—\$4 deaths in Boston last week.

—On Thanksgiving day at the five points, New York, 1000 garments were distributed to over 500 poor children, besides an excellent dinner, provided by ladies of the Home Missionary Society.—The New York canals were navigable on the 1st of December.—286 American whale ships, composed of the North Pacific fleet of 1852.—The town of Rutland, Vt., has turned out a million dollars worth of marble the past year.—Meetings have been held in London and Paris, in memory of Daniel Webster.—House-breakers have become very numerous in Boston.—A fire in Grafton last Friday, destroyed a bakehouse.—Mr. Treadwell, a baker in New York, distributed on Thanksgiving day several hundred loaves of fresh bread to the poor.—A flood occurred at Springfield last week, in consequence of heavy rains filling the Town Brook, and damaging a new block of stores, and goods.—The difficulty with Havanna is not yet settled.—Two men have been arrested for placing obstructions on the Boston and Providence Railroad.—The Selectmen of Adams, have offered a reward of \$200 for the arrest of Martin Heath, who is supposed to have murdered his wife, and fired his house, last week.—A woman was killed on the railroad near Lexington, last Thursday.—

Look out for your matches, some rats dragged a bunch into a hole, where they became ignited, and came near setting fire to a house.—A new Catholic Church, was consecrated in New York, last week.—Charles Roche, was arrested in Washington, for stealing a valuable canon from Gen. Scott.—The express train which left New York, for New Haven, the day before Thanksgiving, contained 2629 passengers.—A gang of counterfeiters, have been arrested in New York, with all their apparatus for counterfeiting American and Foreign coins.—A company of Chinese theatrical performers have arrived at New York from California.—The Common Council of Hartford, refused to license a theatre.—The Cochituate water has been introduced into the State Prison, Charlestown.—Peter Cooper, an eminent merchant of New York, has made a donation of \$300,000, for establishing an institution in that city, to be known as the "Union," for the moral and physical improvement of the youth of our country, and the world. A noble deed!—A heavy frost occurred in Baltimore last Tuesday, carrying off 200 bales of cotton, and doing other damage.—An immense land slide occurred on the Charleston, S. C., Railroad, stopping the mail.—Sundry pockets were picked of pocket books and watches, in Boston, on the 30th, inst.—The procession in Boston on the 30th inst., was two miles in length.—The Shoe Manufacture of Newhall & Hall of Saugus, was broken into last Tuesday night, and a quantity of shoes stolen.—On last Monday night three men stole two horses from a night cart, standing near Charlestown Bridge, Boston; this is something new.—A small girl had her ankle broken in the crowd at Faneuil Hall, on Tuesday last.—The mourning decorations in front of the store of Henry Prattiss, in Court Street, took fire about 11 o'clock Tuesday night, and was consumed, leaving the bus of Webster standing alone.—The boiler of a Paper Mill in Dighton, exploded last Tuesday, killing one man and injuring others.—The Connecticut river has slightly overflowed its banks.—The milk men of Salem now use wine measure in selling milk.—We have nothing special to note from Europe; matters are quiet.—From California, nothing very interesting; gold is abundant, and emigration continues as usual.—In our own vicinity, we have nothing of interest; the weather has been remarkably pleasant and all have improved it.

EW The oldest living printer in the United States, is a man named Carly, in Yorkville, S. C. He worked with Ben Russell on the Boston *Centinel*, half a century ago, and he yet sets type by candle light, and is 97 years of age.**EW** Rev. John Pierpont, last Tuesday night delivered a poem before the Lyceum; it was of the first order, and it was listened to with marked attention and delight by a large audience; it was full of good hits, and practical thoughts, and fully sustained Mr. P.'s former reputation.**EW** The Panorama exhibited by Mr. Langley, in the Town Hall, last Wednesday evening, was not as fully attended as it deserved. The painting is one of interest, and would repay any one for visiting it. We hope that all such exhibitions of merit will receive the generous patronage of our citizens, for the reputation of a town suffers when a well conducted exhibition cannot be supported in its midst.**FATAL RESULT OF FOLLY.**—An interesting little girl of ten years of age, in Nashua, N. H., was so badly frightened recently by a man disguised in a mask, at a window she was passing, that an affection of the brain ensued, of which she died.**EW** Friend Cooper's Hair Oil is something that does not need a puff to increase its value, for it is one of those compounds that is intrinsically good, and we advise a trial of it. It is advertised in another column.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

THE HERMIT.

In my young days, the changes of the seasons did not attract my thoughts as they do now; still there was something beautiful in the opening of the spring, the budding rose, the forest violet, and the mountain laurel; something calm and glorious in the midsummer's waving fields of grain, in autumn's gatherings, and the gorgeous colors of her changing scenes; something sad in the cold and stormy winds of winter, for they are warnings of the bleak and lonely spirit of declining years.

I have marked well the progress from youth to manhood; at the midriff of life we look back on past events as of yesterday. If we are prosperous, and the world goes well with us, how thick and beautiful are the flowers which strew our path! Spring and summer, autumn and winter, glide by us like some proud barque, as she spreads her white canvas before the favoring gale—beautiful to view, but subject to the stormy winds and rock-bound shore of the broad ocean, on whose bosom she is now parting the blue waters.

How sudden the change when the storms of winter come, if they overtake us without preparation, which in our prosperous days we neglected; then shipwreck upon shipwreck follow, and all our fond hopes are scattered by the storm.

I can point to the time and the hour when my ardent passions for gain prompted me onward in some favored plan; hopes of success blinded all reason, and I have recklessly staked fortune and reputation, when prudence and discretion should have restrained me. I can remember the reverses of fortune by experience.

The stream which carried my first freight to the broad ocean of life, bore on its bosom many who laughed with me; some arrived safe at their destined haven—others were overtaken by the rude winds of misfortune, and few, very few, are now left who commendably ascend the hill of life with the old Hermit.

Time, with his unerring scythe, has again cut down one of the noblest oaks that ever grew on the world's wide soil. In my comparisons I seek the forest; I am familiar with its dense population, and I have formed the history of many a noble oak within the broad grove which joins my clearing. I had one towering above all others, which, during the contending storms and tempests, stood erect, refusing to bow its majestic head to every breeze—it was the pride of the forest. I have sat under its branches when the elements seemed determined to its destruction; it never looked so proud and great as when shielding the forest by its gigantic strength, and I have thought it would be a kind act of Providence for the "Woodman to spare that tree." It has fallen, and the void will remain forever.

Pardon these expressions of feeling, as I refer to Daniel Webster. I knew him well; he was indeed the tall oak which towered above us all. You may ask why should I, a hermit, secluded from the world and near the brink of the grave, speak of Webster as the towering oak of the human forest, as though his fame required this tribute from an unknown forest.

Stop, sir, I have a small personal incident, connected with the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, which carries me back to the visit of Lafayette to America.

The memory of the aged, how vivid! when the mirror reflects scenes which are personal, I can count every incident on that, to me, memorable day.

In the early settlement of the West I had attained some high command in the military, which in those days conferred some honor on the officer. In our vicinity lived a little band of some ten or twenty heroes of the Revolution; many of them retained that passion for the sound of the drum and fife which they learned in the Revolution, and on all our military occasions they were the invited guests.

There was one, whose name was Anderson, who used to come and sit for hours with me, and talk about those times when he was under Washington. How his aged eyes would sparkle as he described Washington and his army! When he mentioned Lafayette, he always said he hoped he should live to see the day when he could take his hand; he would then die content. When it was known that Lafayette was to pass through our village, we made preparations to receive him. They were in the rustic order, but our hearts were true.

For many days we were disappointed in his arrival, but Anderson was with me, early and late; he was one of Lafayette's picked men at Trenton, and had on a certain occasion performed some service for Lafayette, which he was sure Lafayette would remember. I can never forget the day when we saw the clouds of dust at a distance, which told of his approach. I was the officer of the day, and donned for the first time a new uniform, with sparkling epaulets. I was proud of my station, and as I expected an interesting meeting with Lafayette and the old soldiers, I determined it should come off well; we arranged the citizens in a line, placing the heroes in the centre. Lafayette, with his son George, stood on the stoop of our only public house, and as the citizens passed they took him by the hand, while my station was on his right, to introduce all to him. When the old soldiers came up, I told him there was a remnant of the band who fought with him. I watched his eyes when he took Anderson by the hand; they mutually paused, looking at each other for a moment; says Anderson, "Don't you know me?" "No," said Lafayette, "I do not remember you; so many years have passed since we parted, that I cannot call you to mind." "Do you remember Anderson, one of your 1500 picked men at Trenton, who saved you from that?" "Oh, I do, I do!" exclaimed

Lafayette, without waiting for Anderson to finish, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he again pressed the aged hands of Anderson, and they parted forever. That scene can never be effaced from my memory. Lafayette acted his part at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument; while Daniel Webster told, in matchless language, the cause of the erection.

The prominent actors in this incident have passed away; others more humble will soon follow, and ere long, those who read these lines from the old man's pen may strew a few wild flowers over the forest grave of the Hermit.

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Written for the Journal.

MONTREAL, NOV. 1ST, 1852.

FRIEND FOWLE:—I was much pleased with "Toronto;" it is a large city, and handsomely situated on the north side of Lake Ontario. The harbor is one of the best I have ever seen on those inland seas. It was formerly called "Little York," and was taken by the Americans in the war of 1812.

The trade of Toronto is large, especially in flour. Many of the mills manufacture a superior article of flour, the brand of which stands high here and abroad. Wheat is raised in great abundance, and of a superior kind, and I have seen some of the finest farms in this vicinity, which any man could desire. Canada West is without exception, so far as I have seen, a very productive and excellent agricultural country; the soil is equal to New England. The climate is good. Flour mills are to be found on every stream, and if the Yankees had it, you would see Boston market filled with brands of flour which would fully compare with any from Genesee, or the West.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1852.

to-day. Turner was caught by his arms and body between heavy timbers, and was so held for a long time, until he was as at length rescued, badly bruised, and severely burnt on his face and arms. He was sensible all the while he was being extirpated, and his cries for help, and exclamations of "save me—don't let me be killed—save me, for the sake of my wife and two children"—were most heart-rending. At length he was taken from his perils situation and conveyed into the Adams House, where he still remains. At noon to-day he was quietly sleeping. His physician states that he believes no bones are broken, but he may have sustained internal injury, in addition to external burns and bruises.

A man named George W. Perkins, who belongs to the West Division of the City Watch, was badly bruised by the falling of the same wall, and was conveyrd to his home. Fears are had that others besides the unfortunate Foster may be found under the ruins, although no others are as yet known to be missing. A man named Pratt or Clapp was quite badly injured by a falling wall.

Mr. Chickering's loss is estimated at \$150,000, which is partially covered by insurance. The losses of other sufferers have not been ascertained with sufficient correctness to be relied upon.—*Boston Journal*, 2d.

THE LIQUOR LAW DECLARED CONSTITUTIONAL BY THE POLICE COURT. — In the Police Court this morning, a decision was given by a full bench in the case of the liquor seized by a warrant of the Court, in Kneeland street, under the new liquor law. The liquors belonged to Edgar W. Cummings, and the warrant was served by the sheriff and assistants, and has remained for several months in his custody.

This morning the opinion of the Court on the questions raised was read. It is a lengthy document. All the justices coincide that the law is constitutional, and two of the Justices (Rogers and Russell) overrule the objections raised by Mr. Parker.

On these points Justice Cushing dissented, and read an opinion to the effect that it was doubtful if the complaint on which the liquor was seized was sufficient to hold the owner of the liquor to answer, and that it would not be competent to a complaint against liquor one day and seize it another, for the reason that a stock of this kind is constantly changing and the liquor in the complaint may not be the same as that seized.

Also that the complaint should be more specific, so as to identify the liquors to be seized, and that the right of summary search should be circumscribed within reasonable limits.

The objections of Mr. Parker having been thus overruled, the case will be tried on its merits, on Thursday next, and if the liquor is declared forfeited, and ordered to be destroyed, the owner, Mr. Cummings, can appeal to a higher court.—*Boston Traveller*, 2d.

MARRIAGE.

There are moments in this fleeting life
When every pulse beats here, and the soft air
Is full of fragrance from a pure clime."

In South Reading, by the Rev. Isaac Burgess, of Providence, John V. Burgess of New York, to Ellen Maria, daughter of James Eastis, of South Reading.

By the Rev. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Rufus P. Crosby, of Woburn, to Miss Elizabeth Sherbourne, of Roxbury.

DEATHS.

"And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hay."

The Examination of this school will take place at the Grammar School room, in District No. 1, on Friday, the tenth day of December next, at 10 o'clock, P.M.

PEACEABLE, in Woburn, George Nichols, aged 44 years, in Winton, N. H., Nov. 29th, Josiah Parker, aged 78 years, a native of Woburn.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 29th, John Warren, son of Amos Warren, stone, formerly of Woburn, aged 13 years and 10 months.

On the 11th instant, on board the U. S. Ship Portsmouth, at sea, of fever contracted on the Gayaguil river, Mr. Warren, which took him to Woburn, Mass. His friends now reside there, and it is their opinion that his friends know that, during his long and tedious sickness, every thing was done by the surgeon and his shipmates to make him comfortable. He was buried at sea, with the honors of war. Mr. Richardson was the son of Mr. Warren Richardson, formerly of this town.

Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!

P. TEARE, Agent for S. H. KNIGHT & CO., the best Philadelphia Cigars, wholesale; cheaper than anywhere else.

dec. 4.

Gage & Fowle,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

HAVE on hand a complete stock of Overcoats, choice Pantaloony, Vestings and rich Furnishing Goods.

G. R. GAGE,
Woburn, December 4, 1852.

J. L. FOWLE.

Dancing School.

M. T. Y. GAGE, will leave to announce to the citizens of Woburn, South and Woburn, and vicinity, and he will open a School for instruction in Dancing the second week in December, and respectfully bespeak their patronage. Due notice will be given of the day, and at what place.

Woburn, Dec. 4, 1852.

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Pictures of Webster.

PICTURES of Webster, from 20c. to \$2. Also, pictures of Gen. Pierce, John P. Hale, and Robert Gould, Jr. For sale wholesale and retail, at the Woburn Book Store.

dec. 4.

School Books.

All the various kinds of School Books used in the vicinity, for sale at the Woburn Book Store.

dec. 4.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the Subscribers for the Puritan and Recorder for 1852, Woburn, are requested to make immediate payment to G. W. Fowle, Agent.

WOODBRIDGE, MORE & CO.

dec. 4.

Notice.

The Subscribers would respectfully inform his friends, former patrons, and the public in general, that he has re-opened a Store at the OLD STAND, where he offers a good assortment of West India Goods, and Family Groceries, very cheap, for Cash.

Call and see.

JAMES BRIDGE,
Woburn, Dec. 2, 1852.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1852.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.
TO A CONSUMPTIVE FRIEND.

BY MARY ETTICHE.
I loved thee with an ardent love;
But still I knew the bloom,
That lit thy fair and downy cheek,
Had marked thee for the tomb.

Thy light and slender form bespoke
An early, sudden grave;
And well I knew that earthly power,
Thy young life could not save.

A few more nights reviving shade,
A few more mornings fair,
And death will bear thee far from us—
Thy Saviour waits thee there.

Woburn, Nov. 13, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

He who by the plough would thrive,
Honour must either hood or drive.

FIXED FACTS IN AGRICULTURE!

1. All lands on which clover or grasses are grown, must either have lime on them naturally, or that mineral must be artificially supplied. It matters but little whether it be supplied in the form of stone-lime, oyster-lime, or marl.

2. All permanent improvement of lands must look to lime as its basis.

3. Lands which have long been in culture, will be benefited by applications of phosphate of lime, and it is unimportant whether the deficiency be supplied in the form of bone-dust, guano, native phosphate of lime, composts of fish, ashes, or in that of oyster-shell lime—or marl—if the land need limeing, also.

4. No lands can be preserved in a high state of fertility, unless clover and the grasses are cultivated in the course of rotation.

5. Mould is indispensably in every soil—and a healthy supply can alone be preserved through the cultivation of clover and the grasses, the turning in of green crops, or by the application of composts rich in the elements of mould.

6. All highly concentrated animal manure are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged, by admixture with plaster, salt, or pulverized charcoal.

7. Deep ploughing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet.

8. Sub-soiling sound land, that is, land that is not wet, is eminently conducive to increased production.

9. All wet land should be drained.

10. All grain crops should be harvested before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

11. Clover, as well as the grasses intended for hay, should be mowed when in bloom.

12. Sandy lands can be most effectually improved by clay. When such lands require liming, or marling, the lime or marl is most beneficially applied, when made into compost with clay. In slackening lime, salt brine is better than water.

13. The chopping or grinding of grain, to be fed to stock, operates as a saving of at least twenty-five per cent.

14. Draining of wet lands and mashes adds to their value, by making them produce more and better crops—by producing them earlier—and improving the health of the neighborhoods.

15. To manure, or lime wet lands, is to throw manure, lime and labor away.

16. Shallow plowing operates to impoverish the soil, while it decreases production.

17. By stabbing and sledging stock through the winter, a saving of one-fourth of the food may be effected—that is, one-fourth less food will answer, than when such stock may be exposed to the inclemencies of the weather.

18. A bushel of plaster per acre, sown broadcast over, will add one hundred per cent. to its produce.

19. Periodical applications of ashes tend to keep up the integrity of the soils, by supplying most, if not all of the organic substance.

20. Thorough preparations of land, is absolutely necessary to the successful and luxuriant growth of crops.

21. Abundant crops cannot be grown for a succession of years, unless care be taken to provide, and apply an equivalent for the substances carried off the land in the products grown thereon.

22. To preserve meadows in their productiveness, it is necessary to harrow them every second autumn, apply top dressing, and roll them up.

23. All stiff clays are benefited by fall and winter plowings; but should never be plowed while they are wet. If at such plowings, the furrows be materially deepened, lime, marl, or ashes should be applied.

24. Young stocks should be moderately fed with grain, in winter, and receive generous supplies of long provender, it being essential to keep them in fair condition in order that the formation of muscles, bones, &c., may be encouraged and continuously carried on.

25. Milch cows, in winter, should be kept in moderately warm, but well ventilated quarters, regularly fed and watered three times a day, salted twice or thrice a week, have clean beds, be curried daily, and in addition to this long provender, should receive succulent food, morning and evening.

26. Full complements of tools, and implements of husbandry, are intimately connected with the success of the husbandman.

27. Capital is not only necessary to agricultural success, but can be as profitably used in farming as any other occupation.

28. Punctuality in engagements is as necessary to agriculturists, as it is to a merchant.

29. Every husbandman should carefully

read and digest matters connected with his business; his success being as dependant upon a full knowledge of the science as of law or physic.

30. Wheat, rye, oats, and barley should never follow each other in a course of rotation; there should always be an intervening hay-crop between them.

31. Weeds should never be permitted to mature their seed on a farm, but be pulled up, or cut down as often as they show themselves; such being the only effectual method of eradicating. To ensure this result, the ground should be planted in corn, and that kept clean.

32. Time and labor, devoted to the collection of materials to be converted into manure, are the most fruitful sources of profit in the whole range of farm economy.

33. The orchard, to be productive of good fair fruit, requires to be fed, as much as does a field of grain. The soil of each requires that the substances abstracted by the crops shall be restored. The soil should be kept clean, and open to the meliorating influences of the sun, the dews, the rain and the air—the bark of the trees should be kept in a healthful condition, by scraping, when necessary, and by alkaline washes.

34. A western farmer, being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he could not keep him any longer.

“Why,” said the man, “I’ll stay and take some of your cows in place of money.”

“But what shall I do?” said the farmer, “when my cows and oxen are all gone?”

“Why, you can then work for me, and get them back.”

35. While one of the freight barges belonging to the Erie Railroad Company was being towed down from Piermont, last week, a drove of hogs, numbering five and six hundred, took fright, broke loose from the enclosure, and tumbled into the water. About half of the swine were picked up alive, and the balance were drowned. The latter were finally brought ashore by the boatmen on each side of the river, and are said to have been sent to New York city for sale to certain dealers in meat.

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APPLES FOR ENGLAND.—The New York Express says:

“The Arctic also took out as freight, twenty-five hundred barrels of apples. Her predecessor in the same line took out two thousand barrels, and the Pacific, on a late trip, had a large number which brought in Liverpool 28s. per barrel. They were the best Newton pippins, costing here about \$5 per barrel. The freight charges are 1,20 per barrel, leaving a handsome profit for the owner. The expedition with which perishable merchandise of this description can now be delivered in England, ensuring its good order, has given rise this season to quite an extensive traffic between the two countries.”

FURNITURE POLISH.—An equal mixture of sweet oil and vinegar. This must be used constantly, and the furniture afterwards well rubbed with a chamois leather. This is an excellent polish for mahogany. Furniture cream for polishing wood, is made with two ounces of perch, one gallon of soft water, one pound of beeswax, a quarter of a pound of soap, boil until dissolved, spread it with a painter’s brush, and polish off with a leather.

YEAST.—The following recipe is given as a new method of making yeast. Take a large cupful of split peas, put them in a pint of boiling water; cover them closely to exclude the air, place them beside the fire for twenty-four hours, when it should have a fine froth on the top. A table spoonful of the liquid will raise one pound of flour.

ANOTHER NEGRO STAMPEDE.—A number of slaves escaped on horses from Bourbon County, Ky., on Sunday last. It is supposed that about twenty-five fled. Some of them were recovered in the neighborhood of the Blue Licks, but more of them are still fugitives. A number of Kentucky officials were in the city yesterday, in search of a squad of four, who are suspected of crossing the river opposite Fulton.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852.

NO. 8.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

ASPIRATIONS OF A LONELY SPIRIT.

Look not wealth nor empty power,—
The gilded trapings of an hour;
They cannot calm this aching breast,
Alay its pangs, or sooth its smart.

I ask not fame, though bright it bloom,—
It sheds no radiance round the tomb;—
A fitful breeze,—a flickering light,—
A moment seen,—then all is night.

I ask not that my name should see
An earthly immortality;
Though fair the page that she adorns,
Her wreath is thickly set with thorns,

Give me a peaceful, fair retreat,
Where life's rough tempests never beat;
Give me one friend upon whose breast
My weary head may sweetly rest.

Should fortune frown, should clouds come on,
And fond hopes perish, one by one;
Her smile shall cheer the darkest day,
And chase my anxious cares away.

Thus life shall pass, serene and mild,
Each anxious care, each fear beguiled;—
Like summer's eve, with lingering ray,
Shall gently glide our lives away.

And when the scenes of life are o'er,—
When hopes and fears distract no more;—
When earth shall claim its kindred clay,
And our freed spirits soar away—

In that bright world where sorrows cease,
Where spirits rest, where all is peace,—
There may we meet and sing His love,
Who reigns through all the realms above.

ENVOI.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

The Unknown Benefactor:

A TALE OF WOBURN.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

Chapter I.

In a retired part of Woburn stands a little, old-fashioned, wood-colored building. At the time of my story it was tenanted by a family by the name of S——. Mr. S—— was a feeble man, and did but little towards supporting his increasing family. His wife, on the contrary, was a healthy, industrious woman; and, for her untiring industry, the family must have "come upon the town." Early and late she might have been seen, either swiftly plying her needle, or busily employed in domestic affairs. Her husband lingered for about a year or so after the first introduction of this family to the reader, and then passed to that unknown land to which we are all fast hastening. At his decease, the family numbered five; Mrs. S—— and four children. Of these children three were sons, and the other a daughter, the latter being the senior of the four; and as she is the most important character in my story, I shall be quite particular in describing her to the reader.

Emma S—— was a little delicate-looking girl. She had light, curly hair; an expressive blue eye; a broad, white brow; rosy-cheeked; classically formed features; small feet and hands, and a form, though slight, that was the envy of her sex. Excuse me, reader, or female reader, I should have said, for exposing that fault which seems so inherent to us; but you know the best of us have our foibles, and therefore it is not wrong to speak of them, and let the opposite sex know that we, as well as they, have failings. When we see a face or form that excels ours, how apt we are to be envious. It is very wrong for us to indulge this feeling, and yet how many of us do, to a greater or less extent,—even to the despising of peace and happiness!

But to my narration. Emma, at the time of her parent's disease, was just entering the first year of her "teens." She was quite an assistant to her mother, both in assisting about the house, and in her efforts at a maintenance.

Chapter II.

Six months elapsed since death had visited the S——'s, and now it was on the eve of making another visit to the already broken household. The oldest boy, a robust-looking lad, was taken suddenly ill with a malignant fever; and, in twelve hours from the time he was first taken sick, he was a corpse!

This was a heavy blow to Mrs. S——; she was almost delirious with grief. Long, sleepless nights ensued, which added to a day of arduous toil which she felt obliged to perform, in order for her family to be provided with the necessities of life, soon enervated her system, and threw her on a couch of lingering sickness. The care and support of the family was about to be transferred to the fragile Emma.

Chapter III.

One afternoon, during the first part of her sickness, Mrs. S—— called Emma to her bedside, and putting in her hand a half-eagle, bade her go up in town and procure a few groceries, as they were wholly without. After having named over the articles she desired her to get, she added, "Now Emma, my child, make haste and return, for the children will be very hungry when they return from school, as you well recollect they had a very slight dinner. They will be living in anticipation of their promised supper, and will be very disappointed if you are not at

home with the articles, and have them cooked upon their arrival from school; so make haste, child,"—then, glancing at the little clock on the mantle-tree, she added, "you have got three whole hours to go in, but the distance is long, and I don't want you to hurry so as to get sick, but sure mind and be home in that time; and be sure," she added, taking the half-eagle again in her hand, "be sure that they give you the right change, for this is every cent of money we possess in the wide world—and don't, I pray you, lose it. Tie it up in the corner of your handkerchief, and hold fast to it, for it is a small coin, and consequently easily lost."

"Yes, mother," replied Emma, at the same time stooping down and imprinting a kiss upon the marble-like brow of her parent, I will do everything that you have said." Then, hastily retreating from the house, she sought, or set out for town. She had arrived within a mile from the store where she was to procure her groceries, when the thought that she would see if her money was all safe crossed her mind, and she immediately felt for the coin, which had, as she thought, been safely secured in one corner of her kerchief; she pressed her tiny thumb and finger against each corner of her kerchief, thinking to find her money, but could not. She then carefully examined her handkerchief, but she could not see anything that looked like her missing money. She began to grow alarmed. She retraced her footsteps, and with bent form, while the burning tears rushed swiftly down her fair cheek, she strained her eyes in vain attempting to find the missing money. At length, she began to despair of ever finding it. She was a considerable distance from any house, and, thinking she would not be observed, she threw herself on a plot of grass by the roadside, and gave vent to her grief by weeping aloud. Occasional exclamations of "What shall I do!" broke from her lips, accompanied by hysterical sobs, and the violent wringing of her tiny hands. As she thus sat absorbed in grief, a fashionably dressed gentleman approached within a few rods where she was seated. After gazing upon the beautiful face of the young girl, and wondering why it was that she appeared so unhappy, he stepped up to where she was, and taking her hand within his own, thus addressed her:

"Why do you weep, my child? tell me, come tell me, and I will try to banish your grief."

"I have lost—I have lost!" returned the child, looking up through her tears upon the face of him who had thus unobservedly stolen upon her, and was intently regarding her, "the money that mother gave me to go to the store with."

"Are you afraid that your mother will punish you, the reason you take on so bitterly?" inquired the gentleman, in a tone indicative of much feeling.

"No, sir—no sir!" sobbed the maid, "she won't punish me, but she will cry, and say that myself and my little brothers must starve, for she has not got any more money. Oh! dear, oh! don't what can I do! I cannot return home!" and here the lovely speaker sobbed as if her very heart would break.

"Do not cry, my child," said the gentleman; a tear, meanwhile, glistening in his own eye, at the sight of the lovely child's grief; "do not cry," he added, taking from his purse an eagle, or a ten dollar gold piece, and placing it in the hand of the weeping girl "take that," he added, "and go to the store and purchase what your mother sent you for."

Emma glanced with glad surprise at the coin resting in her hand, as if she hardly knew whether her present good fortune was a dream, or reality. Presently a shade overspread her bright face, and reaching the hand that held the coin towards the gentleman at her side, she thus sadly spoke:

"I must not take your money, kind sir; mother would not like it if I did, for she has often said she would sooner starve than receive alms."

The gentleman was surprised at this act of the young girl, and as she concluded he thus spoke:

"You must, at least, take from me the sum that you lost. Your mother needn't know you lost your money." Seeing the young girl looked perplexed at what she considered the keeping a secret from her parent, he added:—"It is not wrong, my child, for you to keep this secret from your mother, as she is ill, you say, and therefore it would make her worse if she knew of your misfortune. How much money had you when you left home?"

"A five dollar gold piece, sir," returned Emma.

"Then here," returned the gentleman, taking from his purse, which he still held in his hand, a five dollar gold piece, "here is just the sum you lost," and he exchanged the coin for that which the girl held in her extended hand.

Emma, though in a reluctant manner, took the money, and thanking her unknown benefactor, hastened with it to the store.

After having made several purchases, and assuring herself that she had received the right change, according to her mother's injunction, Emma set out for home. As she went hurrying along to her home, thinking of the generosity of her unknown friend, she commenced examining the contents of the basket. A note was the first that met her view. She hastily broke the seal, and read aloud, as follows:

"Will Mrs. S——, and family please accept this basket, and contents. If her children

she would have recognised the person of her unknown benefactor, who was determined to ascertain the place of residence of the lovely young girl whom he had assisted.

Chapter IV.

Emma had returned home, and got the supper already on the little table, ere her little brothers returned from the school, and was now doing acts of kindness for her invalid mother, when a hand was laid on the outer latch, and soon a richly-dressed female entered the room where the mother and daughter were. After glancing around the nest, yet poorly-furnished room, with an air that seemed to breathe "Poor folks, indeed!" she thus spoke:

"I heard you was ill, Mrs. S——, and knowing that you had quite a little family to take care of, I thought I would call upon you, and offer to relieve you of a part of your care, by taking your youngest son to live with me. He can assist me in many little things, running of errands, &c. I will supply him with board and clothes, and let him go to school part of the time. If he proves a good boy, I will adopt him for my own. Only think what a chance, a good chance, for a poor boy!" and the speaker, with a look of pride, cast a second glance around the scantily furnished apartment.

The mother and daughter were silent for a moment; then the former, with a tear dimming her eye, and in a tone of injured pride, thus addressed the uninvited intruder:

"Madam, I thank you for your unasked for interest in the behalf of myself and children, but must say to you that I decline your offer relative to my little boy, as with Emma's assistance, we make out pretty well. Our room is indeed poorly furnished, yet how many there are who have not the necessities that we have. Instead of murmuring that I am not any better off, I feel very grateful that I am so well off. If it were not for my daughter here, I don't know what I should do.—As long as her health remains good, the family can be kept together."

During Mrs. S——'s speech her visitor's face had become scarlet, and as she concluded the enraged woman, for her face showed forth the anger of her heart, thus exclaimed:—

"Well, madam, you may keep your children to yourself, and let them starve to death, for all that I care. They would be something in the world, if you would only 'put them out,' and let them be brought up like folks; but to be brought up in the manner that they are now living, you can't expect that they will make anything. How strange that poor people should be so blind to their own interests! No wonder that our State's Prisons, our Jails, and our Houses of Correction, are filled to overflowing, since the poor among us won't either bring their children up themselves, or let any one else. Left to their own head, they grow up vicious, and the result is a doom of a criminal. There should be a law, and poor people's children should be taken care of in time, and thereby save themselves from the ruin that would otherwise await them!"

Mrs. S—— made no reply to the tantalizing speech of her visitor, who, finding that she was not likely to receive any satisfaction, after a short time withdrew from the house.

The female whom I have introduced to the reader as entering the abode of the widow, was the all-important, blustering, haughty personage, who bears the name of Mrs. ——; (for fear of being too personal, I will only give the initial of the surname of the lady, whom I have brought before the reader of my tale.)

Mrs. S——, and daughter, were pained by the treatment of their wealthy townswoman, and were heartily relieved when she took her leave; they did not say what she had said at heart, for, like sensible people, they deemed her, though rich, as ill-bred, and though swelling with importance, but a vain, simple-minded woman, as she really was.

Chapter V.

One eve, one month after the incident in the preceding chapter, as Emma sat busily plying the needle on an article of wardrobe she was making for sale, she was startled by a low knock at the outer door of their dwelling.—Taking the small taper from off the table, over which she had been leaning, she sought, with trembling footsteps and palpitating heart, the door. Throwing open the same, she glanced timidly out into the pitchy darkness, to meet the object that had thus intruded upon her solitude. No person was visible, and the fair one was about to close the door, resume her work, and consider the past as nothing but imagination, when here, all of a sudden, encountered something white, on the grey door-stone directly beneath where she stood. A rich crimson color rose to her cheek as she stooped down to examine what it was that had met her view. It was a basket covered with a large white paper, on which, as the rays from the taper which the young girl held in her hand, the maid beheld, inscribed in large black letters, the following:

"Please accept from an unknown benefactor." Taking the basket from its resting-place, the fair one, with a glad smile lighting up her handsome face, hastened with it to the apartment of her sick parent. She then commenced examining the contents of the basket. A note was the first that met her view. She hastily broke the seal, and read aloud, as follows:

"Will Mrs. S——, and family please accept

live, and she wishes, they can at some future day reward the donor. At some future day you may know more about me, at present you must not know my real name. I sign myself, UNKNOWN BENEFACCTOR.

You will find me a true friend to you and yours."

After having read the plainly-written note, Emma continued to examine the contents of the basket, which she found to consist of various articles of cloth for wearing apparel—shoes for herself and brothers; caps for the latter, a bonnet, a charming little pink silk bonnet for herself, and away down to the bottom of the basket, she found—a purse, which contained a number of gold coins! What a present! Emma fairly cried for joy, and the widow was affected to tears. Emma had half a mind to awaken her brothers and show them the costly present, she wanted to see how they would look equipped in their little new caps and shoes, they looked so shabby in their old ones. She had tried on her pretty bonnet, and had surveyed her pretty head in the little looking-glass which hung against the wall, and being so well pleased with her own appearance, she longed to see how those she loved, would look with their new things on. She desisted however, that 'twas not best to awaken them. The next morning there was a joyful time amongst the children at the widow's dwelling. The incident of the preceding night had a wonderful effect upon the spirits of the feeble mother, who in a short time was restored to her usual health.

Chapter VI.

Two years had fled since the incident in the above chapter, when the following singular event took place:

One severe stormy night in the latter part of March, as the widow and her daughter were about to retire to rest, a low knock was heard at the outer door. Mrs. S—— attended the door. The object that had called her thither, was an old, bow-legged, grey-haired and gray-bearded man, who, with trembling accents, and downcast looks, entreated that he might pass the night beneath her roof.

The widow hesitated, but the whispering accents of Emma—who had stolen noiselessly to her side—to let him stay, loosened her tongue, and she quickly told him that he might stay, and invited him to enter her abode. He did; and Mrs. S—— began to make preparations for his repast, while thus engaged, she had occasion to leave the room, where the stranger and her daughter was. As the door closed behind her, the stranger fixed his eyes upon the face of the beautiful Emma. The eyes of Emma were turned in the direction of the old man. Their eyes met, and Emma, she scarcely knew why, gazed as if enchanted, upon him who thus regarded her. She had seen those eyes before, though she could not think when, or where. She blushed, too, deeply. Seeing her confusion, the stranger smiled, and thus spoke:

"Fair one, do you ever think of that afternoon when you lost your money? Do you ever think of him who—"

Here he was interrupted by the young girl hastening to his side, and throwing herself at his feet, while she exclaimed

"I knew those eyes—you are the one who assisted me!"

"Yes," added the stranger, throwing off his gray-haired wig, and false whiskers, "I am the one, and have come here to ask you to be my little wife, will you?" Here Mrs. S—— entered the room. That the parent was filled with amazement the reader can readily imagine. She was soon let into the sequel of the money, (hitherto a secret.) She had found, too, the donor of the basket. He asked her daughter in return, she gave her to him.

Mrs. S—— and family soon removed from Woburn, and, as they were a poor family, no one took pains to inquire where they had gone. Reader, as we have interested ourselves in their behalf, I will tell you to what place they are now settled.

He who once called himself the UNKNOWN BENEFACCTOR, has purchased a large building in the town of ——, and there may be found his own generous self, his wife—Emma, and her mother and brothers.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. Ensign:—I see by your notice to correspondents, that you decline publishing my article sent you, because you think it may lead to political controversy, and you give us to understand that you intend to adhere to your platform, which was laid down in the beginning of the "Woburn Journal."

I am not aware that my remarks were such as to lead you into any exciting controversy. I did not intend them as such, and it seems to me that you looked upon them with rather too cautious an eye. Of course your readers cannot judge of my remarks, because you will not publish them, and I am left to use my own veracity in defence, (let that be as it may.) I am fully satisfied that a neutral editor has a right to judge for himself as to what he may think proper to allow in his paper, and I do not complain of your decision.

I only ask that what I write for your Journal, will find a place in its columns, when not written in a vein of evident personal satire, or individual malice. I will never descend to either.

You must not be alarmed because I have assumed the name of a celebrated writer, that I am capable of placing the English language in such a position that it will cut like a two-edged sword, and not draw blood, or that

I have the means of procuring information of the actions and motives of public men as he had, and placing them before the people with such a masterly pen as he held (I wish I were as fortunate.) There are subjects enough in our own country which deserve the lash of some mighty pen, to expose the profligacy and abuse of power, which is every day prosecuted in high places; the "Angyan Stable" wants cleansing, and the people are the Herculean power to do it:

The press is the powerful lever which removes a corrupt body, and when it is directed with skillful hands, and a steady and uncorrupted mind, the people are ready and willing to sustain it; but when it is wielded by those who only use it for their own elevation, at the cost of all that is good and just, public sentiment rises firm against it, and we are without proofs to refer to of its utter destruction in our own country, when attempting to use its mighty power for base and reckless purposes.

Political ambition is an element in which men above medium intellect are fond of cherishing; they admire its exponents, its hopes and prospects of elevation; and when a desired object of popular advancement seems attainable they are so eager to grasp the prize, that they leap over the bounds of honor and honesty, and trample on the rights and character of their fellow-citizens. The love of power is a controlling principle, and when I see a man disregard the just interest, and character of his neighbor by his inordinate desire for office, I am very apt to put down as a mark for public scorn, that

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 1852

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"JUNIOR."—We like your spirit; in our answer to your article we intended to be plain, and hope you and all our correspondents will understand us. There is much merit in your writing, and so long as you keep on our platform, we shall let you be heard in the *Journal*. There is a wide field for your pen, and we think our readers will not fail to read your article on the first page of this paper.

"TOPHILL."—Your letters from Woburn is just what we want, and we hope you will not let any one leave you without sending us a copy for the *Journal*. There are many incidents of Old Woburn worthy to be noted. We like the broad hint about a *Public House*, and hope it will take.

"B. A."—Wilmington must prosper and improve; you have some good sort of folks there, but we think it would add much to your town, if you had more subscribers for the *Journal*, and an equal number of advertisements; try your influence, Mr. S. A.—Wilmington crackers are good; if people only knew where to get them it might be better. Put down one reason why Wilmington has not thrived, "You don't advertise, or subscribe for the *Journal*."

"PRO BONO PUBLICO."—Your subject is a public one, and we think one of sufficient importance for those having the control to remedy at once. The best way to meet the wishes of the present progressive citizens of your town, is a liberal policy in public institutions; your Lyceum will not flourish under such high prices. When we get our Lyceum Hall, we shall hold out liberal inducements for its useful occupancy. For, hope your article will open the Hall door.

"GAS."—Why not have a Company formed; it will, no doubt, pay well. It is a good idea, and we hope some one will start it.

"M. W. WELLMAN."—Your several articles are received, and we send full of good sentiments. We wish we had more room; our table is again crowded.

"ELSE, THE PEASANT GIRL."—We read your poetry with much pleasure; it is always good. We would suggest to our correspondents, to confine the number of verses; short pieces are much more read than long ones. We have several on hand which are too long for us to publish, at present. This is the only reason they have not appeared.

EDITORIAL.

Count and Countess Rumford.

The Countess Rumford, who has lately deceased at Concord, was the daughter of Benjamin Thompson, who was born in Woburn March 26th, 1753, as appears by the Town Records, furnished us by Mr. Wyman, our worthy Town Clerk.

The house in which Mr. Thompson was born is still standing in North Woburn, and may be considered an interesting spot, as the residence of one who became so celebrated in life as Count Rumford. We have gathered some interesting facts from an old sketch, handed us by Mr. Wyman, which will, no doubt, be interesting to our readers.

Count Rumford's father died when he was very young. He was placed under the care of Dr. Hay, a physician of Woburn; during his intervals of study he amused himself by making surgical instruments, which he finished in handsome style. He was next a clerk in a store in Salem; he was not satisfied with this, and undertook to prepare some fire works; got burned severely, and left. He continued his studies with diligence, and attempted to solve the great desideratum of perpetual motion. In 1769 he attended the philosophical lectures at Cambridge, and made rapid advances. In 1772 he kept school at Bradford, Mass., and soon after removed to Concord, and married Mrs. Sarah Rolfe, widow of B. Rolfe, Esq., and daughter of the first minister of Concord, by whom he had one daughter. Two years after his marriage the Revolution broke out; he left his family, and retired within the lines of the British army. In January, 1776, he went to England, was appointed a Lieutenant of Dragoons, raised a Regiment, and was sent over to New York. At the close of the war, in 1784, he returned to England, and the King conferred upon him the honor of knighthood. Through the minister of the Duke of Bavaria, he was invited to Munich, where he obtained much influence in public affairs, and soon rose to the highest military rank, and was created a Count of the Empire, adding to it the name Rumford, in remembrance of his youthful enjoyments at Concord. Wherever he went, his schemes for the public advantage were well received, and successful. The King of Poland conferred upon him the order of St. Stanislaus, made him a knight, and Commander-in-Chief of the general staff of his army.—After enjoying all these honors, he died at his country seat of Autiel, France, in 1814. An eloquent eulogy was delivered by M. Cuvier on his character, before the Institute of France, in 1815. He made liberal bequests to different institutions in his native country.—His daughter, lately deceased at Concord, was about 78 years of age, and well known in Europe and America, and is probably the last of his family.

CONGRESS.

The 32d Congress met, and organized, on 6th inst., a full Senate and House being present. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the President's Message was delivered. The Message is well written, and gives a full and plain history of all matters relating to the government. It is too long for our paper, and we presume most, if not all of our readers have read it, we will however give some of the most interesting matters referred to, and may hereafter advert to others.

We had hoped to see something in the message recommending the payment of the French claims, so long withheld from those

whom the government owe as just a debt, as ever existed, but this claim is considered at Washington of minor importance, while members have so many items of personal interests at stake, and we see that the first day is partly taken up, by two claimants from Kentucky, for the seat in the Senate made vacant by the death of Henry Clay. How many more of these contested seats, will consume the time of Congress this session, remains to be seen, the people good souls, have to foot the bill.

The game of office-seeking under the new administration is beginning, and as the 4th of March draws near, there will no doubt be exciting times, consequently individual claims will stand a poor chance in this session of Congress.

The president thanks Providence for blessings, and then alludes to the death of Mr. Webster as follows:

"Within a few weeks the public mind has been deeply affected by the death of Daniel Webster, filling at his decease the office of Secretary of State. His associates in the executive government have sincerely sympathized with his family and the public generally on this mournful occasion. His commanding talents, his great political and professional eminence, his well tried patriotism, and his long and faithful services, in the most important public trusts, have caused his death to be lamented throughout the country, and have earned for him a lasting place in our history."

The fishing question is then alluded to. It remains in the same condition it has been in for several years, but late events, he says:

"Have led me to think the moment favorable for a reconsideration of the entire subject of the fisheries on the coasts of the British provinces, with a view to place them upon a more liberal footing of reciprocal privilege. A willingness to meet us in some arrangement of this kind is understood to exist, on the part of Great Britain, with a desire on her part to include in one comprehensive settlement, as well this subject as the commercial intercourse between the United States and the British Provinces. I have thought that whatever arrangements may be made on these two subjects, it is expedient that they should be embraced in separate conventions. The illness and death of the late Secretary of State prevented the commencement of the contemplated negotiation."

The Cuba difficulties are now under discussion at Madrid between the American ambassador and the Spanish government:

"Early in the present year official notes were received from the ministers of France and England, inviting the government of the United States to become a party with Great Britain and France to a tripartite convention, in virtue of which the three powers should severally and collectively disclaim, now and for the future, all attempts to obtain possession of the Island of Cuba, and should bind themselves to discontinue all attempts to that effect on the part of any power or individual whatever. This invitation has been respectfully declined."

The President is decidedly opposed to the incorporation of Cuba into our confederacy.

The Tehuantepec question he leaves with Congress.

The Nicaragua question is yet under negotiation, and a favorable result is hoped for.

Venezuela has acknowledged American claims.

Authority has been granted to form new treaties with Buenos Ayres, and there is reason to believe that those countries watered by the tributaries of the La Plata, will soon be open to American commerce.

A treaty of commerce has been concluded between the United States and the Oriental Republic of Uruguay.

The Lobes Island question is all settled.

A general emigration of the Seminole Indians is confidently expected at an early day.

There has been an increase in the amount of sales of the public lands of 550,220 acres over last year.

Of about 11,000 men of which the army is composed, 8,000 are employed in the defence of the newly acquired territory.

The receipts of postages have fallen off 23 per cent, or nearly a million and a half, but the policy of returning to higher rates is not recommended, as increased correspondence stimulated by cheap postage, will ultimately make the receipts exceed the expenses.

The President is not without hopes of a beneficial result of the Japan expedition.

Recommends a plan for the establishment of a permanent corps of seamen for the navy; the re-organization of the naval academy; submits a substitute for the law abolishing the use of the cat-o'-nine tails in the navy.

In California and Oregon there has been no recognition by the government of the exclusive right of the Indians to any part of the country. They are therefore mere tenants at sufferance, and liable to be driven from place to place, at the pleasure of the whites. Justice alike to our own citizens and to the Indians, require the prompt action of Congress on this subject.

Changes in the constitution are deprecated, and the caution given that every proportion to it be well weighed; while the opinion is expressed that every patriot would rejoice to see its authority exerted to advance the prosperity of the nation, and watch with jealousy any attempt to mutilate it.

In closing, the President congratulates Congress on the prosperous condition of the country, and in retiring, he claims to have acted with a single eye to the public good.

"We would inform our friends and patrons, that we have secured the services of Mr. Geo. K. Hilton, a practical printer, (late of Boston, and formerly employed by Metcalf & Co., University Press, Cambridge,) and we flatter ourselves that we are prepared to do our work as low, promptly, and good as any establishment in Boston, or elsewhere.

NEW FOUNDLAND TELEGRAPH LINE.—We learn that a despatch has been received at New York, from the engineer, stating that the 10 mile sub-marine cable, from Prince Edward's Island to New Brunswick, the first link in the great New Foundland Telegraph Co., is now completed, and works well. The line across Prince Edward's Island will be finished this month; a force is now employed in stretching the land wires across New Foundland. The 130 mile line from New Foundland to Prince Edward's Island will be ready to lay down early in the spring.

This telegraph will open a new era in the business of our distant neighbors, which, in addition to their Railroad improvements, will give them the facilities which they have been long wishing for.

The Lyceum Hall Committee made a Report last Tuesday evening, recommending strongly that measures be immediately taken to accomplish the desired object; the Report entered into details to show the feasibility of the project, and if we had room this week, we should be glad to publish it entire. After the reading of the Report, it was voted by the meeting that the same Committee, consisting of Geo. M. Champney, Rev. J. Edwards, W. T. Grammer, J. E. Littlefield, and J. A. Fowle, at once proceed to raise the necessary sum by subscription.

The Committee will soon commence their labors, and we hope soon to have the pleasure of announcing that the list is full, which can only be done by all our citizens taking hold of the matter in earnest, and putting down as large a sum as they can spare; we really hope the project will not fall through for want of means.

"Mrs. Ledermer will give her select readings before the Lyceum next Tuesday evening. This lady always draws a full house, and we hope to see a large attendance present on that evening.

"J. G. Saxe, Esq., delivered a Poem last Tuesday evening, before the Lyceum. The audience was the largest we have yet seen present, and shows a continued interest in the course of lectures.

"Rev. Dr. Albro of Cambridge, arrived from his European tour, on the 24th ult., after an absence of little more than six months. His health is much improved. Last Sabbath he met his people in the new vestry of their church. The alterations upon the church are rapidly approaching completion.—Cambridge Chronicle.

ACCIDENT.—John Stewart, a young man in the employ of J. Cummings, Jr. & Co., fell into a vat of hot bark liquor, on the evening of the 8th, scalding him badly, and the cuticle, on removing his pants, peeled from near his hips to his heels.

"Notwithstanding the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, the escape of slaves into the free States, and thence to Canada, is constantly increasing. Indeed, many owners of slaves adjoining the free States seem inclined that no legal remedy will ever be found for what they regard as a great evil, and they are therefore resolved to turn their slaves into money by selling them for a Southern market, as opportunity may offer.

CHICKERING'S ESTABLISHMENT TO BE REBUILT.—The ruins of Chickering's building are to be cleared away as soon as possible, and a new edifice is to be erected. Mr. C. has leased the new building recently erected opposite his estate, where his workmen have commenced operations.

APPOINTMENT.—Sidney A. Willard, Esq. of Charlestown, has been appointed, by the Governor and Council, a Justice of the Peace, within and for the County of Middlesex.

ROBBERY AND VIOLENCE, in Concord, Mass., Dec. 6th. Between 4 and 5 o'clock this morning, in the centre of our village, the house of widow Chapin was entered by means of false keys, to the parlor, where the robber took from the bureau \$8.37, all the money she had. From there he went to the sleeping room, where she and her daughter were in bed. Mrs. Chapin discovered the robber as he entered the room, and immediately sprang from her bed and gave the alarm. The robber, finding he had to encounter a courageous woman, with one blow felled her to the floor, jumped upon her, and immediately fled. After several hours of unconsciousness, from her severe internal injuries and the loss of blood, she was able to set up and give the particulars of this atrocious outrage.

She describes the man as being of middle stature, and as wearing a cap and frock coat. This is the second robbery in this place within a few days, and from the description of the robber, the authorities may be able to bring the villain to justice.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—We are pleased to see this valuable publication again on our table; it has many friends in this vicinity, and we hope will have many more.

SHADES OF THE HAMLET AND OTHER POEMS, by REV. A. GRAY, A. M., of Dugby, N. S. This is a beautiful little volume of Poems, from the press and binder of Fowle & Brother, Woburn. The volume is elegantly finished, and is a credit to the publishers. The Poems are the productions of Rev. A. Gray, A. M., of the Episcopal Church, at Dugby, N. S., descriptive of events and scenery in the Provinces, many of which we have seen, and can bear witness to the merit of these Poems. The "Princes Lodge" we have visited. Our friends in the Provinces will find it at Fuller's Bookstore, in Halifax, and with R. S. Fitzrandolph, at Dugby, N. S. A few copies may be had at Fowle's Bookstore.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The meeting of Congress, and the organization, is the main feature of the week.—There seems to be more than our usual number of fires; a school-house was burned in South Berwick last Wednesday, a boy made the fire, and left it to try the ice for skating, when the house took fire and burned down; the store of D. Stanly, at Winthrop, Me., was entirely destroyed by fire last week; a Baptist Church was burned at Chicago, last week; a heavy fire in Hawley street, Boston, last Sunday night, destroying some stables with other damage; a fire in Portsmouth, destroyed a carpenter's shop.—The Sea Serpent has been seen; he was 150 feet long; the vessel gave chase, but could not catch him.—A bronze colossal statue of Columbus, is to be erected on one of the squares at Madrid.

The amount of money raised for the Washington Monument thus far, is \$190,000.

It will require \$300,000 additional, to finish the Monument.—Chandler Hicks, of Jefferson, N. H., was shot last week, by the accidental discharge of his own gun.—Philip Andrews, 16 years old, committed suicide by hanging himself.—Four men were sentenced to be hung in New York, last Saturday, making seven persons now under sentence of death in New York; a fine state of morals for the empire city.—Bishop Donne, of the Episcopal Church in New Jersey, has been unanimously acquitted of all charge against him.—Miss A. Barker was thrown from a wagon, last Thursday, in Danbury, Ct., and instantly killed.—64 deaths in Boston last week.—A steam packet burst her boiler at St. Louis, last week, killing several persons; no blame to any one, of course.—A revolution has broken out in Mexico, and great excitement in consequence.—A duel occurred between two men, who were wounded.—Franklin Bessey of Lowell, died on board ship Governor Norton, at sea, from San Francisco.—The tolls secured on all the canals in the state of New York, in 1852, were \$2,945,000.—Gen. Pierce is the youngest man who has ever been elected President of the United States.—There are 800 hotels, drinking saloons, and dram shops, in New York, in which over \$80,000 per day is spent in dissipation.—A business firm in Rochester, are manufacturing a new article of burning fluid, which will not explode.—16,573 alien passengers, arrived in New York in November.—The total emigration, since January last, is about 217,000 at New York.—Baile Vista, in Michigan, organized its first Town Meeting, two years ago in a dining room; seven votes were polled; at the late election for President, three hundred thirty seven votes were polled; beat this increase if you can.—France has an army of 404,000 men, 233 ships of war, and 27,000 seamen. Austria has an army of 540,000 men. Prussia has 225,000, and Russia 750,000.—Plates of the most beautiful finish and tone, are made of India Rubber.—Mr. Booth, the great tragedian, died on board a steamer on the Mississippi river, aged 57 years.—Isaac Coffin, teacher in the Winthrop School in Charlestown, charged with beating a scholar has resigned.—Jenny Lind, is again singing in Berlin to raise money to be given to a society for relief of the poor in Sweden.—The papers generally speak well of the President's Message.—Capt. W. S. Rice, who commanded the steamer Oneida, lost in the late gale on Lake Erie, in the vicinity of Boston.—Mr. Temple accidentally shot Mr. Inn while gunning near Framingham, last Friday. Several heavy verdicts have lately been rendered from railroad companies for accidents, which we should think would make them more careful.—Counterfeit \$3 dollar bills are in circulation on the Chelsea Bank.—A proposition is made in Congress to bestow on Gen. Scott the empty name of Lieutenant General.—Clipper ship "Phantom" was launched at Medford, last Wednesday; Medford turns out some beautiful specimens of ship building.—There are 150 persons confined in the Boston Jail.—The Cholera has broken out in the Lunatic Asylum at Toronto.—At a fire in New York last Tuesday, two young children were burnt to death.—A new building fell in New York last week, killing several persons, and injuring others.

The receipts of flour at Dunkirk, N. Y., average 10,000 bbls per day; double what the Erie Railroad can forward.—We have no late advices from Europe worth recording.—Nothing new from California.—Nothing new or strange in our vicinity. The weather is the general subject of remark, the "oldest inhabitant," gives it up.

SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS SAVED BY THE USE OF FIRE ARMS.—The ship Georgia, of Savannah, from Liverpool to New York, went ashore on the beach near Tuckerton, on Friday night in a fog. 350 passengers were on board. Also, a cargo of iron and salt. All the passengers were landed by means of the Francis' metallic life-saving apparatus, provided by Government for protection of the coast. The vessel lay about 300 yards from the shore. A ball projected from a mortar, to which a rope of a life-car was attached, was carried to the vessel, thereby saving the lives of all the passengers. The surf was too heavy to allow the surf boats to fly from and to the ship. She broke in two and her keel came ashore. Among the passengers were 56 females.

The city government of Lowell have invited the Rev. J. H. Towne to deliver a Eulogy on the life and character of the Hon. Daniel Webster, in April next. Mr. Towne has accepted the invitation.

WEBSTER PICTURES.—Those who wish a splendid likeness of Mr. Webster, can find them at Mr. Fowle's Book Store. The large ones, with a golden circular border, are beautiful, and well worth adorning the parlor.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDGREN.—It has occurred to me that, possibly you might find some entertainment or profit from the letters which pass through my hands on their way out of Woburn; which hold the mirror up to nature for us, by detailing facts or incidents among us; one of which hereby put at your service. Yours, T.

Letters from Woburn about Woburn.

ro w. w. w.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852.

LIQUOR LAW IN BERKSHIRE CO.—We learn from a private letter that there is quite an excitement at present in the usually quiet town of Becket, Mass., on account of the arraignment of several individuals for violation of the Liquor Law. A few days since, Justice Hinman of Lee, came into town, and the selectmen immediately arraigned before him Michael Dooley, for selling liquor. He was fined on two counts \$10 and \$20 and costs, the whole amounting to about \$50. This sum he was unable to pay, and is now in jail. Several gallons of liquor found on his premises were seized. Curtis Messenger for the same offense was fined \$30. He paid his fine. Nearly a barrel of liquor was destroyed. Zenas Smith was arraigned, plead guilty, and was fined, and paid \$25.75. Another liquor dealer was fined \$20 and costs, and paid his fine. The officer could not find any liquor for sometime, but at last, after digging some four feet into a hay mow, found a barrel of spirits which was quickly spilt upon the ground.

A man named Rice was examined on the charge of being a common drunkard, and was found guilty and sentenced to the House of Correction for four months. He appealed, and gave bonds the sum of \$100 to appear to prosecute his appeal and to keep the peace. Immediately after these trials, two suspicious-looking barrels, marked S. Webster, were brought into town. They were closely watched, as it was supposed, they contained liquor. The movement in support of the law is supported by the large majority of the citizens of Becket, and will undoubtedly have a beneficial effect.

CHARLESTOWN SCHOOLMASTER.—Mr. Isaac Coffin, charged with an assault upon the boy Miskelley, did not appear at the court before Justice Warren on Saturday, and was therefore defaulted. The jury will assess damages on Wednesday afternoon. He will probably appeal.

PICTURES OF Webster.—PICTURES of Webster, from \$25. to \$50. Also, pictures of Gen. Pierce, John P. Hale, and Robert Randolph, Jr. For sale wholesale and retail, at the Woburn Book Store. dec. 4.

TOWN WARRANT.

MIDDLESEX, &c.—The Warrant of the town of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex. Greeting.

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of Woburn, qualified to vote in elections, to meet at Town Hall, on the 11th day of the 14th day of December next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, to bring in their votes to the Selectmen.

For a Representative to represent the (old) Fourth Congressional District of said State, in the Congress of the United States, in view of the Hon. Benjamin Thompson, deceased, and for the remainder of the term for which he was chosen.

Also to bring in their votes to the seventh congressional District of said Commonwealth, the thirty-third Congress of the United States, for the 4th day of March next.

Said vote are to be deposited in the box, in one sealed envelope.

Those are directed to serve this warrant by posting up attested copies thereof, at each of the public meeting houses in said town, and causing the same to be inserted in the "Woburn Journal," seven days at least before the time for said meeting.

Also to bring in their votes to the seventh congressional District of said Commonwealth, the thirty-third Congress of the United States, for the 4th day of March next.

Said vote are to be deposited in the box, in one sealed envelope.

Those are directed to serve this warrant by posting up attested copies thereof, at each of the public meeting houses in said town, and causing the same to be inserted in the "Woburn Journal," seven days at least before the time for said meeting.

Given under our hands this 30th day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred fifty two.

W. B. THOMPSON, JR., Selectmen.

HORACE CONN, 3 Woburn.

A true copy attests, T. J. PORTER, Constable.

Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!

P. T. LEJE, Agent for S. H. KNIGHT & CO., the best Philadelphia Cigars, wholesale; cheaper than anywhere else.

STAR POLISH.—Tincture of celebrated starch polish at

ELLISS & CO'S. oct. 30.

Dancing School.

M. T. GAZINSKI, begs leave to announce to the citizens of Woburn, Somerville and Winchester, and vicinity, that he will open a School for Instruction in Dancing the second week in December, and respectively speaks to his patronage. Due notice will be given of the time and place where.

Woburn, Dec. 4, 1852. 3 w.

Pictures of Webster.

PICTURES of Webster, from \$25. to \$50. Also, pictures of Gen. Pierce, John P. Hale, and Robert Randolph, Jr. For sale wholesale and retail, at the Woburn Book Store. dec. 4.

School Books.

ALL the various kinds of School Books used in the school, for sale at the Woburn Book Store. dec. 4.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS interested in the business of E. COOPER & SON, are requested to make immediate payment to G. W. PAYLE, WOODBRIDGE, MORE & CO.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS interested in the business of E. COOPER & SON, are requested to make immediate payment to E. COOPER, No. 5 & 6 Wade's Building, Woburn.

Notice.

ALBANACKS, for 1853.—The various kinds of Albanacks, consisting of the Old Farmer's, Leaves, Brown's, Christian Family, &c., also Pocket Albanacks, and Diaries for every day in the year, in various States. For sale, and retail, at the Woburn Book Store. dec. 4.

Warren Academy.

The Winter Term will commence on Wednesday, December 8th, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and continue fourteen weeks, under the charge of

OSGOOD JOHNSON, B. A., Principal.

E. CUTTER, B. A., Teacher in English. Prospective of the course and terms, may be had of the subscriber. BENJAMIN CUTTER, Secy. Woburn, Nov. 27, 1852. 4w

Vocal Music.

M. E. CUTTER has the pleasure to announce, that the proposed *Congregational Music* will be formed. The course will consist of twenty lessons, and is designed to be thorough and systematic. The sessions will be held on Monday and Friday evenings, in the Orthodox Vestry, commencing on Monday, Nov. 29, at 7 o'clock. All are invited to attend.

Terms, \$1.00 for Gentlemen, 55 cents for Ladies.

Tickets may be had of Mr. Munson Johnson, Jr., and at Gage & Fowles' Store.

WOBURN LYCEUM.—NOT Tuesday evening, Dec. 10, Mrs. E. PIERPOINT LESDERNER, of Boston, will give one of her evening entertainments in Selected Readings. Single tickets 12 cents, to be had at the door.

JOHN A. POWLE, Secretary.

Administrator's Sale

OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Will be sold at public Auction, at the dwelling house of the late SUMNER YOUNG, in Woburn,

On Friday the 17th inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M., the following articles of Personal Property, viz.—7 Horses; 3 Chaises; 1 Cart; 2 Buggies; 2 Covered Wagons; 1 light open Wagon; 6 single Sleighs; 1 six Horse Sleigh, called the "North Star"; 2 pairs of Double Horse Sleighs; 1 Stable; 1 Coach; 800 R. H. R. Horse, Buffalo Ropes and Shovels; 5 full strings of Hells; 4 sets of 1 Cow; 1 Hay Cutter; a lot of Rye Straw, together with all the stable Furniture, &c.

The above mentioned Stock is in fair condition, being a part of the valuable Stock of the late SUMNER YOUNG, deceased.

W. M. WINN, Jr., Auctioneer.

Also, on the same day, at 1 o'clock, P. M., a lot of Crockery and Glass-Ware,

formerly belonging to said Young, together with various articles of Household Furniture.

W. M. WINN, Jr., Auctioneer.

Dec. 7, 1852.

SUFFOLK COUNTY MILLS' Flour and Feed, of all Grades.

Wheat Meal, Gravats, Corn Meal, Rye, Flour, Oat, Millet and Rice Meal, Corn Meal and Oats,

Constantly on hand. No. 2 Eastern Railroad Wharf, Commercial Street, Boston, adjoining Suffolk County Mills.

J. D. SWEET,

Philip Teare,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

W. D. TEARE,

WOOD

A U C T I O N.

Will be sold at public Auction, in lots on WEDNESDAY, the 15th inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M., all the wood and timber standing on 15 acres of land, situated in Burlington; with about 30 rods from Mr. Nahum Jenkins' house, 2 miles from Woburn Centre, and 4 miles from West Cambridge. The wood will consist of a large growth of OAK, WALNUT, and PINE, all in excellent quality. Also, a great number of WHITE ASH, Tress, suitable for wheelwright use. Access good at all seasons of the year.

JOHN CALDWELL,

N. B. If stormy on the above day, the sale will be on the next fair day.

Burlington, Dec. 11th, 1852.

COAL.

W. D. WARREN has just received another cargo of coal, the Tremont Company's celebrated Peabody coal, selected expressly for family use. Selling at \$6.25 per 3000 lbs.

N. B. As for quality, there is none better top of the earth.

Dec. 11.

LOST.

On the 3d inst., on the road between West Cambridge and Woburn, a BOA, of Fitch Fur. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it, or any information concerning it at Mr. Fowles' Book Store.

Woburn, Dec. 11th, 1852. 1f.

Horse Medicine.

Dr. G. H. DADDIS's celebrated medicine, for the horse and other animals, for sale by

W. D. WARREN.

Lake Champlain Potatoes.

Bushels just received. Families wishing a good article can supply themselves.

J. S. ELLIS, & CO.

20 SINGLE and 2 Double sleighs of the latest and most approved styles, for sale by

J. F. & J. PARKER.

FOR SALE:

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL VOLS. 1 AND 2.

These splendid illustrated volumes are both new and in perfect order, elegantly bound in a superior manner, price \$5 for both volumes; price at the office for the same, \$6. Address J. W. HARRIS, North Woburn, Mass., personally or postpaid. dec. 23.

WOOD FOR SALE

1000 soft, and dry Wood, in quantities to suit our customers, for sale by CALEB FRENCH.

dec. 13.

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WOOD FOR SALE

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1852.

N. O. 10.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

LAUGH ON—LAUGH ON!

BY MAY BITCHIE.

Laugh on—laugh on, in joyousness;
No shadow dims thy brow;
For naught but childhood's happiness
Is in thy spirit now.

Laugh on—laugh on, the skies are bright;
And unkind words are few,
Thou dream'st not of sorrow's night—
Of friends who'll prove untrue.

Thine eyes are full of gaudy glee—
They sunny-hearted one,
Thy future is unknown to thee—
Thy life is but begun.

Laugh on—laugh on, and let thy voice
Resound through wood and glade—
Brief is the hour thou may'st rejoice—
Life's pleasures bloom to fade!

Woburn, Dec. 1852.

ORIGINAL

Alice Vinton.

BY EVA.

CHAPTER I.

"I cannot possibly take less, Mrs. Elbridge. I worked almost the whole night to finish it for you, and the price which I ask is less than that usually charged."

"But really, Miss Vinton, I do not think it worth the exorbitant price which you demand. I have had many articles of the same kind, embroidered for half the money, done as well and even better. I feel very unwilling to throw away my money in such a manner."

"My dear Madam, I told you that the lowest I ever took for making such a mantle, was eight dollars. I wish that sum, for the labor is well worth it. I doubt if you could find any one else who would embroider a mantle like that as low as I do."

Mrs. Elbridge was leaving the room, when Alice concluded to let her have it for the money that she would be willing to give, as she could not have the work left on her hands, for the landlord's bill was to be paid on the morrow, and she could not earn the required amount, even by extra labor. She then, with a heavy heart, told the lady that she might have it. Mrs. Elbridge paid her six dollars, and left the room. Alice threw herself into a chair, and sobbed aloud; the room was desolate—a few burning embers was all the fire in the grate, though in the midst of winter; she had as yet no supper, and no money with which to obtain any. She looked up with a face that depicted great sorrow if she did not make up the rest of the sun that evening, she would be turned out of her home! Yes, even that poor little cheerless room was dear to her, because of all that she had suffered there. See drew tightly around her frail form a shawl, which was loosely thrown around her, and started in the hopes of getting work, but was unsuccessful. We will leave her in her sad walk homeward, and give a brief sketch of her former life. She, poor girl, was born to receive the love of a kind father, whose constant care was that his children should have a bountiful share of the numerous blessings with which a kind Providence had surrounded them. But often times a peaceful calm precedes the coming storm; the bright hopes of childhood was to be destroyed—the cup of happiness now so full was to be dashed aside, and she who had always been so tenderly watched and cared for, exposed to the perils and struggles of the world.

CHAPTER II.

On the banks of the Severn stood Mr. Vinton's elegant mansion, attached to which were numerous and extensive parks; and beyond these cottages of many poor tenants. The news one day came to him that a dreadful fever had broken out in the midst of the cottages, and that several families were suffering from the want of physicians, and the many little comforts that the sick always need. He immediately set out with the family physician, taking with him many things for the relief of the sick. When he arrived at the sick people's homes, he entered the cots comparably regardless of his own safety, and did all that he could devise for their benefit. Mr. Vinton had some years before lost his wife, and the love which he had ever lavished on her was devoted to his darling children, and to his poor tenants, over whose interest he ever had a care.

When he returned to his own house he complained of a severe headache and retired early. The next day he awoke with a burning fever, and notwithstanding that all the means which medical skill could devise were employed, he sank rapidly beneath its fatal influence. When he found that his days were numbered, he called his son Edward to his side, and told him that it was his wish that he and Alice should go to live with his wife's brother, who had ever manifested much love for them. He soon after expired.

Edward Vinton, whom I have thus abruptly introduced to my readers, was a remarkably intelligent boy, and had received an excellent education, and was just entering into college at the time of his father's death. At his father's request, Edward immediately wrote to his uncle respecting his father's death, and his wish that they should live with him, if it was agreeable to all parties concerned; he said

that he should send his sister Alice, with a faithful nurse, a few days in advance of his own departure, as it was very important he should remain a short time, in order to see about many things which no one else could so well attend to. He could then leave the rest of the business in care of his father's steward, till his uncle should be ready to come on himself. He received a very satisfactory reply from his uncle, saying he should be truly glad to receive his sister's children into his home, and treat them as his own family.

A few days after her father's death, Alice started with a faithful old servant, who had lived in the family many years, for her uncle's, which was at a distance of three or four hundred miles. They travelled both by steamboat and railroad. When they had gone about one hundred and fifty miles, they stopped at an inn till the next day, when they intended taking the steamboat; but about the middle of the night the nurse awoke with a bad headache. She grew delirious, and in a few hours died of the same fever which had carried off her master; it had settled on her brain, and she had, therefore, been unable to give any information in respect to Alice, who was a child of but three years old, who knew not what to do. In the morning she wandered out into the street, crying bitterly. There happened to be an old woman going by at that time, she asked Alice what was the matter, who related the circumstances as well as a child of her age could. The old woman went to the inn and asked about the woman who died there last night. They said they knew nothing about her; she came there last evening, and went right to her room. In the middle of the night she was taken very sick, and in a few hours died; she had been delirious all the while, and they, therefore, knew nothing concerning her or the child. The good woman then told Alice if she would be a good girl she might live with her, and be her little child; she promised that she would, and they went along the old woman cheering Alice, who felt very badly. She thought how very lucky it was that she came to the village that day, for it was only once in a year or two that she went. She told Alice that she would learn her to read, read and write, and that she would be a very happy little girl, if she would be good. After they had gone about twelve miles, they stopped; the good woman told Alice that this was now her home.

This woman had been married with quite young, but had lost both her husband and son, who had been killed in some battle; she had lived in this cottage since that time, which she owned. She was a truly excellent and pious woman, but very poor; the only means she had of getting a livelihood was the little knitting and sewing which she was able to do, when not ill. When they arrived at the cottage, they were both very tired, and having eaten their frugal supper, they retired for the night. In the morning they were up at five o'clock, and had got all ready for the day's work. For two or three years, old Mary took great care of little Alice, and then she began to think it time to teach her to read, write, knit, and sew; therefore, one day she bought her a book, containing the alphabet, &c., but commenced first to teach her how to sew, before using her book. Alice soon learned to sew, and was quite happy to think she could; she often made a mistake, and would run to Mary to have it rectified. The days flew rapidly, and Alice and old Mary were both very happy. Alice soon was taught her letters, and being quick to learn, made great progress; in a few days she knew her alphabet perfectly well, and soon after, by Mr. Vinton's help, to read.

Alice was very affectionate and loving; she twined herself around the heart of Mary, who loved her as her own child. Alice improved very much in sewing, knitting, and in many simple branches of learning. She was so much help to old Mary, that she was able to make some repairs in her cottage, which had long been needed, but she never had the money that she could end in that way, she purchased some blankets preparatory to winter, for she most generally had a severe attack of rheumatism; she blessed Alice with all her heart for all these additional comforts.

We will now leave Alice for a while, and see what Edward and his uncle have been doing these several years. Her uncle had advertised in respect to Alice, and used all the means in his power, in the hope of finding her; but, as I said before, the nurse being delirious, could tell nothing about little Alice at the inn, and consequently no trace could be found. He at last gave the search up, and mourned her as one dead. Old Mary, who seldom went to the village, had no means of hearing of the advertisements that were in all the papers. Edward was now a young man in business, and prospering finely; he often reproached himself for having allowed Alice to go alone with the nurse.

Alice was soon to feel the loss of her friend, as age had gradually wasted her strength, and her life was soon to close, for the rheumatism had for several years, as we have before said, troubled her, and now she was less able to bear up under its attacks than formerly. A few years had rolled by, and old Mary now felt that she was going to die; she having given Alice much good advice, soon after died. Alice mourned deeply that she was again left alone, without the protection of any one, but she remembered the words of him

who is the "father of the fatherless," and his address to those in affliction, "Come unto me ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Alice went immediately to some of the neighbors, to tell them of Mary's death; they kindly told her that they would attend to the funeral services. Alice did not leave the corpse to the hour of her burial, when she looked upon her blessed Mary for the last time; she threw herself upon her body, and moaned aloud; at last they had to tear her from the body, and lead her away. After the burial had taken place, Alice composed herself, and began to think what she would have to do for her support. She at last decided to sell the cottage which Mary had left, and take the money which she thought would be sufficient to pay for a journey to London, where she intended to hire a small room, and take in sewing; she accordingly set about selling the cottage. There happened to be a person at this time that wanted to purchase a small house, and this one was just to his mind; he paid one hundred dollars, and the house was his. Alice bid farewell to all her kind friends, who were much grieved at Alice's leaving them. She in a short time set out on her journey.

She arrived at London early one morning, and as she was passing a small street she saw a bill on a house, "room to let," and concluded to take it for eight dollars a month. The woman of the house promised to get work for her; she did so, and Alice had quite a number of customers in a short time. She succeeded beyond her hopes; but one time she was taken quite sick, and had to spend all her money in getting medicines. Before she hardly was recovered, she had to take in some work to pay for her rent, which was due in a few days. This will now bring us to the scene with which this story was begun.

CHAPTER III.

We left Alice pursuing her walk homeward, sad and unhappy, without any work by which she could have retained her room. The morning came, and with it her landlord, who was a very severe, stern man; he asked her for the rent. She told him that she had but six dollars to pay him. He said she must either give him all the rent, or leave the house. "Then," said she, "I must do the latter," and burst into tears. "And be quick about it,—there is too much of this humbug for me; if people are too lazy to work, they must abide by the consequences." Alice soon did up her little wardrobe, (the landlord had taken all the other articles that were in the room), and proceeded to go out of the house; she had concluded to live out in a respectable family, as she no longer could hire a room; she applied to the intelligence office, and there had the good fortune of finding a gentleman who wanted a girl. He liked the looks of Alice, and he immediately engaged her. She liked her situation very much, and felt quite happy in her new home.

One day Mr. Howard took up a book, and read in the front of it "Alice Vinton"; he stood and thought that was the name of his sister's child. He immediately called Alice, and asked if she knew to whom the book belonged.

"It is mine, sir," she replied, "why do you ask the question?"

"Because of the name on the first page, which is not your own."

"That is my name, sir; although, when I lived with my good Mary, she changed it from Vinton to Richards."

"Are you sure your name is Alice Vinton?"

"I am, sir."

"Then you are my niece, my brother's child." He then related how he had lost her.

She said that Mary had often told how she had taken her from an inn, where a woman that had charge of her had died.

"Then you are my child; you were lost, and are found again. That young man, who bears the name of Edward Howard, is your brother. We will now hasten to my wife, and tell her the joyful news."

The happiness that filled the house can better be imagined than described. She related to them all her former life; how she came to be looking for a situation. We will now leave the joyful party, and will merely say that, at a suitable age, Alice was well married. I hope I have not tired my gentle readers, and will now bid them a kind farewell.

New York, November, 1852.

THE COAL TRADE.—We learn from the Philadelphia Bulletin that the business year of the various coal carrying companies of the Leigh and Schuylkill region of that state closed on the 1st instant. The following is a summary of the amounts brought to market during the year, compared with the same time last year:

	1851.	1852.
Reading Railroad.....	1,650,270	1,650,516
Leigh Canal.....	989,294	1,093,000
Schuylkill Canal.....	575,968	777,368
Total.....	3,215,532	3,520,084

The increase for the year on all the lines, it will be seen, is a little over three hundred thousand tons.

THE TOMBSTONES in Turkish burying grounds are all flat, and contain little hollows which hold the water after a rain, and attract the birds who resort thither to slake their thirst and sing enchantingly among the trees.

SELECTIONS.

ZOOLOGICAL ANECDOTES.

At a hunt in Sweden, an old soldier was charged by a bear. His musket missed fire, and the animal being close upon him, he made a thrust in the hope of driving the muzzle of his piece down the bear's throat. But the thrust was parried off by one of the huge paws with all the skill of a fencer, and the musket wrenched from the soldier's hand, who was forthwith laid prostrate. He lay quiet, and the bear, after smelling, thought he was dead, and then left him to examine the musket. This he seized by the stock, and began to knock about a thought to discover wherein its virtue consisted, when the soldier could not forbear putting one hand to recover his weapon. The bear immediately seized him by the back of the head, and tore his scalp over his crown, so that it fell over the soldier's face. Notwithstanding his agony, the poor fellow restrained his cries, and again pretended death. The bear laid himself upon his body, and thus remained, until some hunters coming up, relieved him from this frightful situation. As the poor fellow arose, he threw back his scalp with his hand, as though it had been a peruke, and ran frantically towards them, exclaiming:

"The bear! the bear!"

So intense was his apprehension of his enemy, that it made him oblivious of his bodily anguish. He eventually recovered, and received his discharge in consequence of his loss of hair.

There is another bear story which savors just a little—of romance. A powerful bull was attacked by a bear in a forest, when the bull succeeded in striking both horns into his assailant, and pinning him to a tree. In this situation, they were both found dead—the bear of his wounds; the bull, (either fearing, or, from obstinate self-will, refusing to relinquish his position of advantage,) of starvation!

The best cat-and-mouse story (designated "Melancholy Accident"—Cat killed by a Mouse") is to be found in *The Poor Artist*, the author of which seems to have derived the story from a somewhat questionable source, though we must admit the possibility.

"A cat had caught a mouse on a lawn, and let it go again, in her cruel way, in order to play with it; when the mouse, inspired by despair, and seeing one hole possible to escape into—namely, the round red throat of the cat, very visible through her open mouth—stuck a bold spring into her jaws, just escaping between her teeth, and into her throat he struggled and stung himself; and so the cat was suffocated." It reads plausibly; let us imagine it was true.

The best spider-and-fly story we also take from the last-named book.

"A very strong, loud blustering fellow of a blue-bottle fly bounded accidentally into a spider's web. Down ran the old spider, and threw her long arms around his neck; but he fought, and struggled, and blew his drone, and fuzzed, and sang sharp, and beat, and battered, and tore the web in holes—and so got loose. The spider would not let go her hold round him—and the fly flew away with the spider!" This is related on the authority of Mr. Thomas Bell, the naturalist, who witnessed the heroic act.—*Household Words*.

EARLY FRONTIER LIFE.

The first settlers of Maine found, besides red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests, which then waved, where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals. Often at night was the farmer's family aroused from sleep by the noise without, which told that Bruin was storming the sheep-pen or the pigsty, or was laying violent paws on some unlucky calf—and often, on a cold winter evening, did they roll a large log against the door, and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious, bloodthirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man, unless driven by severe hunger.

The incident which I am about to relate occurred in the early history of Biddeford.

A man, who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. H. —, was, one autumn, engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the field and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work. One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started for home. Just by the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves; without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there fast asleep! "Twas but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replaced the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the results. After waiting a short time, he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds.

The howls came nearer, and a few minutes, a large, gaunt, savage looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang direct

ly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him in pieces, and devoured him on the spot. When they had finished their morsel, they wheeled around, plunged into the forest and disappeared. Within five minutes from their first appearance, not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy. The boy, after playing till he was weary, had laid down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him and covered him with leaves until he could bring his comrades to the feast; but himself furnished the repast.—*Biddeford Journal*.

HOUSE PLANTS IN WINTER.

"What is the reason that my plants do not grow so well as Mrs. Jones's. I am sure I take a great deal more care with them, water and nurse, and air them, but all will not do; they are weak, slender, sickly, and some of my best plants have died—while Mrs. Jones seems to take very little care of hers, and yet they grow and bloom beautifully!"

This appeal to us for aid and advice, which has just been made, is not the first complaint of this kind of ill success. The truth is, some plants are actually nutured to death. Care and attention bestowed on plants, which they do not need, are worse than no care at all. It is knowing just what to do, and doing that, and no more, that gives some persons their success. Or, as a late writer remarked, there are two great points to be attended to—

1. Not to let your plants suffer by neglect;

2. Not to make them suffer by interference. We would class the requisites for good treatment as follows:

1. Plenty of light.
2. A due supply of water.
3. Proper temperature.

Fresh air, cleanliness, and good soil, are obviously of importance, but are less likely to be neglected than the three first named wants, and we shall therefore add a few additional remarks under the heads:

1. Light.—Plants cannot by any possibility have too much of this. The stand should therefore face the window, and be placed as near to it as practicable; and the window should be broad, as little obstructed in its light by outside trees as the nature of the case will admit. But rapidly growing plants require more light; hence, such should be placed more

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

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AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WICHENSTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

FRONTHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"C. H. W.—We fully agree with your suggestions, and hope the citizens of Woburn have sufficient public spirit to build a Lyceum Hall, at once; and we know that strong efforts will be made to have one.

"ALBERT THOMSON.—All will be pleased in reading this letter from our esteemed townsmen, now in the gold regions; we can depend on its truth in describing California; we all know the author, which is sufficient. We hope to hear from him again.

"G.—The report of the "High School" is interesting to us all, more especially to parents. We have arranged before on the importance of this branch of education, and trust it will receive every encouragement it may need.

"STONHAM.—We are pleased to hear such pleasant reports from Stonham. Lyceum Lectures are a lodestone in society; they draw together our little community, who pass the time in the improvement of the mind, and enjoy the rich language and ideas of the lecturer. We shall always be pleased to hear from Stonham.

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"MARTA O'QUILL.—It is true that when a man is attacked, he should have a chance to defend himself, but circumstances sometimes alter cases, and we thought it best to explain your article, which we did instead of publishing it. "Isabel Winter" did not charge you with using all of other authors, and therefore our explanation is sufficient for you. We cannot, in no case, expose the name of any writer for the "Journal." The prices are equal. We have the article of the "Wanderer," it is too long for our columns, at present; and the "Veto Boy" is misinformed. Editors should have the patience of Job, or they can not succeed.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM.—Your communication, propounding questions and answers to "Pro Bono Publico," came too late for this week. We cannot enter into this local controversy, and the answer to your inquiries we leave to "Pro Bono Publico"; but communications being from responsible sources, we shall receive others, when not stained with personalities, and "E Pluribus Unum" shall publish them. "E Pluribus Unum" shall appear next week.

EDITORIAL.

Lyceum Hall.

The following communication so exactly expresses our views, that we give it a place at the head of our columns, and ask for it a careful and attentive perusal. It is from the pen of a gentleman conversant with the subject on which he writes, and we hope his arguments will be well received and appreciated by all.

The time has now come for action, and the subscription book will soon be presented to all our citizens, and we really hope that a few months hence it shall not be said of us a town, "they had not public spirit enough to raise a new Hall." We shall be both happy and willing to subscribe an amount altogether equal to, and even beyond our means, if that will help the project forward at all, and if each person resolve to do all in his power, we believe funds enough can be obtained to build two such Halls.

Mr. Eboron:—Your correspondent from Winchester, complains of the price charged by the proprietors for the use of their Lyceum Hall, and states that it is a reason for its being seldom occupied by Lecturers, and others who wish to amuse or instruct the good citizens of that Town, and hence infers that the Hall is essentially an injury to the village. He may be correct in his premises and deductions, for aught I can say; if he is, the matter should be at once removed. My object in referring to that communication is, to correct any false impression it may make upon the minds of any person in Woburn, with respect to the value and importance of a public Hall. It will be observed that the complaint is not against a Hall of itself, but an unreasonable demand for its use.

The size of the Hall at Winchester is small, in comparison with those in most of the towns in our neighborhood, although it may be sufficiently large to accommodate the present inhabitants of that thriving village. Of course the price for its occupancy should depend, not upon its decorations and the cost of the structure, but upon its capacity, and the number of persons who are relied upon to attend public meetings held in it; and it would be good policy to vary the price from that charged for its use for a single night, when wanted for a series of nights. If a Hall is built in Woburn, (and I trust an it is hardly admissible in alluding to it,) it should be leased on the lowest terms compatible with its accommodations, and the audiences that may be attracted to it. It will be remembered that in the report made by the Committee last Tuesday evening, a Hall was recommended, capable of holding seven or eight hundred persons, (about twice the size of the one at Winchester,) and the price named for its use six dollars per evening. This estimate of its value appears to me very correct, and will at once obviate all such objections as have been raised against the Hall of our neighbors. A Hall should be built for use, and it should be made so attractive by its accommodations, and the reasonableness of its price, as at once to supersede all those places which are now resorted to for lectures, concerts, &c. This, with liberal management, may be done. I am inclined to the opinion, also, that it may not only be frequently and advantageously used, but that it will be a paying concern. This is a point, of course, which interests many of our citizens, especially those who subscribe to its stock. I believe it is a fact that public Halls, well located in Boston, are among the most productive kinds of property in the city. And

so it is with the same kind of property in all our towns, where there is a concentrated population, as there is here. The building of a Hall creates use for it, just as much as building a railroad increases the business, as well as facilitates its transaction. When Woburn was without a Branch road, how many passengers went daily from here to the city? Does any one believe that without that Branch, any such number as now go over it would be found travelling the Lowell road? When the proper condition of things exists, an increase in accommodations makes more than a corresponding increase in trade. And it seems to be perfectly obvious that such a condition of things is now existing here, is to render the building of a Hall, with stores and offices connected with it, an enterprise of as productive a character as any in which our citizens can engage.

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New Publications.

AMHERST COLLEGE.—We have received the pamphlet from Amherst College, of the "Department of Science." We observe that a very general and liberal plan of instruction in this important department, has been recently adopted in this College, and from the various subjects proposed to meet the wants of all who wish to pursue such studies, we are sure great benefits will result to the students. We are pleased to notice the prosperity of "Amherst College"—it is a favorite institution with us—and we wish it all the success it so richly deserves. The names of the professors in the several departments are a guarantee of its success.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Of all the various Monthlys we have ever seen, none exceeds the "Lady's Book." The number for January is on our table, and our eyes have never beheld any plate more beautiful than the "Merry Thought" and the "Temptation." If our fair readers only knew how fitly they would send to Fowle's Bookstore and get it.

YARMOUTH REGISTER.—This sterling paper has announced its seventeenth year, and comes to us dressed in new type, making a beautiful appearance. We congratulate our Cape Cod neighbor on this evidence of prosperity, and hope prosperous breezes will continue to blow "down there" sure and swift.

TRUE FLAG.—We must commend this paper to our readers; "Fanny Fenn" has secured a corner, and will add much to its good reading. It commences a new volume soon, and that will be a good time to subscribe; it can be had at Fowle's Bookstore.

BOSTON ALMANAC.—This is a valuable book for ten years, with seventy-five engravings, for twenty-five cents, indispensable to all persons who expect to visit Boston in 1853, will be forthcoming in a few days, and can be had at all the Bookstores and Periodical Depots in New England, besides many places "out West." Call for "The Boston Almanac," containing a complete Business Directory; a Map of Boston it is now and as it was a hundred and thirty years ago; the State Legislature, and Congress, politically classified; County Officers; General Events, and any amount of useful information. The work is issued by Damrell & Moore and George Coolidge, from their extensive Printing and Binding establishment, (No. 16 Devonshire street, adjoining the Exchange Coffee House;) and is executed in a style much superior to any other number. Published by J. H. P. Jewett & Co., the enterprising publishers of Uncle Tom's Cabin, to whom all orders should be addressed.

CARPENTER.—We have just issued from our press a catalog of the books belonging to the "New Bridge Library Association," and we notice in glancing over the list of nearly 400 volumes, that the Library comprises many standard and valuable works; Mr. W. B. Perkins acts as Librarian, and the subscription for a year is fixed at 50 cents. We hope that all the citizens in the vicinity of New Bridge, will avail themselves of the advantages of this excellent collection of books, and we also hope that the day is not far distant when we shall have in Woburn Centre, a public Library, in which the whole town will take an interest.

SUFFOLK COUNTY FLOUR MILLS.—We are always pleased to give credit, where it is due; and especially, in cases which concern the domestic economy and health. We lately made a purchase of our friend J. D. Sweet, the agent of the Suffolk Flour Mills, at the head of Eastern Railroad Wharf, Boston, of a superior article of flour made at those Mills, and it has proved an excellent article. We would recommend our friends, (and especially Bakers) to give Mr. Sweet a call; we are sure they will not be disappointed. The Suffolk Mills supply all descriptions of Flour, Meal and Feed; their extra flour in bags we can recommend. See Mr. Sweet's card in to-day's paper.

RESERVOIRS.—We are pleased to learn that a commencement has been made in the Reservoirs for supplying water; and that the one now being constructed near the Baptist Church has every prospect of being kept full of water by springs, which are constantly running into it. In connection with this subject, we would remark that our Fire Department needs the fostering care of our Town Fathers; the Engines, &c., require attention. Whose duty is it?

TERRIFIC STORM ON LAKE ERIE.—A terrific storm prevailed on Tuesday night, on the lake. The steamer Baltic, which left Buffalo for Detroit on Tuesday night, was seen on Wednesday morning laboring in the trough of the sea. When off Barcelona, she got into the trough and could not turn, and had to back all the way down to the river. For several hours she lay unable to move, and much excitement existed at Buffalo, there being no boat to send to her aid. She got in about noon, with her cabin torn to pieces, guards smashed, and much other damage. The brig Concord, which left Buffalo the same night, was caught in the storm and ran back to port, having lost overboard two locomotives intended for the Rock Island Railroad. The brig sustained some damage, but got in safely. The vessels out must have been in great danger, and the wind is still high.

AMERICAN S. S. UNION.—The following is a summary of the labors of thirty-three missions in the service of the American Sunday School Union reported at the stated meeting of the Board of Managers on the 16th inst, for the two preceding months: Books sold to Sunday Schools, \$5,728; value of books gratuitously bestowed on poor schools, \$974; number of schools organized, 343; number of schools visited, 457; number of miles traveled in performing this service, 12,578.

The receipts of the society are totally inadequate to meet the calls which are daily and urgently made for Sunday School labor.

"Our government lands cost one dollar an acre on an average, and champagne two dollars a bottle. How many a man dies landless, who during his life has swallowed a feather, trees and all!

FEMALE PROFESSOR.—Miss Pennell, niece of the Hon. Horace Mann, has been appointed Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, in Antioch College, Ohio, of which Mr. Mann was chosen President.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Winter, thus far, is a remarkable one, but it never "rots in the sky."—Spring may be a cold one.—Wm. Hart, who has been on trial in Worcester, for the murder of his wife, was acquitted by the jury.—A woman was caught smuggling liquor into the Boston Jail, with her husband, who was committed for an assault upon her. She was committed for trial.—It appears by the census returns, that the consumption of liquors reaches \$6,000,000 gallons annually.—There are 3000 steamers afloat on the American waters.—There are 10,000 miles of Railroad in the United States.—There are 2386 nurseries in Spain, filled with nuns, who devote themselves to the life of teachers, or to benevolent objects.—A monument has recently been erected at Hingham, to the memory of Gen. Lincoln, of the Revolution.—Butter makers in New Hampshire are holding on to butter, expecting to get 30 cts. per pound.—"Shad have been caught at New Haven, the last week.—Miron F. Morse has been arrested in Lowell, on a charge of having 3 wives.—The yellow fever is raging in Texas.—84 kegs of gunpowder, were seized in New York last week, just loaded on board a vessel.—The printers in St Louis are on a strike.—Verbenas and Marigolds were picked in some of the gardens in Hartford, last week.—The Common Council of Boston, have passed an order, to extend the hospitalities of the city to Gen. Pierce, when he passes through to Washington; the city government of New York, ditto.—There are 603 students at Yale College; 622 students in Harvard College; 249 students in Brown University; 123 students in Dartmouth College; 123 students in the University of Vermont.—Ten young ladies recently took the veil in Worcester.—There are 36,011 churches in the U. S. States.—There are 3,363,427 houses in the United States.—There are 1100 Banks in the United States.—The Railroad depot at West Newton, was broken into last week and \$100 worth of tickets and 8 umbrellas stolen.—The Washington Monument has attained the height of 124 feet, its intended elevation is 517 feet.—Over 400 lives have been lost by steamboat explosions thus far, the present year.—The cost of constructing fire proof buildings now standing in San Francisco, is over six millions of dollars.—73 deaths in Boston last week.—Steamer Cleopatra was burned on Black river, together with 900 bales of cotton, and the captain's son.—A young man, and a span of horses, were precipitated into the Winooski river, in Vermont, the horses valued at \$250 were drowned; the man was saved.—73 bushels of acorns have been shipped to Holland, from Bradford, Pa., for introducing the oak into that country.—4 persons were arrested at Springfield last week, for passing counterfeit money.—91,777 beef cattle were packed at Chicago, up to the 30th of November, making 12,000 lbs. of beef and 42,222 lbs.—The gold ring presented to Gen. Pierce, from California, is on exhibition at Messrs. Jones, Low & Ball, in Boston.—The Dane Law School in Cambridge, are to have a full length portrait of Daniel Webster, placed in their Hall.—The friends of the Maine Law, are projecting another State Convention.—Gold has been found in Vermont.—The Erie Canal has closed for the season.—There is good sleighing in Quebec.—Late news from Europe, is interesting.—France by a large majority has declared for the Empire, and Louis Napoleon has now obtained his desired end; how long it will last, it is difficult to tell.—England has made a great show in the funeral of Wellington, spending money which had better been given to purchase bread for her starving population.—Europe thus far is at peace.—Last arrivals from California, bring gloomy particulars of three disastrous fires, a large amount of property destroyed, and lives lost; there is great suffering amongst those who have been burned out; measures have been taken to relieve them.—The election to fill vacancies in Congress in this State, have resulted in favor of the Whigs, except three districts.—Mr. Seaver was re-elected Mayor of Boston.—Lowell elected the old board of city officers.—Charlestown and Roxbury elected their old board of city officers.—The Lyceum lectures in Woburn are well attended, and a good spirit has arisen for a Lyceum Hall.—The weather has changed to winter, and all the poor, we presume, are prepared for it.

THE SHORTEST AFTERNOON.—In the good old times, now passed away, in which noon always occurred precisely at twelve o'clock, the sun, on the 21st of December rose later, and sat earlier than on any other day in the year; but since the introduction of mean or equated time into general use, this has not been the case, and the 9th of December is now, in our latitude, the day in which the sun sets the earliest, and the 1st of January that on which he rises the latest, in the year. The shortest day, or the least interval between the rising and setting, occurs however, as formerly, on December 21st, at the solstice, or when his declension is the greatest.

LAND TO THE LANDLESS.—The Canadian executive has given notice that a tract of twenty-four millions of acres, lying mainly north-east of Lake Huron, in the latitude of the American mining districts of Lake Superior, will, as soon as surveyed, be thrown open to the landless in gratuitous tracts of one hundred and sixty acres. Alternate sections will thus be given away without price, those lying between them being reserved for sale to cover the expense of surveying and opening the country to emigrants.

ARRESTED AGAIN.—J. Hollis of the Lynn City Hotel, was again arrested, on Saturday night, for violating the liquor law, making five times for the same offence.

HERE IS NO TELLING WHO WILL BE GOVERNOR, TILL AFTER ELECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

WOBURN HIGH SCHOOL.

In company with a goodly number of my fellow-citizens, I had the pleasure of attending the examination of the Woburn High School, which took place on Friday of last week. The exercises, which were of a high character, were listened to with deep interest by the parents of the pupils and other friends of education present, among whom I noticed the preceptor of the Academy in this place and the teacher of the High School, and other gentlemen of education from Winchster.

The studies pursued by the scholars during the term being mostly elementary, did not present much that was attractive, except to those who admire thorough instruction and that mental discipline which follows close and incisive application. There was no singing or declamation to catch the applause of the multitude, the examination being confined to Arithmetic, Algebra, and the Latin and Greek languages and composition. And yet, I venture to assert, that no man, familiar with the schools of New England, superior as they are, could have witnessed this examination without feelings of peculiar satisfaction and pride. It is seldom that so many scholars are found in a single school, so familiar with the principles of the studies pursued, and seldom that a school enjoys the instructions of a teacher so competent to guide and direct the youthful mind through the dry and somewhat repulsive branches of mathematics and grammar.

I believe that I express the opinion of all present when I say, that the examination, in all its details, was very highly creditable to the pupils and the teacher, and such as to secure for the school, at its very commencement, the full confidence of our entire community. Mr. Stone has fully sustained the high reputation as an instructor which he brought with him, a reputation, which, won by years of successful teaching in this Commonwealth, has placed him in the front rank of his profession. Possessing a good education, fair mental abilities, perfect self-control, high moral sentiments, and a love of teaching bordering upon enthusiasm, he is peculiarly qualified to guide the youthful mind towards the summit of the "Hill of Science," which, as Milton says, "is laborious indeed in the first ascent; but else, so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

A very interesting feature of this school is the number of young ladies connected with it. Many, I am aware, entertain the opinion that the education of woman is of little consequence. I am not of the number. On the contrary, I believe that whatever contributes to elevate and ennoble the mind of woman, has a direct influence upon the character of society and the progress of the age. If mothers are well educated, their children will be likewise. The first and most permanent impressions are those which are made in the nursery, and mothers are often the unprettiest, but still illustrious educators of the world! Their instructions, more than any subsequent teachings, form the minds of the rising generation to usefulness, glory, virtue and religion. We have seen many isolated cases which serve to corroborate this great truth, and many, we are sure, are fresh in the recollections of our intelligent fellow-citizens. It is high time, now that Christianity has elevated woman to her proper sphere in society; in an age of light, and a free country, that her education receive greater attention, and awaken a more solicitous interest than it has hitherto done. Flimsy accomplishments, and the mere ornamental branches of education, a slight acquaintance with the elementary studies, and a taste for light and worthless reading, are not all the qualifications that are demanded and expected from American women in the present century. Mental power and moral superiority are indispensable, and should not be sacrificed for the mere exterior attractions of polished manners; for what pleases the eye and delights the ear, but leaves no abiding impression upon the understanding and the heart. Strength should not give place to grace, nor grace to strength, but both should receive their due share of attention in the education of our women.

The advantages to be derived from the inculcation of correct elementary principles of education, from instilling into the mind just conceptions of good and evil, and preserving the purity of female innocence in its native freshness, all must acknowledge. The direct object of the education of woman is to fit her for that important and responsible station she is to occupy in life. It is so to mould her temper and character, to strengthen the germs of virtue and innocence that spring up luxuriantly in her tender bosom, that when her eventful life places her in contact with the rude asperities and unfeeling principles of this world's philosophy, she may still preserve in lovely relief, the distinction and fascination excellencies of the female character.

Written for the Journal.

VENTILATION.—Well ventilated school-rooms are of inestimable value, so far as respects the health and comfort of the scholars. It must be a source of very great satisfaction to parents to learn that all

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1852.

himself badly; he was made to contend, for safety sake, with 12 feet of strong chain about his neck, fastened to a stump; he got vexed, after one or two gores from General Scott, and broke his chain. This was the signal for some unprincipled Whigs to assail him with sundry rifles, pistols, &c. The General stood up manfully against all this opposition for some time, until, at last, from sheer loss of blood, he fainted away, and gave up the ghost, although pronounced by the judges the winner in the fight. So much for some of the amusements in California.

I intended to say something about some fossil remains of a very large animal, recently found near this place, but, as I have almost filled my sheet, I will leave that as a text for another communication, at some future time.

Truly and respectfully yours,

ALBERT THOMPSON.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. EDITOR:—The citizens of Woburn will regret to learn that one of their townsmen, Mr. John Carroll, of Sacramento, Cal., was one of the sufferers by the late fire in that City; his friends will deeply sympathize with him in his loss. It was his intention to have settled up his business and returned home the 1st of January, but this unforeseen calamity will make his stay in the city of gold of longer duration. Mr. C. is one of those active young men who will not look dispondingly upon his losses, but will up and at it again; may success attend his efforts, for he merits it.

W.

Written for the Journal.

Blessings Brighten as they take their flight.

This is a sad, yet, truthful sentiment. Who but has felt its truth, when some valued object has suddenly been taken from us? When surrounded by blessings, which a kind Providence has bestowed upon us, we very seldom appreciate their worth, and perhaps the veryopathy with which they are strewn along our pathway tends to make us undervalue them.

But there are times when the consciousness that some loved object is soon to take wings and soar away, renders it doubly dear to us.

Let us draw aside this curtain. Step softly for sickness, even death is here. See that mother as she bows over the form of her sick child. How fervently she prays that God may spare her cherished one, while, hope, that anchor of the soul, pictures to her imagination many happy hours in reserve for it. But, alas! even while she is praying bright angels conduct the freed spirit to the "Happy Land," and the bereaved mother is left to exclaim, "How blessings brighten as they take their flight."

See you youth. He is soon to leave his childhood home to launch his barque upon life's ocean. The fire of ambition is glowing within his breast, and he would fain have a laurel wreath placed upon his brow; and yet, how the ties which bind him to his home, strengthen as he prepares to sever them. Everything appears to have new charms. Fond parents, loved associates, all seem dearer as he thinks that he must part; and as the last "good bye" is said, and he is borne away, he too can exclaim, "How blessings brighten as they take their flight."

And it is thus with all earthly blessings. Then let it be our highest aim to live so that we may be accounted worthy to enter that "Happy Land" where blessings, rich and numerous, never take their flight.

Ridge, N. H.

EMMA.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. EDITOR:—I had the pleasure, last evening, of listening to a most talented lecture, by Rev. T. B. Thayer, of Lowell, at the Town Hall, in this village, (Stoneham,) before the Union Lyceum; J. Parker Gould, President. The Hall which will accommodate three or four hundred, was filled at an early hour, by a highly respectable and intelligent audience. The subject of the lecture, was "Labor and Life." The Lecturer's aim was to prove that Labor was the true object of life, and that the workingman was the only nobleman. Our peculiar follies and fashions of every society were well hit off, and handled with a keenness of sarcasm and wit peculiarly the author's; and which must have left an impression upon the hearers decidedly beneficial. All were pleased and instructed by the lecture.

This association was formed in the early part of the season; funds have been raised for twelve lectures. The introductory lecture was given by Rev. Star King—four lectures have already been given. For the present, they are announced every week, for Thursday evening. Hon. N. P. Banks delivers the next on the "Slavonic Races." Yours, STONEHAM.

TOWN MEETING.

Proceedings of Town Meeting, Dec. 13, for the choice of Representatives to Congress, are as follows:—

(OLD) DISTRICT NUMBER FOUR.

John A. Bolles, of Winchester,..... 108
Lorenzo Sabine, of Framingham,..... 68
James Russell, of West Cambridge,..... 19
N. P. Banks, of Waltham,..... 2

Whole number of ballots,..... 197

DISTRICT NUMBER SEVEN.

N. P. Banks, Jr. of Waltham,..... 132
Luther V. Bell, of Somerville,..... 67
Gorham Brooks, of Medford,..... 20

Whole number,..... 197

W.

A female prisoner in jail at Cleaveland, Ohio, lately escaped from the jail there. Just as the jailor entered her cell, she popped out and locked jailor in. After enjoying her liberty for three hours, she came back, entered her cell and liberated the jailor.

THE WEATHER.

Thursday, December 9.—Morning clear and frosty; afterward hazy, and late in the afternoon and evening cloudy; wind W. until 8 o'clock, then S. W.; after 11 A. M., E; thermometer at 7 A. M., 28; 2 P. M., 47; 10 P. M., 43.

Friday, December 10.—Generally cloudy, but through the forenoon, the clouds were light and thin; early in the evening clear, but again cloudy after nine o'clock; wind moderate from N. N. E. to N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 40; 2 P. M., 52; 10 P. M., 39.

Saturday, December 11.—A heavy rain storm commenced about 1 A. M., which continued through the day; until noon the rain fell copiously, but in the afternoon it came in lighter showers, or as a thick mist; the wind in the night and through the forenoon was very fresh from N. E.; the day was chilly and gloomy; thermometer at 7 A. M., 32; 2 P. M., 34; 10 P. M., 34.

Sunday, December 12.—Very clear through the day, and cool; during the night the wind changed to N. W., and was quite brisk from that quarter until towards evening, when it grew calm; thermometer at 7 A. M., 33; 2 P. M., 35; 10 P. M., 29.

Monday, December 13.—Clear in the morning, with the exception of the S. W. horizon, which exhibited a hue of cloud indicating snow; at 9 o'clock the sky was nearly overcast, and at 1 P. M., it commenced snowing; for two or three hours it fell very rapidly, and ceased at 7 P. M.; the snow being moist, it only accumulated an inch in depth. The trees looked finely in their new winter drapery; this was our second snow storm; wind W. in the morning, afterwards S. S. W., to S. S. E.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 23; 2 P. M., 34, (when highest, about 12 M., 39;) 10 P. M., 31.

Tuesday, December 14.—Clear in the morning, and nearly so through the day; cold, bracing air; wind moderate from N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 19; 2 P. M., 30; 10 P. M., 11.

Wednesday, December 15.—Generally clear, and quite cold; wind N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 8; 2 P. M., 24; 10 P. M., 9. This was the coldest morning since the 4th of March. The weather, which has been very moderate thus far in December, is now become decidedly winterish, and withal very seasonable. The snow still remains upon the ground.

FRANKLIN.

MARRIAGES.

There are moments in this fleeting life When every pulse beats low, and the soft air Is full of fragrance from a purer clime.

In Lowell, Dec. 2d, Luke Doe, of San Jose, California, to Martha M. Atherton.

In Holyoke, Dec. 5th, Walter Fisk to Matilda Bruce.

DEATHS.

o And what's a life? the flourishing arm Of the proud summer meadow, which to day Wears green plush, and is tomorrow dry?

In this town, Dec. 15th, at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. Richardson; Mrs. Sarah B. of the town, wife of Dr. Richardson, aged 81 years.

In Woburn, Dec. 15th, Sarah Cook, aged 48.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The next Lecture before the Lyceum will be given by Rev. H. V. GILLESPIE, on next Tuesday evening; Lecture commence at 7.30 P. M. The admission to the course may be obtained at the door, for 371 cents.

JOHN A. FOWLE, Secy.

CHRISTMAS and New Year's PRESENTS.

Written for the Journal.

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SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALL the various kinds of School Books used in the vicinity, for sale at the Woburn Book Store, dec. 4.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscribers for the Partition and Recorders for 1852, in Woburn, are requested to make immediate payment to W. G. FOWLE, Agent, WOODBRIDGE, MORE & CO.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the late firm of E. COOPER & CO., are requested to make immediate payment to E. E. COOPER, No. 5 & 6 Wade's Buildings.

Dancing School.

MR. T. F. GASZINSKI, has opened a School of Dancing, at the corner of St. Stephen and Winchester Street, and vicinity, that he will open a School for the instruction in Dancing the second week in December, and respectfully bespeaks their patronage. Due notice will be given of the day, and at what place.

Woburn, Dec. 4, 1852.

WINCHESTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers would respectfully inform his friends, former patrons, and the public in general, that he has reopened a Store at the

OLD STAND,

where he offers a good assortment of West India Goods, and Family Groceries, very cheap, for sale.

Fine grain, and provisions constantly on hand. Call and see.

JAMES BRIDGE,

Woburn, Dec. 9, 1852.

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

LYCEUM BUILDING,

WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dealer in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Perfumery, Druggists, Books, Stationery, Pictures, Newspapers, Fancy Goods, Medicines carefully selected, and warranted pure; including all the recently introduced prescriptions.

Particular attention given to

PRESCRIPTIONS.

No. 10, W. G. FOWLE, at his residence, during the hours of Night and Sundays.

COAL MUSIC.

MISS H. LANE,

HAVING just received the latest sets of SILK and STRAW BONNETS, together with a select assortment of ANTIQUE goods, solicits the patronage of her friends and the public.

STRAW bonnets altered. Fashionably, Bleached, and pressed.

MISS L. will have Dress-making done in the most satisfactory manner, in the latest patterns for Ladies, Sequins and Drapes just received. Opposite the Depot in Woburn, Oct. 16, 1852.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852

N. 11.

POETRY!

OUR FIRST SNOW,

The featherly snow is falling fast,
Old Winter is at hand;
The token of his coming spreads
Its white coat o'er the land.
I knew the month that heralded
His reign was speeding by,
And yet I never realized
His majesty was nigh.

I have not watched the fading leaf
Fall trembling to the ground,
Nor marked the gradual decay
That Autumn spreads around;
I have not as yet, beheld
Beneath his frosty breath
The beauty of the landscape fade
Till merged in gloom and death.

When last I looked upon the earth
It was dressed in robes of green,
And all was glad and bright beneath
The reign of Summer's queen.
And now it seems that Winter grasps
The sceptre from her hand,
Usurps the throne of Fall, and reigns
A tyrant o'er the land.

But well I love this falling snow
All dreary though it be;
It brings a crowd of memories
Of friends and home to me.
O! I will yield my spirit up
To the deep gush of thought,
The rich, warm feelings of delight
This first bright snow hath brought.

ORIGINAL

Written for the Journal.

THE FLOWERS.

By MARY W. WELLMAN.

They have budded and blossomed,
They have bloomed and died.

To the thoughtful mind, the subject of flowers is of no minor importance. He who carelessly crushes beneath his feet the sweet violets of spring, and tramples heedlessly upon the wayside flower, has no perception of the beauty of earth; and in my mind, is little above the brute creation. I ask no better proof of a man's mind, than to notice his regard—his admiration for flowers. I never saw a cultivated mind, (one properly trained,) that neglected altogether the study of flowers. Rich a man in the midst of a beautiful garden of rich, cultivated flowers, or let him ramble out on a spring morning in God's great garden, where nature alone resides over her choicest plants; watch him as he is surrounded with all that is fair to behold, and how soon can we see his soul! Ye, i.e. the man that admires and studies to know the nature of the tiny flower, is also the man who, by unswerving labor, studies to know the character—the will of the Maker of the flower, and the immortal spirit that dwelleth in man. Let us then compare the life of man to that of the flower, and see how true, how life-like a comparison we can draw.

The flower springs up from out the dust, unfolding its leaves, and timidly fluttering in the morning breeze. Soon the tiny bud is seen, and slowly unfolds its delicate petals, and looks modestly up into the blue face of heaven, as if to implore its Maker to watch over and care for it. Again, we see it in a more advanced state—it is in all its glory; it has attained its full growth. Its stalk has become firm, the flower is in full bloom—it shuns the pearls, dews, and a kiss from the morning sun, dries the dampness in its crimsoned cheek. The air is fragrant with its breath, and the honey bee draws sweetnes from its generous breast. The summer rains descend upon it; the evening zephyrs gently bow its head; the scorching sun looks down upon it, yet none of these disturb or mar its beauty, for it is not time for it to die. This flower has been destined to live the number of days allotted, and the time of its change has not yet come. Again we gaze upon the beautiful flower, and we see a change have come over it. The leaves once so fresh, a full life, so decked with the hue of health, have become pale and livid as death; it droops its head, and soon the passer-by may look for its face in vain. The winds and storms of autumn has beat upon the withered stalk, and it falls by the overhanging elements to rest beneath its snowy couch, and rise in all its beauty and freshness, when the voice of spring shall bid it come forth.

The infant upon its mother's breast, just like the opening bud, is helpless; timid and unconscious of danger, a rude hand could easily destroy either. Soon the hand could become a fair youth. Years quickly roll down the stream of time, and the youth becomes a man; knowledge increases—it grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength. After a brief pause he launches his barque upon the ocean of life, and though misfortune, and the frowns of some heartless one often toss his frail barque hither and thither, yet notwithstanding all their combined forces, he stands erect, and looks up to Him who presides in the centre of the deep blue heavens, and deigns to look down in pity, and support his feeble children. Like the fading leaf of the tree, the bloom of man doth wear away. Time, which is more swift than eagles wings, leaves its impress upon the brow of man. The few years we pass here, though we may live all the days allotted man, yet, when we look back upon them, they indeed seem like a tale that is told, so soon they vanish away. Soon we may look upon some blanched cheek and sunken eye; we may see the furrowed brow and the whitened locks.—

The roseate hue has fled; the face, like the decaying flower, wears the livid hue which time alone can paint. Man dies as dies the flower, we heap the earth above his head; there we leave him, until the morn of the resurrection. We see the flower in its beauty, and man in his glory; again we behold them, and alike they have felt the touch of decay.— Soon we may look for them, but in vain. The clouds of the valley hides all that was left of each,—and each sleep, alike waiting the summons which shall give them strength to burst the portals of the tomb.

Spring will soon return, and many a lovely flower that we prized so dearly will come forth, and flourish in as much beauty as if death had never blighted its fair form. And is it not one of the most cheering thoughts given to man—to think that, though time and disease may throw their mantles of decay over the forms of our loved ones; yet the grave hides all that was mortal, yet we are assured by One who never deceives, that those who sleep in Jesus shall come forth from out those narrow beds, and be clothed in immortal beauty, never again to feel the touch of the destroyer.

Gentle reader, have you retired to rest at night, and on awakening found some little treasured plant had, during your unconsciousness, been struggling with the icy foe, and now lies cold in death? Yes, many a one may have witnessed this. And cannot some of our readers also say, that not only has the flowers died, but the forms of the good, the beautiful of earth hath fled, and are no more. Thus we are ready to say with the poet:

"Oh! 'tis painful to think that hearts we most cherish
Like the flowers we prize most, are soonest to perish.
And though the willow may wave its leafless boughs over the tomb of departed friends, though our harps may murmur in sorrow when we think of the cold damp tomb in which a fond one is sleeping; yet, through all the gloom and dreariness of the charnel house, we can look forward to a day when the power that awakens the tiny flower into life shall, with the voice of the archangel and trump of God, call forth the sleeping dead. How instructive, then, is the lesson the simple flowers teach us.

And now that we are upon the close of another year, oh! it may be ours to feel that after we have done with things temporal, we shall be admitted to those joys reserved for all those who shall come up out of great tribulation."

"I am sure she deserves that the good fairies should smile on her," said Eleanor, "one baby exhausts my stock of virtue very rapidly."

"But you ought to see her baby," said aunt Ella, "so plump, so rosy, and so good natured and always clean as a lily. This baby is a sort of household shrine; nothing is too sacred and too good for it; and I believe the little thrifty woman feels only one temptation to be extravagant, and that is to get some ornament to adorn this little divinity."

"Why, did she ever tell you so?"

"No, but one day, I was coming down stairs, the door of the room was partly open, and I saw a peep there with open box, John, the husband, was standing with a little purple cap on his head, which he was regarding with a mystified, admiring air, as if he didn't quite comprehend it, and trim little Mary gazing at it with longing eyes."

"I think we might get it," said John.

"Oh, no," said she regretfully; "yet I wish we could, it's so pretty!"

"Say no more, aunt. I see the good fairy must pop a cap into the window on Christmas morning. Indeed it shall be done. How they will wonder where it came from, and talk about it for months to come."

"Well, then," continued her aunt, "in the next street to ours there is a miserable building that looks as if it were just going to topple over; and away up in the third story, in a little room just under the eaves, live two poor, lonely old women. They are both nearly on to ninety. I was in there day before yesterday. One of them is constantly confined to her bed with rheumatism; the other weak and feeble with failing sight and trembling hands, tittering about, her only helper, and they are entirely dependent on charity."

"Can't they do anything? Can't they knit," said Eleanor.

"You are young and strong, Eleanor, and have quick eyes and nimble fingers; how would it take you to knit a pair of stockings?"

"I?" said Eleanor, "what an idea! I never tried, but I think I could get a pair done in a week, perhaps."

"And if somebody gave you twenty-five cents, to them, and out of thos you had to get food, and pay room rent, and buy coal for your fire, and oil for your lamp?"

"Stop aunt, for pity's sake!"

"Well, I will stop, but they can't; they must pay so much every month for that miserable shell they live in, or be turned into the street. The mead and flour that some kind person sends goes off for them just as it does for others, and they must get me or starve, and coal is now scarce and high priced."

"Dear aunt, how delighted I should be, if I had any such fresh, unsophisticated body, to get presents for! but to get for people that have more than they know what to do with now—to add pictures, books, and gilding when the centre-tables are loaded with them now, and rings and jewels, when they are a perfect drug. I wish myself that I were not sick and sated and tired with having every thing in the world given me!"

"Well, Eleanor," said her aunt, "if you really do want unsophisticated subjects to

practice on, I can put you in a way of it. I can show you more than one family to whom you might seem to be a very good fairy, and where such gifts as you could give with al case would seem like a magic dream."

"Why, that would really be worth while aunt."

"Look right across the way," you see that building.

"That miserable combination of shanties! Yes!"

"Well, I have several acquaintances there, who have not been tired of Christmas gifts or any other kind. I assure you, you could make quite a sum on a sumer over there."

"Well, who is there? Let us know!"

"Do you remember Owen, that used to make your shoes?"

"Yes, I remember something about him."

"Well, he has fallen into a consumption, and cannot work any more, and he and his wife and three little children live in one of the rooms over there."

"How do they get along?"

"His wife takes in sewing sometimes, and sometimes goes out washing. Poor Owen! I was over there yesterday, he looks thin and wistful, and his wife was saying that he was parched with constant fever, and had very little appetite. She had with great self-denial, and by restricting herself, almost of necessary food, got him two or three oranges, and the poor fellow seemed so eager after them."

"Poor fellow!" said Eleanor, involuntarily.

"Now, said her aunt, suppose that Owen's wife should get up on Christmas morning and find at the door a couple dozen of oranges, and some of those nice white grapes, such as you had at your party last week, don't you think it would make a sensation?"

"Why, yes I think very likely it might; but who else aunt? You spoke of a great many."

"Well, on the lower floor there is a neat little room, that is always kept perfectly trim and tidy; it belongs to a young couple who have nothing beyond the husband's wages to live on. They are, nevertheless as cheerful and chipper as a couple of wrens and she is up and down half a dozen times a day, to help poor Mrs. Owen. She has a baby of her own, about five months old, and of course, does all the cooking, washing and ironing, for herself and husband; and yet, when Mrs. Owen goes out to wash she takes her baby and keeps it whole days for her!"

"I am sure she deserves that the good fairies should smile on her," said Eleanor, "one baby exhausts my stock of virtue very rapidly."

"But you are getting to be an orator, aunt; but don't you approve of Christmas presents, among friends and equals?"

"Yes, indeed," said her aunt, fondly stroking her head.

"I have had some Christmas presents that did me a world of good—a little book-mark, for instance, that a certain niece of mine worked for me, with wonderful secrecy, three years ago, when she was not a young lady with a purse full of money—that book-mark was a true Christmas present. And my young couple across the way are plotting a profound surprise to each other on Christmas morning. John has contrived, by an hour of extra work every night, to lay by enough to get Mary a new calico dress; and she, poor soul, has bargained away the only thing in the jewelry line she ever possessed, to be laid out in a new hat for him. I know, too, a washerwoman who has a poor lame boy—a patient, gentle little fellow—who has lain quietly for weeks and months to his little crib, and his mother is gone, to give him a splendid Christmas present."

"What is that going to be sent to my office?" said Tom; "do you know I so long to have a stove with a tea-kettle in the top of it?"

"Ella's cook-stove, of course," said Will, "and just at this moment the young lady entered, with her purse hanging gracefully over her hand.

"Now, boys, you are too bad!" she exclaimed, as each of the mischievous youngsters were gravely marching up and down attired in a grey shawl.

"What's that?" said Will, "a great bolt of cloth?"

"It's a cook-stove, of course," said Will, "and just at this moment the young lady entered, with her purse hanging gracefully over her hand."

"Ella, isn't that going to be sent to my office?" said Tom; "do you know I so long to have a stove with a tea-kettle in the top of it?"

"Just then, most ringing at the door, and the trimming waltz handed in a small brown parcel for Miss Ella. Tom made a dive at it, and, tearing off the brown paper, developed a jaunty little purple cap, with silver-colored buttons.

"My smoking cap! as I live," said Tom, "only I shall have to wear it on my thumb, instead of my head—too small entirely," said Will, shaking his head gravely.

"Come, you saucy boys, said aunt Ella, entering briskly, "what are you teasing Ella for?"

"What, do see this lot of things, aunt? What is in the world is Ella going to do with them?"

"Oh! I know!"

"You know; then I can guess, aunt; it is some of your charitable works. You are going to make a juvenile Lady Bountiful of Ella, eh?"

Ella, who had colored to the roots of her hair at the expose of her very uncharitable Christmas preparation, now took heart, and bestowed a very gentle and salutary little cuff on the saucy head that still wore the purple cap, and then hastened to gather up her various purchases.

"Laugh away," said she gaily; "and a good many others will laugh, too, over these things. I got them to make the ladies laugh."

"Well, well, I see into it," said Will, "and I tell you that I think right well of the idea, too. There are worlds of money wasted at this time of year, in getting things that nobody wants and nobody cares for after they are not; and I am glad, for my part, that you are going to get up a variety in this line; in fact, I should like to give you one of these stray leaves to help on," said he dropping a ten dollar note into her paper.

"I like to encourage girls to think of something besides purchases and sugar candy."

"But our story spins too long. If anybody wants to know the results of Ella's first attempts at good *fairy-tales*, they should call at the doors of two or three of the buildings on Christmas morning, and they would there have heard all about it."

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY"—A man named Martin Barton, of Foxborough, undertook the other day to defraud the Boston and Providence Railroad Company, by buying a ticket to Canton and going to Foxborough, seven miles beyond, without paying. The conductor detected him in his attempt, and Justice Gaston, of Roxbury, before whom he was brought, very properly punished him to the tune of \$15. We are told the lesson will prove useful to him and others.

"I have thought he would regard with sympathy the fond efforts which human love sometimes makes to express itself by gifts, the rarest and most costly. There are worlds of money wasted at this time of year, in getting things that nobody wants and nobody cares for after they are not; and I am glad, for my part, that you are going to get up a variety in this line; in fact, I should like to give you one of these stray leaves to help on," said he dropping a ten dollar note into her paper.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852.

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AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MAY RITCHIE."—Your "New Year's Story" is a very interesting one, and conveys a beautiful and touching moral, which will, we hope, have its influence for the beginning of the new year. It will be quite appropriate for our next paper.

"J."—We are pleased to hear from you again, and should be better pleased if we could hear oftener; we highly prize agriculturists, and we hope to see the day when an Agricultural Fair will be held in Woburn. We shall place your article under our Agricultural head, for the beginning of the new year.

"***."—The friends of the late Henry Johnson, who died in California, will read this affectionate tribute to his memory with feelings which we all experience.

"Loss of relatives and friends. The hand of friendship may be kind to the tenant of the distant grave; the feelings of the domestic circle at home are keenly felt, but cannot be described."

"Jesus."—Your article is quite a sharp one, but we like your ideas, and shall always be pleased to hear from you.

"Catoons."—Your description of the River St. Lawrence, and rapids, is very good; we shall publish it as soon as we can spare room.

"J. D."—Another of those interesting letters, descriptive of Southern life. Our correspondents must not think we neglect them; we are obliged to take them in rotation.

"T. L."—It would puzzle more than one Philadelphia Lawyer to read your communication; it is written on both sides of the sheet, and our patience is already exhausted in endeavoring to read such articles, and we must decline them. Our time is too precious to give attention to revise these unreadable articles, and our Type complains that he has to punctuate nearly every article he sets up, and hence it is that many mistakes occur. Our correspondents should learn to write a fair and open hand, pay more attention to spelling, and above all, not write on both sides of a sheet.

"L."—There seems to be a misunderstanding on the subject of Ventilation. We did not suppose the communication in last week's Journal, was meant as a "burlesque." Your statements appear very fair.

"M. W. WELLMAN."—The tale of "City Hives," shall have an early insertion, the first part of which we have received, the continuation by Thursday evening. The piece of poetry you speak of is so long that we could not find room for it, which is the only reason, why it has not appeared; we have many such on hand; we are always pleased to hear from you.

"FAIRY BIRD."—"Job Gray" comes under a new signature, but none the less acceptable; he shall find a place soon. "Florence Dale" or, the "Christmas Tree," is a pretty story; we regret not receiving it in time for this day's paper; it won't spoil by keeping.

EDITORIAL.

CHRISTMAS.

Who does not rejoice, with exceeding joy on this great and glorious day, when a Savior was born; when the celestial choir proclaimed—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men." The stars sung together for joy, and the shepherds, while watching their flocks by night, heard the joyful sound. Surely it is a day for all to rejoice.

Of all the ancient customs of celebrating great events, that of Christmas has not lost any of its value, while others have died away, and known only as a history, the advent of our Savior still bears all the great marks of truth, and increases in strength and beauty as the world moves onward, and it will continue so till the end of time, a shining light in the path of Christians, and fulfilling the declaration of the Psalmist,—"His name shall continue as long as the sun, and man shall be blessed in him."

We wish our readers a happy Christmas.—We hope "Santa Claus" will visit our young friends, and distribute his gifts in profusion; and in wishing all this, we must extend our wishes for the remembrance of the poor. It is said to be more blessed to give than to receive, and we are sure that the hand of charity would be like an angel's visit in many a poor dwelling, whose inmates may be shivering by a cold hearth, and whose lips have not tasted food for many a past hour.—Cheer up the heart, and warm the benumbed limbs of the meritorious poor; they will remember you in their prayers, for the hearts of the poor are ever grateful.

This is the true season of charity; it shines bright when the object is most worthy, and we have no doubt but our readers can find objects worthy of their charity. How much happiness will be added to the donor, as they retire to their pillows, after acts of charity to the poor.

We would not curb the joyous passions of youth; we would bid them come forth, in all their ardent feelings and beauty. Let the young heart pour forth its joys and mingle in the carols of a Christmas eve,—join in the merry greetings of the domestic circle, and the sports of the village school. We only ask that their youthful minds should be taught the nature and the true cause of these rejoicings, that in after years these youthful impressions may be the guide of life. A Merry Christmas, and a happy one, to all.

"We think our friend of the *Clinton Courant*, uses the "Damascus;" he is very keen; we like to read the *Courant*, it sparkles at times, with genuine wit. We are sorry that the Ensign lost his election, as we fully believed the *Courant* was in for the government leader, but there's many a slip between the cup and the lip." We never was partial to "Stebbin."

LYCEUM.

Unfortunately for the Lecturer announced in last week's paper, (the Rev. Henry Giles,) he lost, in coming to Boston, his trunk, containing all his manuscripts, &c., and of course was prevented fulfilling his engagement before our Lyceum.

The Rev. R. C. Waterston, of Boston, after an hours notice, was kind enough to give us his admirable Lecture on the "Life of Washington Allston," and we think the Lyceum were exceeding fortunate in procuring him as a substitute, for the Lecture given was exceedingly interesting, and the audience seemed delighted during its delivery, and at the close there was that unmistakable quiet satisfaction manifested, that proved how the lecture was received. We are pleased to know that Mr. Waterston has many lecture engagements to fulfill this season.

Next Tuesday evening we are to listen to the Rev. J. C. Bodwell, who will speak with reference to his residence in Europe, and from what we have heard of the lecture, can commend it to the attention of our citizens, hoping that Mr. B. will meet with a large audience.

"The Boston Post, and *Atlas* are at war about *veracity*, as though there was any truth to be found in these partizan papers, during a political campaign; they go upon the principle that all is fair in politics," and carry on the principle to perfection, and then quarrel about *veracity*. "Boston folks are full of

"That stone in the centre of the sidewalk, near the front of Warrn Academy, is a dangerous trap; we do not know whose duty it is to remove it, but we do know, that a lady fell over it a few evenings since, to her great injury; it is a complete stumbling-block, and should be removed.

WARRN ACADEMY.—We are pleased to learn that this academy is growing in favor, and that it is conducted on strict principles of the highest order. Parents who may wish to place their children in a first rate institution for learning, may be assured they will not be disappointed in the Warren Academy. The institution is a credit to our town, and we hope to see it well patronized.

"We have heard complaints about the bad state of our engines, and we speak for the public, when we say that it is the duty of those in authority to give their immediate attention to the subject. Our whole community are deeply interested, and it should not be delayed.

"We are pleased to notice the republican manners of Gen. Pierce, it certainly speaks well in his favor; we have seen him on several occasions recently in Boston, his modest and gentlemanly demeanor, under his high station, has raised him much in our estimation. We hope he will continue an independent course, and in his future management, fully sustain the honor and welfare of our favored country. He has a rare opportunity, and we hope he will improve it, rec from the spoils of party influence.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, in Books, Toys, and a great variety of articles for the New Year, will be found at Mr. G. W. Fowle's Book Store; added to which, Mr. Wm. M. Weston presents attractions in watches, and a profusion of jewelry, and the very rings which have such a powerful effect for a Christmas or New Year's present.

"Our Stores are all well provided with every article which purchasers require, at this season of the rejoicing, and people need not go to Boston for a supply. They can purchase is good and cheap in Woburn as any other place, and we like to encourage our own neighbors.

IMPORTANT TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.—The First Assistant Postmaster General has decided that news depots and other places in the interior where papers from Boston and elsewhere are sold, are places of publication of said papers; and that these papers mailed at the said places are chargeable as regular, not transient papers.

"We stated a few weeks since, that the Rev. Mr. Edwards had advocated the plan of forming a new Congregational Church in this town; and we are now enabled through the politeness of Mr. E., to lay before our readers some important religious facts, which prove most conclusively the need of further accommodations for the growing population of this town.

PROPORTION OF CHURCH ATTENDANCE, TO THE POPULATION IN WOBURN.—Average attendance at 7 churches, 1,450. Population of Woburn, 4,200. Allow one third necessarily detained, 1,100.

Number that should attend church, 2,800. Number that do attend, 1,450.

Number of non-attendants, 1,350.

Result, more than 1,300 who could attend church, generally do not!

APPLICANTS FOR SEATS IN THE 1ST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Between Sept. 1849, and Dec. 1852, applications have been from 4 to 12 per week, (average 8,) say 6 a week for 34 years, weeks, 169.

Applicants for seats, 1,014. One third unable to procure seats, 338. Each of these 338 represents at least one person besides himself. 676.

RESULT.—676 persons might have been seated in the 1st Cong. Church had there been room, during the last 34 years, in addition to the present usual congregation.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

"A green Christmas makes a full graveyard," is an old saying; if there is any truth in it, we may experience it this year.—The weather has been truly remarkable.—We have no stirring events this week.—Railroad accidents, are about as plenty as usual.—Several disastrous shipwrecks are recorded, without much loss of life.—Mexico is still in an unsettled position, strong indications of a revolution have appeared.—There are all sorts of rumors, as to Gen. Pierce's cabinet, but we don't believe he has yet selected it.—Lord Byron's only daughter, Ada, died lately in England.—A fire in the Charlestown Navy Yard, damaged a new sail loft \$500.—Adams & Co., the prominent express agents, have established a branch of their house in Australia, to connect with the United States and Europe.—A successful fraud was practised on the Exchange Bank, in Boston, last week, to the amount of \$500.—An earthquake at Guerrero, in Mexico, opened the earth, in which six houses, and trees, fell in.—The Lawyers in Cleveland, Ohio, have struck for higher fees, and the people have determined not to go to law.—The Hon. Wm. R. King, Vice President elect, is in a very critical situation, with regard to health; he is at Washington, and not expected to recover.—Benj. Fay, of Springfield, has a single steer, six years old, which will be 1900 lbs.—An eagle lately taken from the heights around Lake Superior, measured nine feet from tip to tip.—Snow, green grass, and dandelions were seen at one time, in Albany, on the 12th inst.—A youngster 7 years old set fire to the Primary School house in South St. Court, in Boston, last Monday.—A child 3 years old, was burnt to death, in Oliver St. Boston, last Tuesday, by being left alone.—Fresh Strawberry blossoms were picked from a garden in Windsor, Vt., on the 9th inst.—The marblehead fishermen, have arrived safe at home.—The Legislature of Vermont have passed a law making 60,000 bushels of potatoes.—They talk of a new Bank at Lynn, to be called the Shoemaker's Bank.—Adams & Co.'s, express, carry daily to the mart, eight tons of oysters, in cans.—1000 acres of tobacco, were grown the past season in Onondaga county New York.—Horatio Greenough the eminent sculptor, died at Somerville, of brain fever, last Saturday, a great loss to the country.—Deaths in Boston last week, 77.—The scarlet fever is quite prevalent amongst children, 12 deaths from it last week in Boston.—A verdict of \$1000 has been rendered against a Fire Company in Buffalo, for causing over a boy, on the side-walk, contrary to law.—The Valley Hotel at Bellows Falls, Vt., was burnt last week.—A woman has been sent to the East Cambridge House of Correction, for five months for stealing clothes from school houses.—Nine missionaries for Africa, left New York last Tuesday.—A drove of 300 turkeys arrived at Wheeling Va., last week en route for the eastern market.—The Chinese language has 330 words.—The Duke of Wellington won 15 great battles; took 3000 guns, and never lost on 'his own; a great general surely.—Reports from Canada say more gold has been found at Sherbrooke.—A vessel has arrived in London, from Australia with \$5 millions, in gold dust.—Gold is getting as plenty as dirt.—Two members of the British Parliament have had a fracture, and were bound over for trial, for breaking the peace.—Mr. John Smith's house at Newburyport, was destroyed by fire, last week, and his daughter, 23 years of age, was burned to death, she was blind.—The gas works in Charlestown, are nearly completed,—153 deaths from cholera, and 165 from yellow fever, in New Orleans, during four weeks in November.—Mayor Kingland of New York, has vetoed the bill for the Railroad in Broadway, in that city.—The colored citizens of Detroit, have formed themselves into a John P. Hale club.—Twenty-five casks of liquor, were seized in Maine, last week and condemned.—The author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is about to pay a visit to England.—We have very little of interest from Europe this week.—From California and Australia, the gold news is quite exciting; large amounts of gold dust, have been shipped, and the miners were successful.—Winter for the past few days, has been upon us, but no jingling of bells for Christmas.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.—A beautiful little volume, full of tales for the young, translated from the German; no better present for Christmas and New Year's. The binding is creditable to E. Livermore, 5 Cornhill, Boston. Fowle has it.

SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.—We would recommend this little book to all parents, for gifts to their children, at this season of presents; books are lasting, and make strong impressions on the youthful mind.

This is a good one, published by E. Livermore, 5 Cornhill, Boston. For sale by G. W. Fowle.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—No. 420 is received. A valuable present for a New Year's gift—one year's to the Living Age.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—No. 420 is received. A valuable present for a New Year's gift—one year's to the Living Age.

A female prisoner in jail at Cleveland, Ohio, lately escaped from the jail there. Just as the jailor entered her cell, she popped out and locked jailor in. After enjoying her liberty for three hours, she came back, entered her cell and liberated the jailor.

COUNT RUMFORD.—One of the noble acts of our townsmen, when in England, was establishing a "Rumford Medal" in the Royal Society of London. At their late anniversary meeting, the "Rumford Medal" was awarded to a distinguished Professor in Cambridge, for his remarkable discovery of the change in the refrangibility of light. All matters relating to Count Rumford are interesting.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

DEATH IN CALIFORNIA.

Changes in life are always attended with weal or woe; the parting of friends and relatives, though it be for a short time, causes deep reflection, and often sympathy is so excited as to moisten the brow; but many a parting word has been given to those who have left us to seek their fortunes in that attractive country, whose soil abounds in glittering wealth, regardless of its being the sad and final adieu.

It seems but yesterday since a small company of near and dear friends, relatives and interesting associates, departed from our midst, destined for the mines of golden lure that border on the shores of the Pacific; their friends beseech bespoken of good health abounding with them; vigorous and enterprising, the highest anticipations of a prosperous voyage and of their future welfare gleamed in bright array; but ah! the "ills to which flesh is heir," caught inroads on their path, and ere they had half completed their journey, one whose sun had scarcely reached its zenith, was summoned from their midst and now rest in a stranger land, in the bosom of his mother earth. What a sad spectacle presents itself to that surviving group. He, who said of his departed friend, "we exerted ourselves to our utmost in alleviating his wants and distresses, but alas, he has gone! James is no more," has also closed his eyes in death.

Thus two in the prime of manhood, who but a little more than a year ago were in our midst enjoying all the pleasures of a moral and social life, who were ever welcome guests, interesting associates and cheerful companions, have gone hence to greet us no more forever.

The latter has left a large circle of relatives, still there is gathered around the void in that family group a hollowlessness which time can never efface; and the works which his hands have wrought will ever be cherished as sad memorials, and emblematic of his skill and genius. He was early imbued with a zeal for the mechanical art, and in which he made great proficiency; and not receiving the attention usually bestowed on those placed in like circumstances he became what might be termed self-taught or so thoroughly versed in his business that there were but a few his equal. But he has gone! "He will no longer greet us with his cordial salutation, nor extend to us the right hand of fellowship." Our hopes and auxiliaries for his welcome home are all obliterated! our semi-monthly correspondence, which we were wont to hold with him must cease! his zeal for prosecuting his works was ever aspiring; alas 'twas this, his ardent desire, that constrained him to leave his kindred and friends, home and all its fond endearments, to seek his fortune in that distant land, where now "his mortal has put on immortality."

Reader, have you a friend in the attractive region O, call him back! extend to him such ardent desires as shall occasion his speedy return.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been pleased with your remarks to correspondents; it certainly must be something of a task to answer so many different views and subjects as are composed in your weekly list. I fully understand your remark, intended for me, and will endeavor to keep them in view.

It is not always that the political character is the most prominent man in a community. The civilian, who prides himself on his wealth, and thinks that every man who does not possess an equal share, should not aspire to him; no matter about his origin, the lower that was, the more arrogance he assumes; because ignorance, surrounded with wealth, is as ludicrous to the eye of the keen observer, as Shakespeare's Falstaff, commanding his army in Flanders, they "swore terribly, but did not fight." Men who are suddenly raised to affluence by some fortunate turn of the wheel, are very apt to forget those they leave behind, and in their attempts to carry out the customs and etiquette of the circle in which they have, by the influence of wealth, become a member, they very often act the harlequin, and are not sensible of their error, because pride, which springs from ignorance and sudden wealth, is stronger in such minds than reason and discretion, hence we see so many foolish attempts to dress up the body, by lavishing the luxuries of wealth, while the mind is incapable of appreciating its real value, but some people will never be wise, although they may have examples before them daily, which should lead them to study themselves.

I know of no greater subject of pity and contempt than a man who lords it over his neighbors, and assumes to himself actions and hauour, which he is vain enough to belittle wealth alone, when he may not be able to sign his own name, and obliged to make his mark, for the finger of scorn to point at. The frailties of such men are soon forgotten, when their former acts are covered by gold and silver. They shoot up amongst us like tares amidst the wheat; they may wave their heads with the golden tops as the breeze passes over them, and escape the hand of the reaper, but they are tares still.

Prominent men have their peculiar notions, and they cannot hide them under the bushel; in all their attempts to make the medium class of society believe that they are perfectly disinterested in all these movements, they show the cloven foot. Actions speak louder than words, and this bears strongly upon all our political men to-day, because they want the suffrages of the people; they join with the majority, ride on the whirlwind of passion and excitement into office—to-morrow turn a cold shoulder to the very men who have assisted in their elevation; and the people,

dear creatures, discover the mist thrown before their eyes, but too late to remedy.

I admire the true Statesman, who stands up firmly for the good of his country; who can meet the storms of party with a bold and fearless front,—whose onward course is like the noble ship, as she ploughs the blue ocean before the moving gale. He is the moving spirit of the age; he lives in the hearts of the people, but his value is not realized till he becomes a tenant of the tomb.

Your fickle Statesman is a soldier of fortune—rises like the mushroom; he flatters one man for his suffrage, and changes his position to gain another—goes with the crowd to-day, and calls them *sans culottes* tomorrow; catches the popular breeze, rides on the necks of the dear people, gains his wished-for object, and like the poor beetle—

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852.

a style, not only to merit all the encomiums praise so lavishly bestowed upon it, but so as to challenge increased respect for enhanced excellence and perfection. In short, the whole paper will be far superior to anything yet offered to the public by the publisher. By referring to the following list, which forms a part of the regular contributors to the *Pictorial*, its high literary character will once be understood:—

Mrs. Anna S. Stephens, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Alice B. Neal, Miss Phoebe Carey, Miss Alice Carey, Mrs. Caroline Orne, Miss N. T. Wilbur, Mrs. S. P. Doughty, Mrs. C. A. Haydon, Mrs. R. T. Elbridge, Mrs. E. R. Waldo; Rev. H. Hastings Weld, Mrs. V. Herbert, T. Buchanan Read, T. S. Arthur, J. Duganne, Epes Sargent, George W. Dewey, Francis B. Durivage, Park Benjamin, J. V. C. Smith, Ben. Perley Poore, &c., &c.

The following are the terms of the paper:—One subscriber, one year, \$3.00; two subscribers, \$5.00; four subscribers, \$9.00; eight subscribers, \$16.00. The paper will be for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country, after the 1st of January, at six cents per copy.

Two Men and a Woman Garroted.—At A. M., on the 6th inst., two men and a woman were publicly executed by the garrote. The circumstances which brought these unhappy wretches to the scaffold, have created a good deal of sensation among the people of Havana. It is said that the woman was forced with child of the time she was executed; but great pains are being taken to deny that such was the fact. The woman herself declared that she was *enclavada*—that, indeed her being so was the cause of her committing the horrid crime for which she has suffered death.

A certain wealthy woman, Mrs. Lance Fowle, became unwell about the 2d or 3d of Sept. and lingered until the 27th, when she died. Some days after her burial, it was discovered that a robbery of some money had been committed in the house of the deceased lady, whose husband, Mr. Fowle, while prosecuting his investigation as to the theft, learned that his master from one of his negro servants, that his wife had been poisoned. It appears that Mrs. Fowle's maid servant, Merced, became *enclavada* by some men living out of the house; and dreading her mistress's anger, when the fact could no longer be concealed, in an evil hour she allowed herself to be persuaded to poison her mistress, being instructed how to administer the potion without detection by a notorious scoundrel, a mulatto, named John Guoviero, who also procured the arsenic which he dissolved in water. The girl Merced, the mulatto Guoviero, and Mr. Fowle's coachman, having been condemned to suffer death, were dragged in conformance to the sentence of the judge at the tail of an ass, outside of the j. il, from whence they were picked up by the Brothers of Charity, and carried to the scaffold, where they were garroted in the presence of their companions in guilt, the other man and woman—the man being sentenced to ten years in the chain gang, at Ceuta, and the woman to imprisonment for life in the Havana jail.—*Havana Paper*.

Mr. EDITOR:—I think I have found the answer to Conundrums, some time since in the Journal:

"How does the Irish woman, who cleans a church, become one of the congregation?"

Because she is a Wash-up-er.

"How does the nest box in the hen house, differ from a church?"

It admits only the lay-i-ty.

Woburn, Dec. 25. O. P.

MARRIAGES.

There are moments in this fleeting life When every pulse beats low, and the soft air Is full of fragrance from a parlor clime.

In Medford, Dec. 16, Mr. Abel H. Gardner to Miss Mary W. Stetson, both of M.

DEATHS.

And what's a life? the flourishing array Of the broad summer meadow, which to day Wears her green plush, and is tomorrow hoy!

In this town, December 18th, Joseph Riordan, aged 38 years.

CHRISTMAS.

Religious services will be held in the Unitarian Church, this evening, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. GEORGE F. SIMONS. The public are requested to attend. December, 25th, 1852.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The next Lecture before the Lyceum, will be given by the Rev. J. C. BODWELL, of Framingham, on next Tuesday evening, the 29th of December. Lecture to commence at half past 7 o'clock. JOHN A. FOWLE, Secy.

For Sale.

A two story House, and four House Lots, on Oakley Court, and one Pew in the Congregational Church, Also a Tenement to let on Franklin Street. Notice of Sale to be made on the 2d, 17th, and 31st of January. STEPHEN CUTTER, dec. 18. If

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator to the estate of SAMUEL COOK, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, Blacksmith, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. The personal estate, upon which the estate is said to be, are to be sold at the estate, and all persons, indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to JOSHUA P. CONVERSE, Adm'r. Woburn, December 21st, 1852. 3w

Notice.

All persons having debts against the Town of Woburn, are requested to bring them in to the Selectmen on the 1st day of February, 1853. The Selectmen will be in session the 3d, 17th, and 31st of January.

STEPHEN NICHOLS, Jr. Selectmen HORACE CONN, and HORACE COLLAMORE, Woburn, Dec. 25th, 1852. 3w

School Books.

All the various kinds of School Books used in the vicinity, for sale at the Woburn Book Store. dec. 4.

Christmas and New Year's PRESENTS.

THE subscriber has just received a fresh assortment of Goods for the coming holidays, consisting of Annals, Bibles, Histories, JUVENILE BOOKS, OF ALL KINDS, SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

Also, a great variety of Toys, Games & Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. WOBURN, Dec. 18, 1852. G. W. FOWLE.

To Let.

A new HOUSE, situated nearly opposite to the House of the subscriber. Said House contains 6 Rooms, and poss. given on the 1st January. JOSEPH WINN.

To Let.

A Carrier Shop, with Steam Power attached. Enquire of E. L. W. COOPER, at the Woburn Machine Shop. dec. 18. 2w.

Para Rubbers.

Just received, a lot of old fashioned PARA RUBBERS. Also, another case of the Gossamer, at the store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDY. Dec. 7, 1852.

COAL.

W. D. WARREN has just received another cargo of the Tremont Company's celebrated Peach Mound COAL, selected expressly for family use. Selling at \$6.35 per 1000 lbs. N. B. As for quality, there is none better top of the earth. dec. 18. S. ADAMS.

To Let.

A new Shop, in front of the Tremont Company's Mandler, in Woburn, will be let on the most reasonable terms. Who will improve this opportunity, and the go-ahead men of Woburn and Stoneham? Woburn, Dec. 18, 1852. S. ADAMS.

LOST.

ON the 5d inst., on the road between West Cambridge and Woburn, a Box of Pitch. The Under will be satisfied by leaving any information concerning it, at Mr. Fowle's Book Store. Woburn, Dec. 11th, 1852. 3w

Horse Medicine.

D. R. G. H. DADDY's celebrated medicine, for the horse and other animals, for sale by WOBURN, Dec. 18. W. D. WARREN.

Lake Champlain Potatoes.

250 Bushels just received. Families wishing a good article can supply themselves. J. S. ELLIS, & CO.

Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!

P. TEARIE, Agent for S. H. KNIGHT & CO., the best Philadelphia Cigars, wholesale; cheaper than anywhere else. dec. 4.

Starch Polish.

—Tillington is celebrated starch polish at J. S. ELLIS, & CO. dec. 30.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscribers for the sum of \$100 and Revenues for 1852, in Woburn, are requested to make immediate payment to G. W. Fowle, Agent. WOODBRIDGE, MORE & CO. dec. 4.

Banquet.

M. T. GASZINSKI, begs leave to announce to the citizens of Woburn, Stoneham and Winchester, and vicinity, that he will open a School for instruction, during the week in December, and respectfully beseeches their patronage. The notice will be given of the day, and at what place, Woburn, Dec. 4, 1852. 3w

Warren Academy.

The Winter Term will commence on Wednesday, December 5th, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and continue fourteen weeks, under the charge of

OSGOOD JOHNSON, B. A., Principal.

E. CUTTER, B. A., Teacher in English.

Prospects of the course and terms, may be had of the subscriber. BENJAMIN CUTTER, Secy. Woburn, Nov. 27, 1852. 4w

Vocal Music.

M. R. E. CUTTER is happy to announce, that the Winter Term of Vocal Music will be for sale, on the 5th of January, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and will continue twenty-four weeks, to be taught by

OSGOOD JOHNSON, B. A., Principal.

E. CUTTER, B. A., Teacher in English.

Prospects of the course and terms, may be had of the subscriber. BENJAMIN CUTTER, Secy. Woburn, Nov. 27, 1852. 4w

Notice.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the late firm of E. COOPER & SON, are requested to make immediate payment to E. E. COOPER, No. 5 & 6 Wade's buildings.

Scalps and Patent Balances.

THE SCALPS and PATENT BALANCES, for family use, for sale low, at the Hardware Store of J. S. THOMPSON, Jr. Nov. 27. 4w

Table Cutlery,

I. VORY, Horn, Cocoa Wood and Bone tipped, Carvers, Dining and Dessert Knives and Forks; best patterns. For sale at lowest prices, at the Hardware Store of J. S. THOMPSON, Jr. Nov. 27. 4w

BEEF.

THOSE in want of Beef by the quarter, would do well to call on A. G. CARTER, Nov. 13. 4w

PENMANSHIP.

THE subscriber has lately removed to Salem street, within a few doors of Main street. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing instruction in PENMANSHIP, will please call on him, Woburn, Nov. 29, from 3 to 5 P. M., or at 3 in the evening. JOHN A. BOUTELLE, Nov. 9. 4w

WOBURN LYCEUM.

THE next Lecture before the Lyceum, will be given by the Rev. J. C. BODWELL, of Framingham, on next Tuesday evening, the 29th of December. Lecture to commence at half past 7 o'clock. JOHN A. FOWLE, Secy.

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Almanacks, for 1853.

ALL the various kinds of Almanacks, consisting of the Old Farmer's, Leaves', Brown's, Christian Family, &c. Also, Pocket Almanacks, and Diaries for every day in the year, in various States. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Woburn Book Store. dec. 4.

School Books.

ALL the various kinds of School Books used in the vicinity, for sale at the Woburn Book Store. dec. 4.

LION BOOTS.

JUST received from the factory, a case of the celebrated Lion Calf Boots, a super article at the store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDY. dec. 18.

BOOTS.—Calf, Kid and Cow Hide Boots, good and cheap. J. S. ELLIS & CO.

PECTORAL BALMAM.—Dr. S. O. RICHARDSON'S Pectoral Balsam, a cure for affections of the Throat and Lungs, for sale at J. S. ELLIS & CO.

Also, a great variety of Toys, Games & Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. G. W. FOWLE.

WOBURN LYCEUM, for the 1st January, 1853.

300 BUSH. heavy, clean Oats, just received at J. S. ELLIS & CO.

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300 BUSH

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.
CHRISTMAS CAROL.
By MARY W. WELLMAN.

Shout, shout, let valleys and mountains
Send forth the song—a Saviour is born;
Louder and clearer as the dash of a fountain,
Let your anthems go up on this glorious morn.
Spread your green branches, ay, wave them in triumph,
Angels and men, together now sing;
Jesus is born, great Prince of the people;
Heaven's high arch with praises doth ring.

Glory to God—the messiah long promised,
This day in Bethlehem, of Judea is born;
Shout, shout, let valley and mountain,
Re-echo the praise on this glorious morn.
North Woburn, December, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

VEGETATION IN CALIFORNIA.

At a meeting of the *Farmer's Club* at the rooms of the American Institute, in New York, several gentlemen spoke of the wonderful productiveness of the soil and vegetables which spring from it.

According to the information derived from Mr. Shelton, almost every variety of fruit appears to flourish, with very little attention, in California. The apple, pear, peach, apricot, quince, plum, nectarine, pomegranate, fig, grape, and olive, are now growing there in the greatest perfection. It is the firm conviction of Mr. S. that no country in the world surpasses California in the production of these fruits.

Mr. S. appears to regard the production of onions as the most astonishing. They grow very large and mild there, and are eaten like apples. Mr. Horner raised about 50,000 lbs. on one acre, and they were worth about \$20,000. General Valley raised 80,000 lbs. on two acres. Mr. Shelton said that he had seen a field of onions, averaging a pound weight each. Fifty of them would weigh from two to four pounds a piece.

Potatoes also grow to a very large size some of them weighing three pounds each—and have to be cut up in order to boil them well—125 pounds had been obtained from five stalks. Mr. Horner had raised from 250 to 300 bushels of potatoes per acre, without manure.

Mr. Dye said that he had seen radishes in California as large as his arm, and perfectly free from strings or hard fibres. Mr. Shelton stated that these radishes were fit for table in thirty-one days. He represented that lettuce grew there in great variety, and are very fine—some of them attaining the size of a man's hat, and weighing from three to four pounds each. At San Francisco he had seen the tomato growing all winter. Gages considered to be far superior to the California; from one to seven pounds on a stem could be raised with very little trouble. He had seen branches weighing upwards of ten pounds each.

Mr. S. stated that there were no less than twenty varieties of clover growing there. The white clover grows three feet high.

In answer to some questions asked relative to procuring ice, Mr. Dye said that their supplies had been principally obtained from Boston, and sold at from ten to 12 cents per pound. Frozen snow or hail had also been obtained from the mountains packed in gunny bags and blankets. This was sold for the same price as the Boston ice.

Mr. Shelton has brought with him about a thousand specimens of pressed flowers, grasses, trees, &c., also a colored drawing of a great variety of native flowers of great beauty, which are preserving the attention of florists. He has likewise presented to the American Institute about 200 varieties of flower seeds from California.

On land owned and cultivated by Mr. James Williams, an onion grew to the enormous weight of 21 pounds. On this same land a turnip was grown which equalled exactly in size the head of a flour barrel. On land owned and cultivated by Thomas Fallon, a cabbage grew which measured, while growing, 33 feet 6 inches around its body; the weight is not known. The various cereal grains also grow to a height of from 5 to 12 feet; one red wavy tree in the valley, known as Fremont's tree, measures over 50 feet in circumference, and is nearly 300 feet high.

Added to these astonishing productions are a beet grown by Mr. Isaac Brannan, at San Jose, weighing 63 pounds; carrots, three feet in length, weighing 40 pounds.

At Sausalito, a turnip weighing 100 pounds. In the latter city, at a dinner party for twelve persons, or a single potato, larger than the size of an ordinary hat, all parts, leaving at least the half unpeeled.

Mr. Dye corroborates the statements of Mr. Shelton, and relates some additional interesting particulars. He had noticed in the San Jose valley, which is 73 miles, and 30 miles across in the widest part, a particular sweet kind of wild clover, which the natives eat with great relish. So thick was the growth of this clover, that when the dry season of the year comes, he has seen thousands of acres covered with the seed of the bur clover to a depth of two inches. On this happy region of nature, the cattle feed during the dry season. Mr. Shelton showed also some specimens of this seed, of which he had collected three bushels on 18 feet square. He had collected sixteen varieties of clover, of which he exhibited specimens. The blossoms of some are very rich. He brought a bouquet of clover-top, some. He had exhibited some of those specimens in San Francisco, and they had been very favorably noticed by the papers.

One variety, called the "Mammoth S. clover," was very large. The roots covered a space of 8 feet, and the stalks grew to a height of 10 feet. In Mariposa county there was a large growth of acid clover, of which the natives make a drink, resembling our lemonade.

Mr. Dye said that the trees in California

were very different from the varieties bearing the same name here.

Rev. Mr. Fitch remarked that the dry season begins in June, and continues to November. It rarely occurred, during that time, they have any rain; neither were there any dew. In reference to the certainty of the dry season being uninterrupted, Mr. Shelton related an instance in which he had seen hundreds of acres of barley and oats, which had been cut down, and lie in swaths on the ground for two months without injury. Mr. Dye related an instance, near Sacramento city, where three crops of wheat were taken, without any second plowing or sowing;—the first crop produced 50 bushels to the acre, the second 80 to 90 bushels, and the third crop from 20 to 30 bushels. He considered that there was a large proportion of arable land in California in the State of New York.—Mr. Shelton stated that Horner & Beard had inclosed four leagues (4,100 and odd acres to the league,) with an iron fence. He had walked over one fenced field of 8 miles.

Mr. Shelton said that he had frequently in his room one dozen heads of cabbage, weighing from 50 to 60 pounds. One, a perfectly solid head, weighed 56 pounds, and was seven feet in circumference. He gave an instance of a spruce tree, 300 feet in height, and 50 feet in circumference.

Of grapes, in California, Mr. Dye said they were as good as those grown in this State.—He did not think they were indigenous, except in the mountain districts, where he had met a small, sour description. Rev. Mr. Fitch said that the arable land was about one-third in proportion. It was an erroneous opinion that vegetation could not go on without irrigation. Without irrigation they could, at all times, have one crop in a year; and where irrigation was introduced, vegetation went on throughout the year. He had seen three crops taken in the year. The oats grew wild, high and thick on the hills and in the valleys.

Mr. Shelton exhibited a California potato, over a year out of ground. They grew to a very large size, and were sweet and floury, when boiled. In speaking of vegetables, Rev. Mr. Fitch remarked that the vegetables of California were very superior to those grown there. There, he could make a meal of a turnip, or on potatoes; here he could not eat much of either with impunity. The beet was very fine, growing to an extraordinary size, and was sweet, and uniform in color to the centre, unlike the large beet grown here, which is often stringy.

TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,

No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.

(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.)

Oct. 6.

M. A. STEVENS,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,

No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.

(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.)

Oct. 6.

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

75 Nassau Street,

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